THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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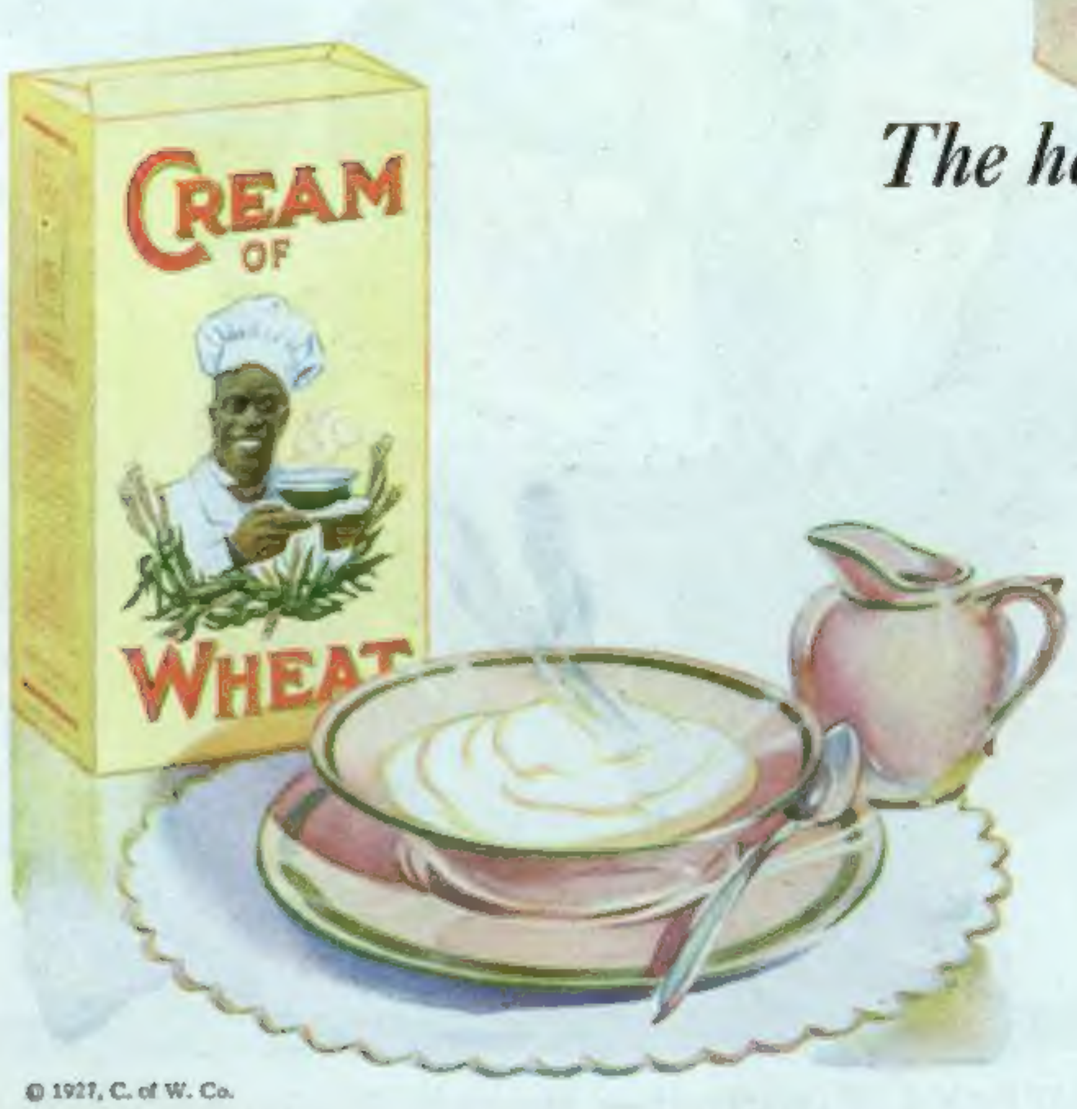
May Edginton—William Hazlett Upson—Gifford Pinchot—Harry F. Guggenheim
Richard Washburn Child—Eleanor Mercein—Charles Brackett—George Pattullo

Painted by
Maud Tousey Fangel



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For over thirty years physicians have advised mothers to start their babies on one food which they say is ideal—Cream of Wheat.

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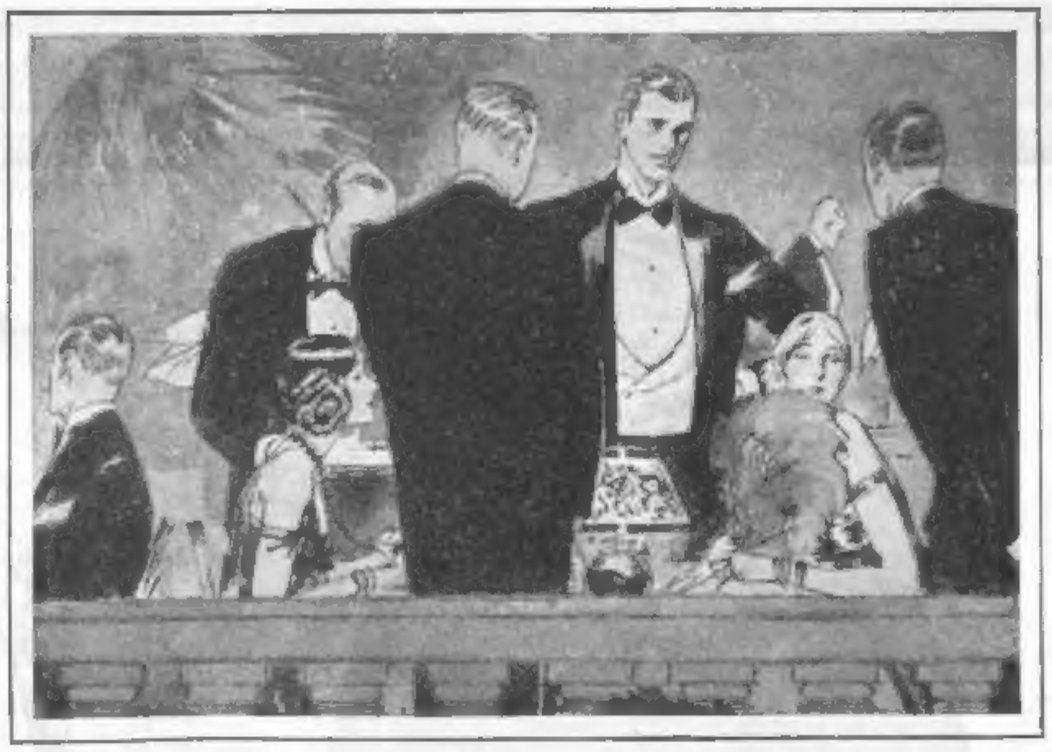

Men who know the rules of dress were first to welcome Ex Toe. In it they found the silken smartness they expected, combined with 3 to 4 times ordinary wear.

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Lasts longer than any three you've ever worn

The new way of knitting brings a unique feature. Wear is multiplied amazingly . . . Sheer and webby silks in striking colors spell Fifth Avenue

THERE'S a unique reason for the wear these new-type socks are giving. It lies in a revolutionary feature that covers one small inch of space. That is hidden to the eye. The foot itself can feel it. You find it in fine socks known the world over for their smartness.

And because this feature follows a newly discovered and scientific principle of knitting, wear is multiplied 3 to 4 times.

The toe — where most socks wear out first — is now the longest wearing part of all. By a new knitting process, a special wear-resisting thread is woven into the tip and over the top of the toe.

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In lustre and sparkle the silk one finds in Ex Toe is supreme. Their tailored fit is strikingly distinctive.

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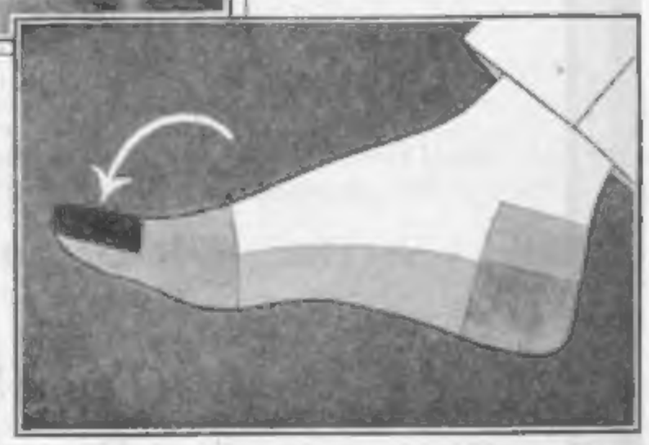
Holeproof besides the smart plain Ex Toe colors offers you a wide variety of fancy patterns. Many are replicas of imported patterns for which you would pay several times the price.



This diagram illustrates the Ex Toe idea. Yet you can neither feel nor see it in the socks themselves. That's why these socks are entirely different from all others.

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MY DEAR

By MAY EDGINTON

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

She Cried in Dismay and Confusion, "Mr. Hamilton! You!"

YOU can't stop the sun shining."

"That's no good to me; nor to any of us as I can see, Jenny Croft. Let the barmy old sun shine! What do I see of it—me on me knees scrubbin' all day, or chasin' up and down them stairs as dark as night, fetchin' and carryin'; or stoopin' over the washtub, or walkin' about till dawn wiv a teethin' baby? You talk! You talk, my girl. Well, you ain't dragged into the life yet; you don' know. Only experience learns us women. I can't hardly remember what it was to feel like you feels, but I know I did feel like it once. Fools, all us women. . . . You go in, George Leave, and p'r'aps I'll tie yer 'ead up for yer, and p'r'aps I won't. Ain't us women fools! The third time in a fortnight that 'e's ——"

"Here, I'll give him a hand," said Jenny, and putting her parcel down carefully on the dark stairs, she thrust her lean and straight young shoulder under the shaking arm of Mr. George Leave.

"That Danby boy, 'e's got more to answer for than anybody," said George's wife; "no good to nobody, and 'e don't belong 'ere. George was just 'aving a game of darts in the Rose and Lily when in comes Danby and starts settin' the men against each other. What's it to 'im if there's a wife at 'ome? And here's George been and got his head broke, third time in a fortnight. Sit there, and I 'ope you're ashamed of yourself."

Assisted through the dark hallway by his wife and the young lodger from upstairs, Mr. George Leave sat where they plumped him down and surveyed the scene through the one eye that remained open.

"Look at him!" said Mrs. Leave, pointing. "A nice sight, I don't think! And when I says to you, Jenny, 'Oh, my, ain't it a world!' all you answers is, 'Oh, it's not so bad. You can't stop the sun shining.'"

"Nor a man fightin' if 'e's insulted," said Mr. Leave with a dreamy dignity.

"Who insulted you, George Leave?"

"I can't quite recall."

"Who did you fight?"

"I don't seem just to recollect, but ——"

"Here," said Jenny. "I'll take the baby off you for a bit while you tie him up."

Sitting up in a very battered wicker cradle, the baby stared out at life, feverishly chewing upon her teething ring. The three older children sat at the table, absorbed in mugs of tea and bread and jam, very little excited by their father's condition.

"You young ones all right?" Jenny demanded, advancing upon them.

"Children's always all right, Jenny, when they're eatin'," from their mother. "That's all they want; and then off out to play."

"We was all young once," said Mr. George Leave in slow, chaste accents of rebuke. "Let me see my li'l' children 'appy, is all I asks."

His wife flew about in an astonishing way for one who looked so weary, pouring hot water from the kettle into a tin bowl, producing rags and soap and ointment.

Then the baby saw Jenny Croft, and bouncing in her cradle, held out her arms. And Jenny took her and carried her away, out of the fetid room, up the dark stairs,

singing a little to her as they went, so that doors opened here and there, and heads looked out—women's heads—not unfriendly.

"That you, Jenny?" "Got the baby ag'in, Jenny? My, there's been a fight at the Rose and Lily, ain't there?" "How's her teeth comin', Jenny?" "Jenny, you're a kind girl." Jenny Croft answered them with nods and smiles.

Lewis Heiner heard the sound of the singing and opened his door too—a floor lower than the room whither Jenny and the baby were bound—and looked out. He was in his shirt—a boiled shirt—and braided evening trousers, and he was in the act of drying soapy hands upon a towel. Lewis Heiner was the only man—except the waiters who lodged there—who ever went out from Greengrove Alley in evening dress; but the many restaurant waiters—so often coming and going—rendered him inconspicuous. Or if he were conspicuous, it was not offensively so.

"Jenny!"

"Good evening, Mr. Heiner."

"Oh, my word, what a shame getting off that kid on you again; you lugging it up all these stairs! You'll spoil your lovely figure. You're not meant for this kind of thing. My word, it is a shame!"

"I like the baby's company."

"Ah, you're a kind girl, Jenny, to anyone except me. What about a bit of dinner and the pictures one night? Do."

"I can't say. You're going out—I won't keep you here talking."

"Well, I am going out, as it happens; going up to the West End tonight to join a little party at the Oxford Palace Hotel for dinner. Know the place? Beautiful place, all gilt decoration and plush panels. Handsome! Take you there one night. You must let me give you a dress——"

"Hope you have a good time."

She passed upward, the baby's head laid comfortably against her cheek. She unlocked the door of her room, dumped her parcel of work down, and carried the baby over to the open window. They both looked out—the baby's head pressed against Jenny's, her innocent eyes inquiring of such a world—into Greengrove Alley.

There was no green in that grove, and the only trees in it were the tall tenement houses reared against the pale sky of a spring evening. Not a slum—oh, no; not quite that; a cut above its immediate neighbors, Primrose Street and Summer Street, but for all that, bearing to them a relationship of sinister closeness. There were single rooms in Greengrove Alley in which whole families lived in much the same condition as pigs in a small sty, and again there were rooms, respectably clean, proudly held by but a single occupant, such as Lewis Heiner, who wanted a cheap place to sleep and breakfast in, so that he could cut more of a figure during his leisure; such as Jenny; such as——

And looking out and down into the spring dusk—which even here was extraordinarily sweet—she saw Bad John Danby standing at the corner near the Rose and Lily, talking with two or three girls on their way back from work. His tattered and dirty jacket buttoned closely up to the neck, collar upturned—one knew exactly why, in such a neighborhood—his broken shoes, neither black nor brown now, that had been built and brogued by a West End maker or she didn't know what was what; his old felt hat pulled low over his white face; his hands in his empty pockets; his defiant smile on his lips—she saw it all this spring evening just as she had seen it now for weeks—beginning when? She remembered clearly. Beginning one snowy day in January when first she had seen him loafing down the street as she passed by with her parcel of finished work heavy on her arm. Yes, she remembered with photographic clearness her first sudden sight of him. In January there had been a shirt under the gray flannel coat. The brogued shoes had been, then, distinctly brown; terribly worn, they had yet shown a nice mahogany color that had drawn comments from those waiting for opening time at the Rose and Lily.

He was both liked and hated in Greengrove Alley, Primrose Street and Summer Street—where he had some sort of lodging. He was both admired and derided. He knew the form of every horse running; but his accent was the accent of public school and university. He played darts with fiendish skill for his drinks at the Rose and Lily, in the evenings; but also, now and again—such as the time when Fit Boy, that outsider, won the Durham Handicap—he spent all he had on standing treat like a prince.

He could take any man's girl from him with just a look from his derisive, defiant eyes. Only, he didn't really try. That was what piqued the younger women—the ones who weren't too tired to wonder—of Greengrove Alley, Primrose Street and Summer Street.

He passed on, the girls with him, arguing about something. Jenny Croft thought she knew what it was. She knew those girls, specially that red-headed one. The red-headed one was offering to stand treat at the pictures, but the boy Danby would say "No." Doubtless he would add "thank you."

The girls parted from him and went their ways. He disappeared round the corner. Mrs. Leave came out from below and ran across to the Rose and Lily with a pint jug in her hand. And rather in a hurry, on the other side of the street, walked a short slender black figure—the Reverend Matthew Hamilton, curate in charge of the parish—on some errand of comfort.

Just opposite the tenement from an upper window of which Jenny Croft leaned he slackened; he looked up. It seemed impossible that he should see her, so high there, and dusk gathering, but yet she saw his face upraised and his hand upraised; and he did not briefly touch a finger to the brim of his hat, as ordinarily he greeted his women parishioners in this neighborhood, but just for a moment he took the hat off, holding it against his breast as if in a dumb quick gesture of obeisance.

Le Maur Exclaimed, Watching Her Face, "That's the Look I Want. The One You Have Now"

The baby looked meekly forth upon the world.

Her helplessness, her innocence, stupendously incredible, tugged Jenny's heart. Her body, soft and sagging, held by Jenny's hand upon the window ledge, was trustfulness incarnate. She gnashed her hot gums less feverishly upon the teething ring, and seemed at peace. Yet perpetually she inquired, leaning there over Greengrove Alley, held by Jenny's firm thin young hand. In answer to the inquiry of her baby eyes, Jenny wanted to show her something lovely.

"Look, baby, there's little twinkling star."

Jenny wondered rather wistfully to herself about the baby. Soon she would be able to totter on her own two feet, holding to a chair; soon she would learn how to guard her own slab of bread and jam; soon she would go to the infants' school; soon her eyes would be wiser; soon the pink of untried babyhood would leave her cheeks for an ill-fed pallor; presently she would be able to take her turn at running over to the Rose and Lily with a pint jug for the supper beer.

"Pity," said Jenny.

Yet why she hardly knew. It had been much her own life; and she had risen out of it strong and supple, ardent and wise, learning avidly in day schools and night schools, and in the varied schools of workshop and street. She had a room of her own; was a swift and skilled tailoress, earning her two pounds a week; and the splendid future was all before her. It crept into her mind sometimes that she was fortunate in being entirely alone; no parents now, no brothers, no sisters, no one. No drags, no burdens, no family enemies.

"Oo!" murmured the baby. Her eyelids lifted over her drowsy eyes as she beheld the moon over the housetops. Little twinkling stars were hardly bright enough to catch her vague attention, but she saw the moon.

"Lovely moon!" Jenny replied in a joyous whisper, cuddling her.

The baby smiled. She had all that she wanted. And then quite suddenly she fell asleep; she drooped her head upon its meek neck lower and lower; all the little bones seemed to melt in her body. She was spineless, resistless, defenseless. She slept with a passion of preoccupation with sleep, intensely.

Jenny sat with her in the wickerwork armchair. The room darkened. Only the moon threw beams across the floor. From the chair, Jenny, looking upward, could see the sky—the smoky sky of East London, but moon and stars were in it. She felt—as she often felt—a vague and wonderful excitement. She knew this was not all; this stitching of seams with a whirring machine; this cleaning and scouring of a room; this Spartan discipline of the body never relaxed lest—lest—lest some sudden hot weakening to the pleasures of the town should tumble about her

the edifice of life that she was building up stone by stone.

She had never seen, even in dreams, the edifice; she didn't know what it was like—cathedral or gin palace. Only in her vague and wonderful excitement she felt that life had in store for her flames of glory; ecstasies and wild battles that she would fight only across the ramparts she herself had thrown up.

How intensely the baby slept! And then, there was Mrs. Leave tapping on the door, opening it, peering in, and exclaiming: "Why, you're all in the dark, Jenny! I never did see a girl like you!"

"It's better for them to sleep in the dark."

"When you're married and done for like the rest of us you won't worry about light and dark, so long as there's sleep. It's peaceful up here, I will say." She walked to the window and looked out. "Pretty it looks, don't it? As long as you don't look down."

"Mr. Leave asleep now?"

"Trust him."

She turned and took the limp baby from Jenny's lap. "You got your work to do, I suppose. Thank you for your kindness, Jenny. You're a good girl. But, my! With your looks and figure, I'd strike out for myself, if I was you. Why don't you let that fellow Heiner take you out?"

"Heiner?"

"He'd spend a bit on you. Sometimes he makes as much as six or seven pound a week, he was telling George. Extra time. You could marry him, I dare say."

"Heiner!"

"Well, you'll 'ave to marry someone some fine day, won't you? We all do."

"Some fine day, I suppose, I shall." And she seemed to feel the baby still pressing its warmth and softness against her breast.

"You're a good girl, Jenny, but you're too dreamy. You dreamy ones find yourselves havin' to wake up pretty sharp sometimes."

"I'm awake all right."

"Sittin' in the moonshine! Well, good night."

At the door she turned, sagging with the baby's weight: "I 'ope that young Danby gets throwed out of this neighborhood. Always eggin' the men on to some mischief. I saw 'is landlady yesterday, from Summer Street, and she said she wasn't goin' to let 'im 'ave the room after this week if 'e couldn't pay cash. All 'e does for 'er is a bit of help with errands and mending anything about the place, and so on. But as she says, she could let the room for three and sixpence hard cash. You can't go on being soft, she says. We all know it's the poor that 'elps the poor, but 'e ain't one of our kind anyway, and never was. 'E's a sort of gentleman. That's why all the girls are s' silly over him. I 'ope 'e gets throwed out."

Then, at midnight, as she folded up the last of the waistcoats she had stitched, she heard the shuffling on the landing outside her door. It didn't mean that the empty room opposite was let again. No; she knew what it meant—young Heiner. And she had forgotten to turn the key in her lock after Mrs. Leave. She had been so busy machining, working at top pressure to get it all done by tomorrow morning as she promised. She jumped up, but before she had reached the door, Heiner was inside it, leaning against it. His fawn overcoat hung open over his dinner-jacket suit, and his felt hat was still on his head.

"Jenny! Heard you working away and thought I'd come up to say night-night to the best girl in the street."

"Get out!"

"Not at all, my dear. I want a long talk with you." He enunciated carefully, and she knew that he had drunk too much. Of course he had; didn't all men if they could get it? "I haven't climbed these stairs for nothing, kindly understand. Now, Jenny, what's it you have against me?"

"Nothing, Mr. Heiner. But it's too late to come up here and talk now. Besides, I don't allow gentlemen up in my room."

The word "gentlemen" pleased his ear. "I know that. We all know that. Good girl, Jenny. Dashed sight too good. There's nothing in it, Jenny—nothing in it for a girl. Now look here. Listen to me. You've got nothing against me. You—you—you be my girl, eh?"

"Get out."

"I don't like your manner of speaking. I'll get out when I choose, and not a moment before, and don't you make any mistake. A bit of manhandling wouldn't do you any harm, my dear; stop a bit of your damfine talk. Not that I want to hurt you. Oh, no, I'm not the man to strike a woman. Rather pet her; that I would. Jenny, all the time I've been here I've had my eye on you ——"

She knew it, and she knew he paid a better rent than she did; she knew that not a man in the alley but wouldn't be rather gratified if she became Heiner's girl, or somebody's girl, anybody's girl, in fact, but her own girl; and she knew that there was not a woman in the alley who wouldn't rejoice if Jenny Croft lowered her flag the same as the rest of them. Even Mrs. Leave would be glad. She had a natural wisdom which told her this. They liked her, and yet ——

"Get out!"

"Don't clench your fists at me, my girl. There are two can play at hitting." He suddenly advanced from the door. "But I don't want to hit you, Jenny; I want to kiss you. No use your backing behind that table. Just you let me get hold of you!" And suddenly he had her by the wrist. "Now—now. No good pulling away. I'm going to sit down in your armchair and you'll sit on my knee and we'll make it up." Then he was closer to her, with a muscular strength she hadn't suspected in his soft-looking body, with the coaxing smile suddenly wiped from his face. Now the struggle began in earnest, and she began to claw at his imprisoning hand with the finger nails of her free one. They struggled across the room close to the window, and other uncurtained lighted windows from the houses opposite stared at them like unwinking eyes across the road.

"Don't claw me, you little tiger cat!" said Heiner between his teeth, and then he began to swear at her. He swore with a peculiar luridity, language she knew so well that it didn't even shock her. All she knew was that a girl had to fight teeth and claw, foot and fist, with the Heiner kind, and she fought. He battled for possession of her two arms, and she to keep one free. Only get him to the door, turn the handle somehow, force the fight onto the landing, and she stood a chance. Then, as she twisted and turned, and Heiner swore and swore and swore, but smiled again, too, she felt his two arms lock round her.

(Continued on Page 90)

"Don't Clench Your Fists at Me, My Girl. There are Two Can Play at Hitting"

THE BATTLE OF THE LEVEES

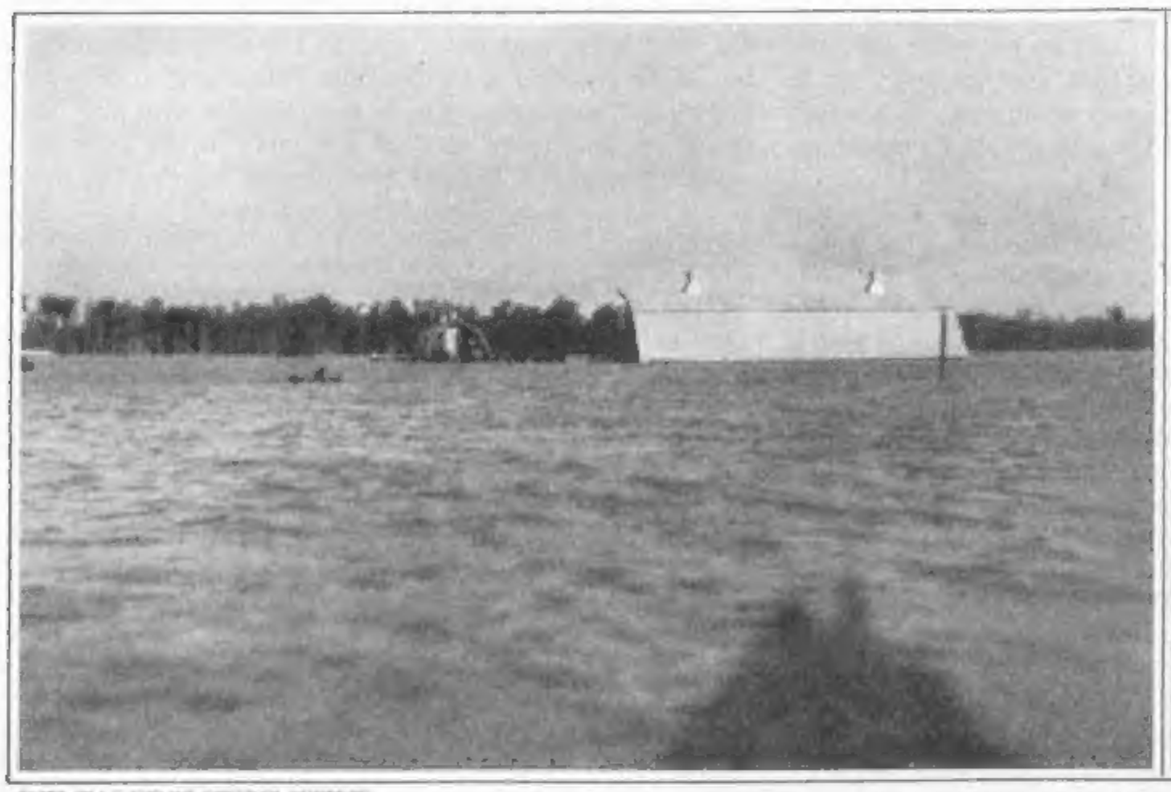

PHOTO. BY J. S. UNGLAUB, VICKSBURG, MISSISSIPPI

Twenty Feet Deep and Still Rising

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Blowing Up a Levee—The Third Explosion

By Richard Washburn Child

A STREAM of refugee children coming off a steel barge! Miles on miles of endless waste of yellow water was the background, dotted on the near edge by tops of chimneys and tops of trees poking out of the down-marching eddies, buzzards swinging and wheeling over them in the sun. The children cry aloud with pain, for the steel rail of the barge has baked hot in the Mississippi springtime and it burns their bare feet.

And a government expert solemnly mumbles figures into one's ears. He says that this sliding sea of the Father of Waters represents the drainage of more than 40 per cent of the whole United States! "Great Scott, man," he is saying, "where would we be without this river? It waters and drains nearly 1,250,000 square miles. Now let me show you in figures the total length of levees and ——"

During the war we had several years to absorb some conception of the battle fronts. It is not certain that anyone ever really did absorb it. Only a few weeks have we had to conceive the magnitude of the Battle of the Levees. Its action has been only a few weeks long and its extent larger in terms of miles than any other battle line of contending forces ever known in this old world's chronicles.

Probably no one will ever see the whole picture, or conceive it. The Red Cross worker throws up her hands and says, "I feel like an ant watching the Twentieth Century Limited go by." The newspaper correspondent uncrosses his legs on the porch of a country hotel built on an isolated bluff—an island in the flood which has gobbled enough territory to cut the country down to forty-five states instead of forty-eight. He throws his cigarette in the direction of the mules hitched to the rail at the general store across the way and says, "There's no use in exaggeration is what I say. What difference does it make whether 200,000 or 400,000 people need help now?"

A Panorama Through a Pinhole

NO ONE, even in the lower reaches of the valley, is really awed; no one can conceive enough at any one time to be much awed. The adventurer in observation and analysis who has come now into the valley might look at this flood as one who tries to see a panorama through a pinhole.

One is given a peep through the microscope and sees an old woman, crinkled bronze skin, finely cut features, with mouth grown square, and thin pursed lips through three-quarters of a century trying to hold land her ancestors wrested from the natural domain of the river. She nods in the sun drowsily, with a mahogany box in her lap containing the Bible with the family record in it. She has toted it through these flooding waters many a time before. She and the Mississippi are old fighting friends. One is given a peep through the binoculars as the airplane flies over the tawny Sahara of waters and sees mere expanse—expanse moving, expanse slipping from under one, toward the Gulf.

And there is the headful of statistics. Did they say that 280,000,000,000 cubic feet of water slid past every day?

Stock on a Ridge Below Holly Bluff

PHOTOS. BY J. S. UNGLAUB, VICKSBURG, MISSISSIPPI

The R. H. L. Above Holland's Landing

I am reminded of the same problem that arose before me at the Russian Front and in the western situation during the war. Somehow it is all the magnified drama of single human beings, or else the vague, vast and unreal distances, masses, dimensions seen telescopically. There is nothing in between more normal, more digestible for other minds. Moving figures—one negro pulling something under water which comes to the top and proves to be a cookstove—or columns and columns of figures of river-gauge marks for the floods of the 40's, 1882, 1912, 1922. It is a dead wildcat floating by with one eye still open—or a conference of governors, cabinet officers, engineers, bankers, dealing with cubic yards, amortization, cross sections, charted curves, credits, carloads of supplies, rainfall and coördination.

The River's Reënforcements

BUT of course there is, as there was in the war, the battle line. That is where the fight is. Not man against man, but man power against the river—the subtle, shifting, uncertain river in its record offensive, roaring here, stealing under cover of the dark across square miles of No Man's Land. Then near the Front the spies of the man army are sent out for readings of gauges, airplanes circle in the blue or gray skies, returning with their photographs and their scout data. The telephone wires, swinging yet uncertainly above whole counties and parishes, send in reports from levee boards and railway officials and the government meteorological experts—like the great oracle and prophet Dr. Isaac M. Cline—act as the center of the intelligence service, and this intelligence headquarters—the United States Weather Bureau—tells the army holding back the invader what the enemy probably will do, where the Father of Waters is massing his attack, where he is getting his reënforcements, where he will call on the cavalry of the wind to aid in his charges, what redoubts he will storm ten days from now, what effect it will have to blow up a crevasse, admit the enemy and cut off a detachment of waters from the main body.

And the dead wildcat floating by yesterday in the Mississippi still casts his one open dead eye at the sky, watching it turn from blue to gray, from gray to menacing black, watching some new fall of rain augmenting the rain recruits, the rain volunteers whose forces rather than those of the upriver tributary flows have this time been the main divisions and the shock troops of the conquering river.

The negro convict carrying sandbags up the incline toward the ramparts arrives at the top, sees the dead

wildcat and a house rolling over and over and all the flotsam and jetsam in this bowl for which the horizon is the edge, with barns and logs and deceased cows and pigs like croutons in a purée, and he says, "Mississip', yo ain't no St. Lawrence River! Cain't yo wait till yo get to the Gulf befoh yo start makin' these yere Great Lakes?"

And where he and the regular and volunteer troops fight on the ramparts—there is the battle line. There are many sectors, but that battle line in its entirety—look now!—is the longest battle line of all recorded warfare, for it is more than 1600 miles in length. And at least 600 miles of this is standing in the way of the shock troops of this flood.

I wanted to see the battle. The wounded and the refugees behind the lines one can see later, and the chronicle of the vast but incredibly swift-action campaign of the United States to give relief and protection, warning and comfort will still be there when the issue of the conflict is decided.

There is drama in the relief work. There is drama in that seethe of controversy and probable distortion which is bound to follow wherever politicians come in covered with foam to tell nonpartisan engineers all the dreams known to Welsh rabbits. But the real drama is the battle, and the battle is the Battle of the Levees.

Before I started I joined the party of inspection under Secretary of War Davis and Secretary Hoover just in time to see the further opening of the Cærnarvon Crevasse below New Orleans. It had already sucked enough water out of the lower end of the flood stream to flatten the river a little for miles and miles toward Baton Rouge. Out of the main stream of the Mississippi was pouring a roaring, tossing, foaming flood between the raw edges of that levee, cut by dynamite; the great maw of many square miles of lowland where endless acres of rich lands and homes, sacrificed for the city, were swallowing lake after lake.

But the jaws had to be pried farther apart, and so nearly a ton of dynamite was planted in that best of all levee material, gumbo and buckshot clay, which is heavy and sticky and black, and would in fact make bullets when dry. The wind blew a gentle breeze across the heads of wild flowers on the banks.

Strategy in the War

SECRETARY HOOVER, who is the most unassuming official within a thousand counties, talked with everyone and nevertheless was thinking all the time according to his habit. His habit is the habit of one who, whatever may be his limitations in the art of politics, is always interested in the job, the work, the construction, the building, the goal, the end first, and in Hoover's prestige or sleep or food or feelings only later on—and there is no later on with Hoover. There is always the next job. He said he smelled a strange odor. It came from one of those alcohol plants of the delta.

Hoover and Davis were popular on their visit to the flood; there was a nonpartisan American directness and simplicity about them both. They did not go sight-seeing like some Paul Revere politicians to old estates and military parks, to banquets and newspaper conferences. They said little and appeared to take seriously the impending disaster which might prove the worst the country has ever known. They were not there to settle the future with jovial and garrulous reporters.

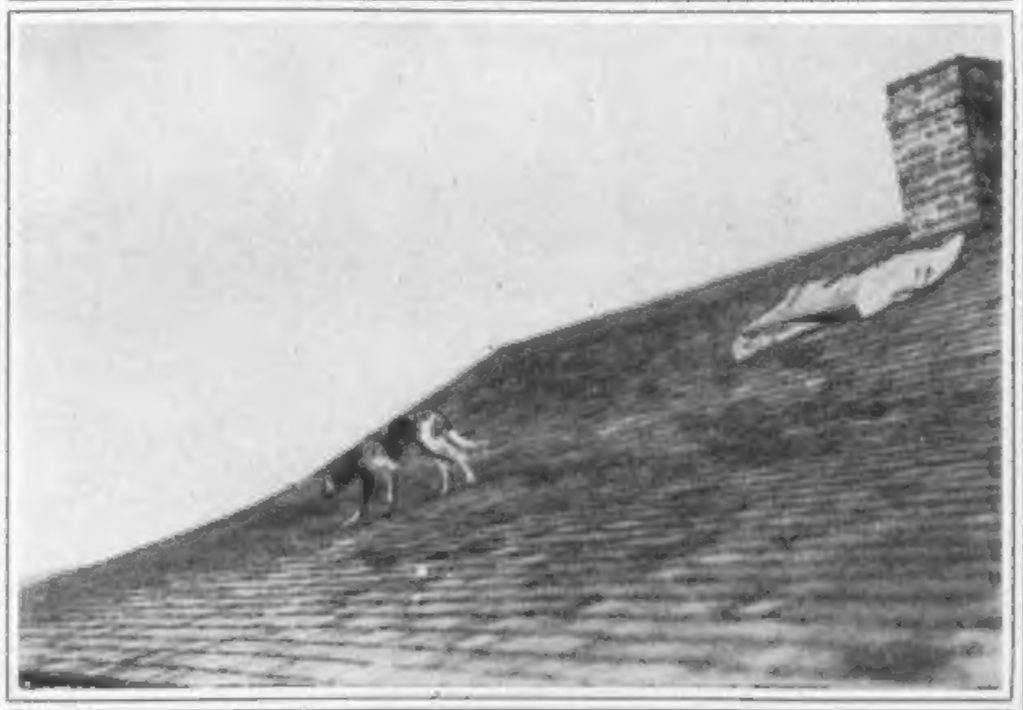
They came to learn and not to teach the class. And I was asking the Secretary of Commerce whether it was not true that the greatest relief problem would come when the baffled and beaten and bereft 300,000 started to reclaim their alluvial place, and if ——

Boom! The two tons of dynamite and giant powder had lifted a half acre of buckshot clay into the air and the motion-picture man reeled away like a hand-organ grinder. The jaws of the crevasse—a crevasse is any break in the dikes and levees—grinned wider; they sucked at the Mississippi and the Mississippi filled them. New Orleans was safer! An engineer who knows the river was whispering to me that if Nature or man fools with the Father of Waters much more around his mouth, he may take a notion to go back to one of his old channels. The breeze still blew the nodding wild flowers, a flock of migrant birds flew over the lowland, and débris, blown sky-high, settled down into the Mississippi a hundred yards away with a curious whisper.

After all, this was a trick play of the warfare between the men—the hundreds of thousands—and the river. After all, there was the real Front. There was the battle line. There were the levees. "It shall not pass."

From Vicksburg down, the river was rising. The experts—they had lost the crest! There is always a crest of the river. As the Missouri, the Arkansas, the Red River pour in their conscripted quota, the crest moves southward, sometimes fast, sometimes slowly, and usually these skilled agents of the intelligence service of mankind know tomorrow and ten days from now where the crest will be. It is amazing to learn how slowly moves a great assaulting army of water. The great flow from a victory of the river against the levees above Vicksburg on the west bank occupies new domains and slides toward joining the reënforcements from the Red River and Old River and the Mississippi, but not faster than fifteen miles a day toward the mass attack on Bayou des Glaise and the countryside known by its cane as the Sugar Bowl of Louisiana.

Refugees From Greenville Arriving at Vicksburg



Just Above Murphy

The River Seeks its Own

THE reënforcements creep five—ten—twenty-five miles into the interior, where my train wheels a few days later rolled up a spray, and a string of freight cars and oil cars, caught on a lower tier of tracks, are slumping over toward houses where negro mammies still wave aprons from second-story windows. They creep down to join in mass attacks on a besieged mankind. They creep along, driving cows and calves, pigs and chickens, horses, dogs, house cats and the wild things of the woods, and sometimes engulf them all with a final snap of the jaws of the flood over some island in this new desert of thin yellow soup. Buzzards and hawks and wild turkeys drink water from the tops of trees, and frightened fish, running up the bayous, twist and turn below the surface of this limitless potage of water and fertile silt.

The battle of the river, I have learned, is the battle for its unredeemed territory captured by man with his dikes and levees, his eternal incursion into the alluvial soil which by right is the river's. This territory of flood is the river's Alsace and Lorraine, its Italian Irredenta, its Hungarian Transylvania, its

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PHOTOS. BY J. S. UNGLAUB, VICKSBURG, MISSISSIPPI

The East End of the Bridge at Holly Bluff

Picking Up Refugees in a Gas Boat Just Above Spanish Fort

INTERLUDE

By ELEANOR MERCEIN

ILLUSTRATED BY H. WESTON TAYLOR

"Surely You Don't Intend to Push a Bicycle From Peak to Peak Among the Pyrenees?" "Why Not?"

THERE was a chapter in the loves of Emily and Esteban which the girl, with the wise hoarding instinct of females, had put away unread, as it were, in the treasure box of her subconscious memory; as women will put away a first wedding ring—they are more careless with the second one—or a photograph taken at eighteen, or a baby's tooth. "Some day," they promise themselves, "some rainy, desperate sort of day, when everything goes wrong, and the wind howls in the chimney, and nobody is at hand to quarrel with, we will take these out and gloat over them and be ourselves again." For every human being knows in his soul that only at life's great moments do we approximate ourselves.

It came to Emily just after the end of 'Nacio's little tragicomedy—the sudden need to remember that even in eager piteous youth there are idyls which remain idyls, times when everything comes right, almost despite ourselves.

No wind howled in the chimney that night, no rain fell; the moon made an aureole about the hills as if it were still her *lune de miel*. Withindoors, Emily, alone for the first time in the house of her husband's people—for the Urruty retired early—kept alive the fire on the hearth for company, eerily aware of shadows which danced, with the flickering of the flames, over portraits of persons strange to her, long since dead; over faded, ghostly banners out of wars which had passed long since into history.

"What are these people to me or I to them?" she thought quite suddenly, feeling herself to be one only with the flickering shadows that danced through the strange old house into outer darkness, leaving no trace.

She went to the open door, across whose threshold slept Nagarro, actively as an old dog sleeps, with spasmodic feet making the gesture of running and little whispered yelps as he chased through fields Elysian the rabbits of yesterday. Nothing is more lonely than moonlight to the young who have nobody to share it with. Emily recalled with a shudder her first sight of the yacht Gathid, sailing off, as it was sailing now into just such a mist of moonlight, without her. And then, far away down the valley, she heard the faint, windy note of a *basouflûte*. The curtain of reality rolled up upon magic.

They had returned, she and her spinster friend, after much fruitless wandering, to the little house in St.-Jean-de-Luz, known to Emily affectionately as chez Dibbs. Doubtless it bore some more pretentious name on its note paper—Aux Acacias, or Villa of the Four Winds, or possibly Lavender Lane, any one of which would have been appropriate enough. But for practical purposes it was known to its vicinity as chez Dibbs.

The little garden of it—one of those "corners of a foreign soil which are forever England," with box and wallflowers, and as many other British things as the climate permitted to blend with the exotic note of yucca and bamboo—stepped down by terraced stages to a bit of beach, which at high tide the Bay of Biscay overspread to lap, not always too gently, at the foot of the stout stuccoed wall. A blue-toned wall it was, from much spraying of its vines with turquoise copperas, and topped by a small shrine containing an image of Our Lady of the Waters; for while Miss Dibbs worshiped in the Anglican communion, she had her artist's sympathy for picturesque details of the Roman creed.

"I always feel," she explained to her young companion, "that the more things one is able to believe in, and the more people, the more one is likely somehow to get somewhere with it all in the end—if you know what I mean."

Emily did not, but she was always quite willing to take her friend's vague and kindly sentiments on faith.

The spinster was at wit's end how to console a young widow who was so awkwardly not quite a widow: one who could not even permit herself the sorry comfort of wearing crape for a husband she had not got. Religion, she felt, was indicated; yet one hesitated to intrude on another's privacy in such matters. What to do to assuage a grief it seemed slightly improper to discuss?

Poor dear young Mr. Wallace, she sighed inwardly; if only he had thought to insist upon a deathbed wedding or something of the sort! It could not really have mattered much to him; everything would have been quite as romantic, and so much more comfortable for all concerned. But the honor of a gentleman, as Miss Dibbs had been taught to know it, seemed to be entirely out of fashion nowadays—like petticoats. Not that she wished in any way to criticize the dead.

Travel had been tried and found wanting. It did not offer sufficient novelty perhaps to a young woman born, as it were, upon the wing. Miss Dibbs' next best suggestion was music. "Though I realize, my poor brave darling, that you would hardly have the heart just yet to be amused by a play ——"

"Why not?" interpolated Emily. "If there are any amusing plays."

"—— still," went on Miss Dibbs, tactfully ignoring this irrelevance, "I always feel—don't you?—that musical performances are somehow different, more elevating, if you know what I mean; better suited to the requirements of a nature which—which does not find itself quite attuned to anything like pleasure." She was becoming a trifle involved in her efforts to avoid indelicate references to her friend's grief. "What I mean to say is—well, opera, for example. Oh, not the frivolous French or Italian sort, naturally! But something really substantial, like Tannhäuser or Lohengrin. Do you not feel, dearest girl, that a performance of Lohengrin, which I see advertised upon the hoardings, might prove cheering?"

Emily felt that it might. They happened to be in Rome at the time, and she had never heard Wagner in Italian. But afterward the ladies were constrained to admit that the Swan Prince, as played by a rotund, swarthy little gentleman whose coat of mail fitted him only too well, and who made up in attack whatever he lacked in accuracy, was not entirely cheering.

Miss Dibbs next turned her beneficent intent toward the gaming tables, they having returned by this time to St.-Jean-de-Luz, where the girl became visibly more apathetic and *distraite* before her eyes. Sports, the inevitable panacea for all British ills, had been declined with thanks. The thought of golf or tennis exhausted her, Emily admitted; she did not trouble to unpack her riding clothes; and as for the *plage*, still gayly tented and lively despite the lateness of the season, she declined to go near it.

"I do not think I shall ever swim again," she said quietly.

Her friend made a sound of dismay. "But why not? Even people in quite deep mourning bathe, you know, and you always look so sweet in the water." She recalled with regret a vision of the slim young rose-white body candidly revealed by its clinging *maillot*, the exquisite curve of it as she dived, the surprising strength and speed of the girl's easy stroke.

"I seem to have lost my nerve," said Emily, and on an impulse explained why. "You know, I nearly drowned once there in the surf at Biarritz. A man saved me."

"A Man! How perfectly romantic! Who was he?" asked the spinster eagerly.

"He was a Basque," murmured Emily; and waited, hoping to be asked more questions, hoping that the time had come for her to be able to talk of Esteban at last.

But the good Amelia was not intuitive. "Oh, only a native. What a pity! So, of course, nothing came of it," she sighed.

"So, of course, nothing came of it," repeated Emily under her breath.

She had grown listless again, with that polite, cheerful listlessness Miss Dibbs had come to dread far more than

melancholy—and with reason. Steps had clearly to be taken, though step-taking was a process Amelia Dibbs left usually to less hesitant natures.

"Really, I see no reason," she announced one morning, with that false, brisk matter-of-factness affected by the dentist or photographer about to go into action, "why you should not take up cards now, my love. One finds them, as one grows older, such a consolation. Not for stakes, of course—that would hardly be suitable in the tragic circumstances. But just a little neighborly hand at whist, or bridge, if you prefer—merely for points." She spoke with a certain wistfulness. Amelia Dibbs knew how to make her sacrifices on the altar of friendship—none better—but she had missed her little rubber.

Emily replied with some obtuseness that she disliked cards in any form, particularly when played for points. The only thing that made bridge bearable, she said, was a higher stake than one could possibly afford.

"Then," suggested her hostess, still brightly, "we must try mah-jongg."

"Must we?" murmured her guest. "What is it?"

This pastime, out of China by America, as it were, was being played at the moment by all the civilized world. "Just an elaborate sort of dominoes, you know. Such a pretty idea, I always think, naming the counters for winds and flowers and so on—so Chinese. One fancies mandarins at play, in pagodas, to the song of the bulbul—or do I mean the bullfinch?"

"Possibly the bullfrog," suggested Emily, whose mental association of the Chinese was largely with restaurants or laundries.

"I should not call the sound made by frogs quite singing, should you, dearest?" demurred her friend. "But the parties people give are really quite too quaint—paper lanterns, you know, and Oriental prizes, and name cards written up and down like Chinese characters, and everybody wearing those Chinese embroidered bed jackets, if they've got them."

"Quaint, indeed," murmured Emily. "And they eat, I suppose, with chopsticks."

"No-o, I hadn't heard of that. But why not?" Her eyes brightened with the possibility. "My dear, why not give a little mah-jongg party ourselves—oh, a quite small and informal one, of course—and serve our tea with chopsticks? Or rather our muffins and cakes; for I am afraid tea would be rather difficult to serve with chopsticks · don't you think?"

"By all means," agreed Emily, kissing her, "let us take up mah-jongg at once and give a chopstick party. I burn to begin."

"You will not regret it, I am sure." Miss Dibbs sighed with relief at her success. "Many of my friends quite devote their lives to mah-jongg nowadays, and one poor dear was positively saved by it from going into a decline, although Scottish Presbyterian by birth. Fancy! You see, she lost her Aberdeen, who had been like a child to her for years and years and years."

"A sort of perennial child?" murmured Emily.

"Yes. They are that way," replied the spinster simply. "They manage to play quite sweetly always, even after their hind legs become a little wabbly."

"Who—the Scottish Presbyterians?" asked Emily, rather bewildered.

"Oh, my dear, I was referring to the Scottish terriers," said Miss Dibbs. "And then one morning when my friend went to his little pillow in the dining room to see why he had not come up with the breakfast tray for his morning's sugar, there he lay —— But I cannot dwell upon it!" She touched her handkerchief to her eyes; Miss Dibbs had herself lost Aberdeens in her day. "My poor friend was utterly inconsolable. Her maid told me she found the pillow every morning wet with tears—my friend's pillow, you know, not the dog's. And then, for Christmas, her nephew in Scotland sent her a mah-jongg set; such a handsome one that she really felt she had to use it. And now she carries it about with her everywhere in a specially constructed valise; in case her hostess has not got one, you see?"

"Exit Aberdeen," murmured Emily, wondering if the time had really come for her to choose between card games and pet dogs.

Miss Dibbs was fond of entertaining—had, indeed, set up a studio for the purpose in the garden adjoining her house; in which she was also understood to paint water colors, or tool leather, or dye batik. Emily was not sure which, so she inquired.

"I block-print," replied her hostess modestly. "Hadn't you noticed? The curtains, the table runners, my summer frocks—yes, all my work. Not that one really needs a studio to do it in," she added, "but I always think—don't you?—that a studio makes things so informal."

She went on to explain that in studios it was quite all right to serve one's own tea; whereas in a drawing-room it had naturally to be served to one; and Miss Dibbs' little establishment did not run to that. In her enthusiasm for things Basque, she had employed some years since a native *femme de ménage* who did not permit her to employ other servants.

"You see, Margitte is quite a superior person—a *rentière* in fact. She has 'lands in the sun,' as they express it here so quaintly; though I doubt whether her lands are more than a hut and a vine and a pigpen. They always manage to keep a pig, no matter how poor they are. She is waiting for a missing husband, who was probably lost at sea, as they so often are, poor things, and meanwhile she is obliging enough to cook for me. But in the sad circumstances, I hardly like to ask her to wear a cap and apron like ordinary maids; and so, of course, she cannot serve tea."

The connection was plainer to Miss Dibbs than to her guest, whose memory reverted to a patriarchal picture of the Urruty household dining in their kitchen, with a member of the family serving master and employe alike.

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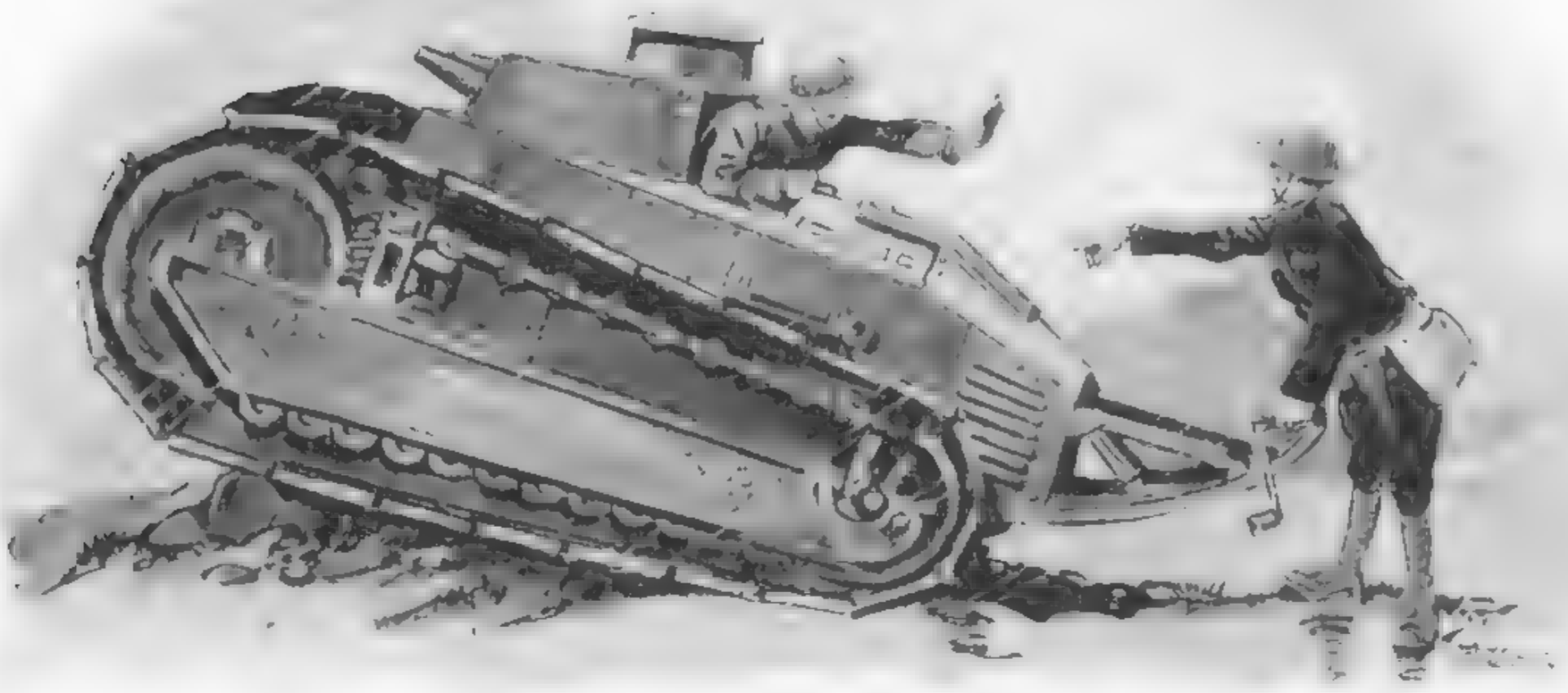
It Was Not Daphne Whose Voice Spoke From the Laurel Bush, But the Femme de Ménage

THE TIN LIMOUSINE



"Get Out and Crank Her Up!" "Get Out?" Said Pudgy. "I Just Got In—and I Like to Squeezed Myself to Death Doing It"

By William Hazlett Upson

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

BEHIND the lines near Montzeville,
At the time of the Argonne affair,
Two weary privates, one afternoon,
Was brushing their horses' hair.

The names of these privates was Pudgy Monroe
And Curtis Augustus Lee;
They both of them was drivers
In the field artillery.

And here they was, at the picket line,
Ten miles from the battery guns,
Which just at this time was up at Septsarges
A-popping away at the Huns.

And Pudgy—a large, well-padded guy,
Who weighed two hundred and three—
He give a pitiful groan and said
To Curtis Augustus Lee:

"It's a hell of a life taking care of these horses, ain't it? Grooming, feeding, watering, cleaning harness, hitching, unhitching; and then watering, feeding, grooming, and everything else all over again, day after day, month after month. The filthy brutes will be the death of me yet."

Then Private Lee—a little runt,
With lots of ideas in his head—
He smiled a sad and bitter smile,
And this is what he said:

"If this life is tough for a small-town hick like you, think what it must be for a educated city man like me! But I ain't going to stand for it any longer. I'm going to get myself transferred back to the tank corps, where I was before, and where I ought to be now. And, if you want, I'll get you a transfer too."

"Anything to get out of grooming these horses!" said Pudgy.

"All right," said Curtis Augustus Lee, "I heard this morning that an American tank outfit has just moved in over on the other side of Montzeville. As soon as we finish grooming, and before these skates get led down to water, you and me will sneak off and go over there and apply for a transfer."

"Suppose Sergeant Blake notices we've cut the horse-watering detail?"

"We've sneaked off before and got by with it. He'll never notice."

"Well, maybe not. But, after we've asked for a transfer, how do we know they'll give it to us?"

"Trust me," said Lee. "What it takes to get into the tank corps, I got. All you need to do is follow along and keep your mouth shut."

So, ten minutes later, Pudgy Monroe
And Curtis Augustus Lee,
They started out to find the place
Where the tanks was supposed to be.

They left the battery picket line,
And walked through the ruined town,
Where a few of the houses was standing up,
But most was flat on the ground.

And the air was damp, and the wind was chill,
And the clouds was low and gray,
While a steady rumble come over the hills
From the war ten miles away.

And Pudgy Monroe—as he slopped through the mud,
Which was plentiful thereabouts—
He thought some more about these tanks,
And begun to have his doubts.

"Suppose I get into this tank corps," he said, "and suppose I don't like it—what then?"

"You're bound to like it," said Lee. "It's the only life for a gentleman—nothing to do all day but ride around in a swell tin limousine."

"I'm a bit leery of it," said Pudgy. "But maybe they won't take us, after all."

"Wait till I talk to 'em; they'll take us all right."

"Just what sort of an argument was you figuring on putting up?"

"I'm going to tell the truth. I'll tell 'em that before the war I was the best garage mechanic in all Peoria. I'll tell 'em that I enlisted in the tank corps, that I went to the tank school at Bourg, and that I know everything there is to know about tanks. When they find out how good I am, they'll take it up with headquarters and have me transferred."

"But how about me?"

"I'll tell 'em you're just as good as I am, and they'll take you too."

"There's something funny about this whole business," said Pudgy, very doubtful. "I don't believe you know so much about these machines as you think you do. Didn't you once tell me you lasted only three days at this tank school before they kicked you out and transferred you to the artillery?"

"Yes, but a bright guy like me can learn a lot in three days."

"But if you was so good, it don't seem reasonable that they would bounce you. How you going to explain that?"

"I don't need to say anything about it to these birds. It's no use to take up their time with such trifles. And it wasn't my fault anyway. I just happened to go over a bump the first day I ever drove a tank, and the door slammed shut and like to broke my nose. So it wasn't my fault I lost track of where I was going and ran the tank in through the side of the mess hall. And it wasn't my fault all them officers was in there having lunch at the time."

"You never told me that before," said Pudgy. "Somehow, I think maybe I'll stay out of this tank corps. I wouldn't feel safe with you around."

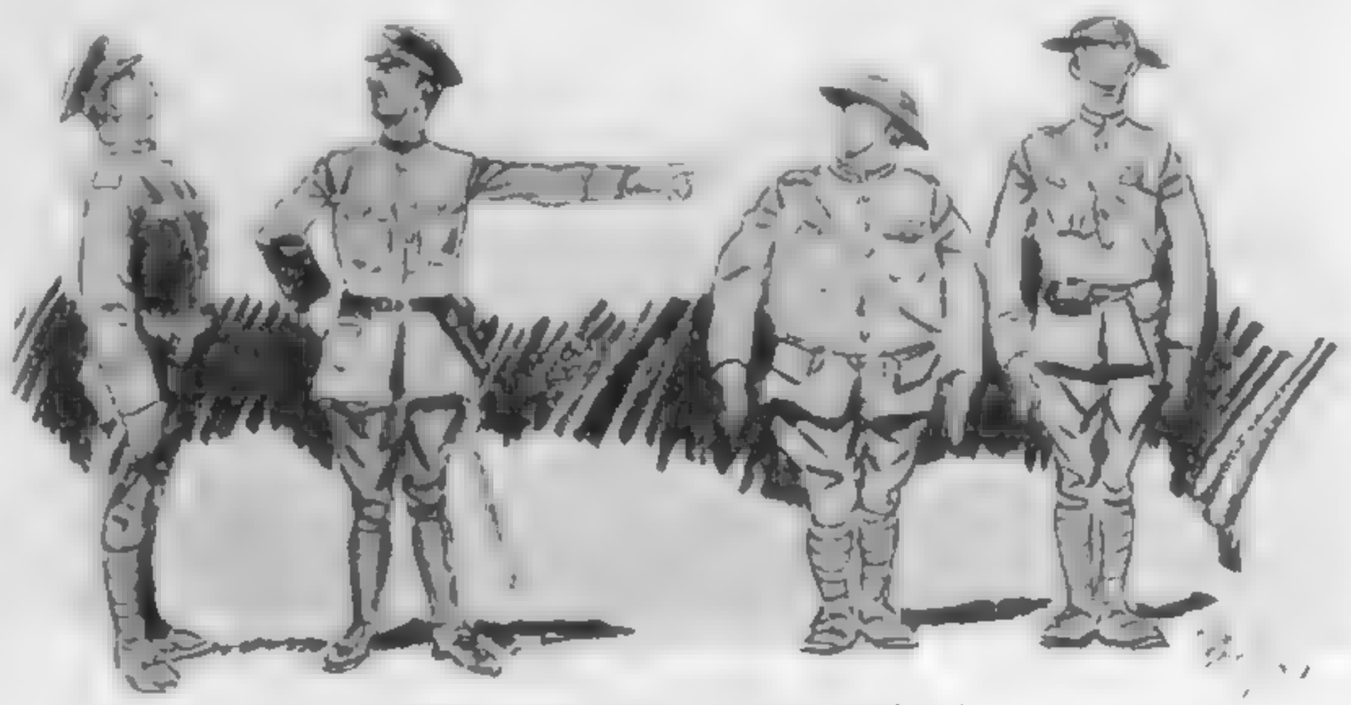
"You make me sick," said Lee. "You told me your one idea in life was to get away from them filthy artillery horses. You ain't changed your mind, have you?"

"No."

"Then shut up, and come on."

And Pudgy done as he was told,
And he followed along, until
They come at last to the other side
Of the town of Montzeville.

And here they found ten baby tanks,
Of elegant French design,
That was out in a field beside the road,
Drawn up in perfect line.



"Take These Two Men Back With You"

"If This Life is Tough for a Small-Town Hick Like You, Think What it Must be for a Educated City Man Like Me!"

Three mournful American soldiers,
All oily and greasy and black,
Was hard at work on the nearest machine,
Repairing a broken track.

And Curtis Augustus Lee stepped up,
A-looking very wise,
And asked a lot of questions
Of these mournful, greasy guys.

And Pudgy listened to what was said,
And Pudgy begun to frown
When they said that this was a hospital
For tanks that was busted down—

A tank battalion repair camp,
Where life was nothing but toil;
You worked all day, and you worked all night,
In dirt and cylinder oil.

It didn't sound good to Pudgy Monroe,
So he started back for the town;
But Lee came after and made such a fuss
He had to turn around.

"What's the matter? What's the matter?" said Lee. "You ain't backing out on me?"

"I've seen enough," said Pudgy. "I don't want to be no greasy mechanic around this lousy dump."

"But suppose you could get a job as a driver, with nothing to do but ride around in these things?"

"Well, that might be pretty good."

"All right. I'll tell 'em we're expert drivers, but we don't know nothing about repair work. Then we'll be safe."

"I ain't so sure. Them three birds over there don't want the job they got, but they got it just the same."

"The trouble with them guys," said Lee, "is that they know too much about machinery and not enough about how to get out of work. You and me is just the opposite. Come on, let's look about a bit anyway."

And he grabbed a-hold of the big fat arm
Of big fat Pudgy Monroe,
And he led him back past all them tanks
That was standing there in a row.

And down at the end of the line of tanks,
A bunch of privates they found,
Who was all huddled up like a flock of sheep,
And timidly gazing around.

"You guys belong to this tank outfit?" asked Lee.

"We're replacements," said one of them—a skinny little guy. "We just arrived."

"If you're going to be in the tank corps, you're lucky," said Lee.

To this the timid replacement bunch
Had nothing at all to say;
But just then a major—a hard-looking bird—
And a sergeant came walking that way.

"Attention!" the sergeant hollered out;
And Pudgy Monroe and Lee
And all them replacements straightened up,
As rigid and stiff as could be.

"Have any of you men ever had experience with tanks?" asked the major.

Then over the face of Private Lee
There come a happy glow,
And he stepped right out in front of the bunch,
A-dragging Pudgy Monroe.

"We have both had experience, sir," he said—"lots of it."

"Good!" said the major. "How about the rest of you? Don't you know anything at all?"

"I'm afraid not, sir," said the skinny little guy. "You see we was all drafted into the infantry, sir. And when we arrived in France last week we was transferred into the tanks. I guess most of us never seen a tank before, sir. I know I never did. But it ain't my fault, and ——"

"Good Lord!" cut in the major. "I ask for mechanics and they send me idiots!" He turned to Lee and Pudgy. "And what about you two? Do you really know anything?"

"Yes, sir," said Lee. "We was both in the tank school at Bourg for three months. We're expert drivers—but we ain't much on repair work."

"Do you think you could handle a tank in an attack?"

"Certainly, sir."

"Both of you?"

"Yes, sir," spoke up Lee.

"Well, I hope you can, because I'm going to try you out right away." He turned to the sergeant. "Take these two men back with you," he said. "Tell Lieutenant Depew they are the only men I can spare; I've got to keep all my regular men for repair work. And you can see for yourself what a useless bunch of mental defectives the rest of these recruits are."

"Yes, sir," said the sergeant. He saluted and turned to Pudgy and Lee. "Come with me," he said.

The sergeant started across the field,
And Curtis Augustus Lee
Went walking along behind him
As happy as could be.

Old Pudgy wanted to cut and run—
By now, he was worried for fair—
But he didn't dare to make a break
With the major standing there.

So he followed along like a guy that is pinched,
While the sergeant led the way
To a large and handsome reconnaissance car
That was painted a battleship gray.

The sergeant made Pudgy and Lee get in,
And slow themselves in the rear;
Then he sat himself down at the driver's side,
And spoke in the driver's ear.

The driver nodded and put her in gear,
And let in the clutch, and then
The machine went bumping and bouncing along
On the road that led to Esnes.

"Ain't you guys got no packs?" asked the sergeant, turning around in his seat. "Ain't you got no blankets?"

"We lost 'em," said Lee.

"Replacements never did have no sense," said the sergeant. "But you may be able to pick up some blankets and things at the Front."

"Just where are we going?" asked Pudgy.

"You're going to Lieutenant Depew's platoon up in a little woods north of Montfaucon."

"What we going to do there—anything special?"

"I'll say you are; you're going into action first thing in the morning. You see the lieutenant had everything ready for the attack, and then this noon the Fritzes laid down a barrage on his tank skinners right when they was lined up for mess in the woods. When the smoke cleared away he didn't have enough men left to drive his machines. So you're going up to pinch hit for a few of the guys that got bumped off."

Then, having spilled this pleasant news
Of the coming tank attack,
The sergeant stretched himself, and yawned,
And wearily turned his back.

Old Pudgy scowled, for he didn't like
The sound of what he had heard;
But Lee begun to warble along
Like a happy little bird:

"Ain't it wonderful! Ain't it grand! And didn't we have luck getting into the tank corps so easy?"

"I wish we was out!" said Pudgy.

"Not so loud!" said Lee. "The sergeant'll hear you. And besides, why should you want to get out?"

"Wait Till I Talk to 'em; They'll Take Us All Right"

"I don't like the idea of it," said Pudgy.

"You said you wanted to get away from them filthy horses, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"And you said you wouldn't mind riding around in tanks as long as you didn't have to do repair work, didn't you?"

"Well, yes, but ——"

"Come on, be a man!" said Lee. "We'll drive this tank, and we'll make a big advance and capture a lot of prisoners, and have a lot of fun, and then we'll probably be promoted and get a lot of medals, and it'll be swell. And no more grooming horses!"

"But I didn't expect to get into no attack so soon. I don't know nothing about these machines."

"That's all right. We'll both get in the same tank, and I'll tell you what to do. I know enough for the two of us."

"I don't like the idea," said Pudgy.

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ACTION

By C. E. MONTAGUE

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK L. SPRADLING

WHEN Christopher Bell was just fifty-two he woke up one September morning to feel a slight numbness all down his right side. Some of the numbness was in his right arm; a good deal of it in his right thigh, along its outside; rather less in his right foot; and just a little in his head—all over the hinterland of his right ear.

It seemed a big percentage of a man to go to sleep at one time. He lay still for a minute, to let it pass off, but it didn't. So he began to speculate. When he got up, would he be able to stand and to walk straight? Would his head go on working all right, with that bit of it stiff? Just how hard a punch would it turn out to be that some god or devil had given him in the night?

He tried. Yes, he could stand, walk, dress and shave. No portion of him was absolutely on strike. But the numbness went on. And somehow he couldn't feel sure that some part of the right flank of his body or brain would not give way, without notice, and give him a cropper. You never know how deliciously sure you have been of yourself, of every scrap of yourself, all the days of your health, till some small gadget inside you is put out of action. Bell made this deep reflection while going downstairs to his solitary breakfast.

II

CHRISTOPHER BELL was the reigning sovereign of a respectable dynasty of merchant princes in Manchester. For several generations his clan had embraced the higher civilization so far as English public schools and universities lead to such embraces. He had read with understanding and relish and he had traveled with open eyes. And always, till now, his blood had pretty well bubbled with health. He had rowed, run, swum and ridden well. To his body, at forty years old, the war had brought a second boyhood of happy absorption in efforts merely physical.

Halfway through the war, the wife he had loved in every tissue of body and soul had died of something brought on by too passionate overwork for the cause. The news came to Bell in a hospital, where he had just begun to grow a new skin on a face and hands well flayed and charred by chemical warfare. He could not see at the time, so a nurse read the telegram out. His face was buried deep in a canary-colored mask of wadding stained with picric acid; so the nurse could not tell how he took it—only knew that he thanked her very civilly through the little blowhole left for his mouth. I fancy Bell was hanging on hard to the thought that he still had two children, a boy and a girl, both in their teens. Soldiers, even educated ones, are apt to grow sentimental, especially when wounded. Bell, the war widower, lay week by week behind his fancy-dress mask, staying his mind on an ingenuous vision of an improved world to come after the war. He saw it as a young man and a young woman standing in summer twilight, under the stars, with their eyes all ashine at the loveliness of the life which it had taken so much pain and shame to make possible for them.

"You've Got to Rope Up," She Said, Flushing

Many soldiers hugged these quaint fancies in their bad times. They helped for the moment. It was afterward that they had to be paid for. In the foul enervatory air that filled England and Europe just after the war, Bell's boy and girl drifted feebly into failure. Both were married loveleasly now, each to another small waste product of that waste-producing time. Somewhere out of Bell's sight, these forfeited objects of his pride and joy were shuffling dumly through life. He gathered that they were rather ashamed of him as an old slow-coach provincial.

Bell was not given to wallowing in self-pity. Still, as you see, he had had his losses, like another.

III

YOUR British merchant prince, in these days, is prone to lose heart, get himself up as an owner of land and beeves and melt weakly into the common herd of squires who know not, poor fellows, what it is to go on 'Change. Bell was different. He had pride. He stuck, as his father had done, to his post among the garrison of the smutty city that had done well by them. He lived where he could hear the Town Hall clock strike twelve when the traffic was quiet at night and a north wind blowing. He liked the sound, he was so oddly civic a person.

To this old-fashioned hobby Bell added some cheap habits less rare in rich men. He stood on guard against his wealth lest it should cut him off from the sight and sound of ordinary and unprincely men, for whom his regard had been redoubled by four years of living with them in the war. Because of this fad, he nearly always went into the city by tram. This morning he walked the three hundred yards from his house to the tram's stopping place with deliberate caution. He could not be sure of that sleepy right leg. He was still distrusting it temperately when he had taken his seat and was tendering his fare to town.

The conductor rejected the tender at sight. "We doan't taake boottons," he said with civil composure.

Bell examined the bright disk that he had offered as a sixpence. Behold, a silvery trousers button! Last night it had come off, and he had slipped it into a pocket. He put his finger tips ruefully up to his eyes. "I'm sorry," he said to the man, as he gave the right coin.

"It's aal reet, sir," the conductor said quietly. Once he saw that no pulling of legs had been intended, his tact and sympathy were perfect.

He passed on to collect other fares. But a new care remained in Bell's mind. Sight too—was that going? Sight, touch, the whole sensory apparatus losing precision, entering on the long slope to decay—the silver cord going loose and the golden bowl cracking? When a man who has known how to read feels the first clap of the hand of time on his shoulder, he has plenty of ready prompters to ruefulness; so many excellent poets have found handsome words for the mists and mellow poignancy of man's autumn, the lapse from old vigor and vision into mere drug taker's dreams while we were led down the avenue lined with overblown roses, to lie in the dust at its end.

Bell kept his head. But his memory was beginning to bulge with lovely quotations not conducive to high spirits—"Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang," and all that lot.

IV

THE morning's office work did him good while it lasted. He had more than most men of the gift of forgetting himself in the excitement of getting a job to come right—any old job—the dictating of letters—anything. And just now the affairs of his firm were of quite stirring interest. Like many others it had been making large losses for several years. Bell's game was to keep these losses as low as he could without stopping the work and wages of a moorland villageful of people who spun and wove cotton for Bell to sell for less than it cost to make it.

This unacquisitive practice brought Bell into great infamy. Most of his fellow employers wanted to close all the factories down, or half close them down, and leave the workpeople to live on their fat. So Bell was an arrant traitor to them. Still, he was an employer; and so, to ardent socialist eyes, he was a sucker of blood, ex-officio.

This lively cross fire of censures braced Bell. If it had to be woe unto you when all men spoke well of you, it might be safer when everyone slated you hard. Anyhow it livened you up, like a good stinging wind that has blown across snow. While he schemed to find some not quite ruinous sale for the stuff that piled itself up at the mills, Bell could forget the thing that had clawed him in its clutch during the night.

But the clouds return after the rain; luncheon time set his mind free to worry, the way your sore tongue returns and returns to the amusement of hurting itself on the sharp point of a tooth lately broken. He lunched at the club; and twice in the one hour it took him his mind accused younger members of paying him the pestilential kind of unarguing deference which is really the civil refusal of youth to keep its communications open with age. Could they have noticed the way he walked down the stairs—a canny way, like a horse's when it is afraid on a slippery slope? One younger man opened the door of the billiard room for him. Damn these good manners that ain't good at all!

Going home at twilight in the tram Bell thought over all this so absorbedly that he kept his legs crossed the whole way. So, when he stood up to get off, his right leg had gone clean asleep. It was only asleep in the common and blameless way. Still he couldn't know that at first. For all he could tell a second stroke might have fallen, and this time a real knock-out. Of course he kept his fears

dark; still, he stepped off the car with such unconcealable care that the conductor slipped a friendly hand under his arm and led him slowly to the safety of the footpath, like a blind man or a drunk.

When Bell had walked a few yards by himself the extra numbness was gone. But the other numbness remained, and so did the feel of that patiently guarding hand under his arm. Of course he had not needed it. Still perhaps he would presently. "Mene, mene," and so on—every wall seemed to be covered with sinister shreds of writing. An object for everybody's protection, a call on everyone's forbearance—that was the kind of pest that he might become. Soon, too, perhaps. This kind of plague crept on and on. It never turned back. Five years might bring an invalid chair and a male nurse to put him to bed and to see that he was carted securely about from place to place, to sprawl in the sun—Mentone, the Canaries, Egypt, all the places to which the decayed butterflies of our commonwealth were brought to lie out and doze in the warmth when too much eating and idling had brought them back all the way to the status of larvæ. Disgusting!

V

BELL gazed steadily into this smiling future while eating his dinner alone. From the table he went straight, like a man who knew what he needed, to that shelf in his study on which were all his pet Alpine books. No other sport had ever so wholly ravished his soul as mountaineering. On the high snows it seemed as if magical fires were lit in your blood; the flame of life burned amazingly there; something was added unto a man as divine as whatever it is that makes its way into the vapid juice of a fruit and turns it to wine. Nowhere else in the world was the taste of success so wholly and indefeasibly sweet as it was on the tip of some spire of granite and ice that had all but turned you back in despair by the Daphnean rigor of its resistance. There, uplifted on the swell of the round earth, you could see how men had come to dream Gardens of Eden and Ages of Gold.

He took from the shelf a great climber's narratives of his greatest adventures. Two of these, in especial, could always entrance Bell as soon as he had read a few lines; their vividness gave him an almost physical sense of what they described. Each was a case of cutting steps up a long and extremely steep slope of ice, and in each case the slope had, at one point, ceased even to slope. For just a few feet of its height it had become as vertical as the wall of a house; each man of the party had had to hold himself in to the perpendicular wall, by sheer strength and good handhold, against gravitation.

In each case the party had come safely through. But with how big a margin of safety, as engineers say? Bell wondered. A pretty big one, he fancied. Few good climbers slipped in really difficult places; all their faculties were bent up too intently for that, with danger about; they were above their own everyday form. But what if such a party were to try paring and paring away at that pretty wide margin? Something like an experiment, that! To what untold heights of achievement might not the party attain before all the margin was gone! And of course the party might be a party of one.

Bell had once had a holiday dream of climbing a crag that grew steeper and steeper till it was vertical first, and then overhung, more and more, but still he climbed on and on because the crag beetled out over a warm summer sea, so that, when he lost hold in the end, he would only fall from one pleasure into another, out of a mountaineer's paradise into a swimmer's. Cut out the old fear of death in that way, or some other, and—why, you could do anything!

As he sat back with the open book on his knees, a light wind stirred the trees in the garden. It may have been this that called up another old notion of his. This one had visited him in a wood close to Arras in 1916. During some dark windless weeks of that autumn the unfallen leaves had been fading inertly from green to a dull rusty red, and so down to a dead russet brown; the whole burning heart of the year was collapsing into shabby ashes. Then a night of frost came and then a gale on a day of broken sunshine thrown wildly about between clouds. As the gale stripped the trees it had seemed almost to blow them aflame; sparks of brave yellow flew in the air; the dun beech leaves took light and fell lustrously.

Somehow the sight had filled Bell, at the time, with a wish that, when he had to go, he might do it like that—all astir and aglow, by one of the violent deaths, as most of the easy ones seemed to be called. Anything but to lie on a bed in a hushed room, with the lights low and life's jolly noises shut out and people whispering among the shadows. One wrench for the undecayed body and then unbreakable sleep—what end could equal it?

Now, almost suddenly, these several notions ran into one as raindrops do on a newly wet window. Here was the moment to put into practice that old and sound choice of his between the long decrepitude of the flesh and the one clean-cut and summary pang that saves you it all. Suicide? Oh, no. But just to carry on, right to the end, the piquant experiment of paring and paring away that limiting and restraining margin of safety which mountaineers, even the boldest, keep in reserve. Had not all things conspired to free him from too much love of remaining alive—bereavement and balked hope, and now this first lick of fire from heaven, soon to blast the whole of him by degrees? Why, fate had brought him the fulfillment of his old dream! No precipice in the world would now have an abhorred death waiting at its foot—merely a warm quiet sea of painless forgetfulness.

Only he must be quick before the accursed thing that was setting to work on him could pith so much of the vigor out of his body that he could not make his own way to a place—already he had a good place in his mind—where he might try the thing out.

VI

AT THE end of September a savorsome blend of jollity and melancholy pervades the little Val d'Anniviers. The summer hotels of Zinal, at the head of the valley, are closing. Down the bridle path, through forests of fir, the hotel staffs stream along joyously, laden with the year's vintage of tips, to their snug winter homes in the Rhone Valley below. Reconverted, after four months of restraint and disguise, into young, natural Swiss men and women, they caper like Alpine cows let out in the spring. Shouting, chaffing and singing, they seem to flout with their merriment Nature's yearly menace to marmots and men. And Nature answers them back. Almost hour by hour the new snow creeps down the forested slopes of the valley and grizzles more of its firs; the morning dew lies late, and

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With Silent Consent They All Stampeded Away From the Key of Emotion. "You Travel Light, Sir," Said Bell, Just to Say Something Trivial

HUSSY LUCK

By GEORGE PATTULLO

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT W. STEWART

THE failures snarl that it's luck, but the winners will not admit there is any luck about it. Instead, they rear back and give out interviews for the guidance of earnest young men on How I Did It. Hard work, thrift, keeping everlastingly at it—that's the formula, boys! A violetlike modesty stays them from adding "brains," but the implication is there.

And as a general proposition the blighters are right. Luck has doubtless been the decisive factor in various kinds of success, but the great bulk of the higher ups got there by overcoming handicaps, and this much is incontrovertible: Any sustained success rests on merit. When a man holds an eminence in any field for long, you may bank on it he's got everything, including character.

This story deals with two exceptions whose records broke all rules. And if Milton did not have the toughest, hussiest luck of any deserving human above sod, I would like to hear about the others. Yet he never gripes; he is still working away with the same quiet diligence and sincerity; whilst Phil Rosser goes up and down the land, blah-blahing for bales of money and impressing upon the newspapermen at informal gatherings of welcome the three cardinal requisites of the star reporter's make-up—vision, unsleeping alertness, sense of values. The curious part of it is that Phil has actually come to believe it of himself.

No Answer Coming, Phil Disappeared Through the Window Like a Streak of Lightning

Rosser and Milton grew up in the same town. Both belonged to what the citizens called good families—which is to say none of their forbears had been in jail, so far as anybody knew, and no scandal attached to their womenfolk. They occupied comfortable homes, attended church, subscribed to the ball-team fund, paid their debts, even if a bit slow about it sometimes, and voted the straight Democratic ticket like everybody but the postmaster.

The Milton Brothers ran the largest hardware and implement store in the place. Rosser's father had a law office above the bank, and there was no better domino player in the county. Neither family possessed what we know as money nowadays, yet they did not lack the ordinary comforts and contrived to send their sons through the public schools and college.

So the boys got away to an even break in nearly every respect. And what more can a man reasonably expect? There is no way of equalizing the differences between mortals; neither legislation nor opportunity nor aid can do it. No doubt the Fathers meant well when they declared all men equal, but it has always seemed to me they must have been in a hurry when they wrote that.

Phil and Bob roomed together at college and were staunch friends. In fact, they shared everything Bob possessed. Each received practically the same allowance from home, but somehow Phil never seemed to have a dime. Bob, on the other hand, was like the widow's cruse and could always squeeze out fifty or seventy-five cents from his pockets to tide Phil over until the next check.

The explanation lay in their different habits. Phil took up with a live crowd and in due course joined a fraternity whose chief claim to prominence rested on stein capacity. Bob seldom went anywhere. He played a useful game of football and managed to make the team, but his performances in the big games were nowhere compared with the scintillating dashes of Rosser just when they were needed. When Bob was not out on the field, he was plugging away in his room, and guess what he spent every hour of his spare time on! Geology! G-e-o-l-o-g-y!

"Come on out and have some fun," Phil would urge.

"I'm going to."

"How?"

"I'm going over the top of that lava mesa this evening."

"Gosh-amighty!" Phil moaned, staring at Bob as though in doubt whether he really belonged to the human species at all.

He never accompanied Milton any more on these jaunts up hill and down dale, over peaks and into canyons, with Bob prying and nosing about like a setter pup and tap-tapping with his hammer. He had done so once, only to come home with his tongue hanging out.

"He always wants to go over just one more darned rim to see what's holding the world up," Phil reported.

This probing into the origin of things struck Paul as profitless. Of course there were able men who devoted their lives to it, but where did they get? Huh? It was all guesswork, anyhow, and of no practical value. Phil never worried a minute about the how and the why, the whence and the whither. He took things as he found them, including any of Bob's shirts or socks he might need.

Yet he could appreciate some aspects of his friend's patient, plodding labors, because he was gifted with soaring imagination. Lying back one night, with a cigarette between his fingers and half asleep, he intermittently gave ear unto certain speculations of his roommate about the probable age of the country thereabout and what it looked like at the dawn of time. A chance phrase hit Phil like a jab; he sat up, blazing to the idea. And next day he wrote a paper on what Bob had told him, which made a name for Phil throughout their student world and was copied in the Daily Argus.

"Do something else for us, Rosser," the editor said. "There must be lots of hot stuff lying around, if only a live man like you would dig it up."

Phil promised he would, and proceeded to write half a dozen stories for the magazine section of the Sunday Argus at eight dollars a column. He obtained all his material from others. In the course of his mixing around Phil was hearing things every day that could be worked up into stories, and his practice was to go straight to the man who knew most about the subject and persuade him to talk. Every one of them was flattered and opened up to Phil his whole bag, and he took what he wanted and made it live and breathe. Live and breathe? It fairly throbbed with life under his touch, and the next time Rosser met those profs they were ready to embrace him as a fellow authority, little dreaming that other activities had so completely wiped the subject from Phil's memory that he could not have recalled one single fact of it.

Why he was never flunked in his studies remains a mystery. There was no lazier man in college, but somehow he slipped by, largely through tremendous powers of concentration when he did apply himself. With only a few weeks to go, Phil would shut himself in their room and cram the whole night through, drinking enormous quantities of coffee, smoking innumerable cigarettes and retaining for as long as was necessary practically everything he read. He went to the exams exhausted but composed. In one or two subjects he liked, study was play to him. He romped through those, and did so well that his general standing showed above the average.

Milton, on the other hand, maintained the same even pace the year round. He did nothing to startle, but what he studied he learned thoroughly, and never forgot. And many a night he sat up with his friend in the last tense weeks, trying to impart in a few doses what had taken him months to digest.

Many a night, also, he put Phil to bed. A loud commotion in the street under their window, calls for a speech from Phil, some forensic fireworks to stupendous applause, then a little close harmony, with Sweet Adeline for finale, and Bob would grin, go down to the door and guide the erring feet up the stairs. He did not upbraid his roommate for these escapades; perhaps in his heart he envied him. That sort of good time simply had no attractions for Milton, who had tried it conscientiously, only to grow ill after a couple of drinks.

But booze appeared to quicken Phil's faculties. Often Bob hearkened entranced to the silver-chiming flood of words that poured from Phil when he was well corned. It was not merely sound, either; it fairly flashed and crackled. They still tell about Phil's famous speech at a frat dinner when he had to be propped up by a brace of the brethren; nothing finer has ever been done at dear old Lushers.

One day, after a dizzy week of parties, Phil came into their room and flung his straw hat on a bed. "I'm through," he announced.

"What's the trouble? Fired?"

"Uh-huh. But what's the use? I'm just wasting my time here."

"Shucks, you're feeling low, that's all. Take a little drink and you won't talk that way."

"Yes, I will, too," declared Phil, but he took the drink. "By the way, can you lend me four dollars till next week?"

"I've got only a dollar eighty to my name. What did you do with the two bucks I let you have last night?"

"To hear you talk, one'd think a coupla bucks ought to keep a man a year."

Bob did not answer, because his friend was touchy on money matters.

"You can have half of this," he proffered after a while.

Phil accepted it carelessly and inquired, "Anybody round asking for me this morning?"

"Was there? You should have seen that hall. Standing room only."

"Why doesn't she tell 'em I'm not home?" Rosser grumbled.

"We did, but they said they'd wait. The last one had just gone when you came in."

Phil nodded. "I know. I watched from Fuller's room until they had all gone."

Silence for a minute whilst Phil gloomed.

"Listen, Phil," said Milton, "why don't you cut out these monkeyshines and settle down to work? You could burn this place up if you only tried."

"Aw, I'm sick of it. What's the use of going on anyhow? Suppose I do, and then go to law school—what of it? There's nothing in law."

"Your grandfather "

"Yeh, but times've changed. There's more money in business nowadays, and a whole lot easier ways of making it, too, than waiting till I'm baldheaded for a client to show up."

"Where do you intend to practice?"

"Dad wants me to go in with him. There's another thing—I'd die in Portervihe."

Bob agreed that the town did not offer much in the way of a career; but, after all, it was not the only place on the map.

"Do you aim to stick on here?" Phil demanded suddenly

"Of course."

"What're you going in for afterwards?"

"Geology."

"Good grief! You'll starve to death."

"It's the only thing I like."

A knock sounded on the door. "Who's there?" shouted Bob.

No answer coming, Phil disappeared through the window like a streak of lightning. His friend gave him ten seconds to ease along the roof to another room before admitting the caller.

"No," he reported, "Mr. Rosser isn't here "

"But I seen him come in."

"You can look for yourself if you don't believe me."

The bill collector made a survey of the room, peeped under the beds and up the chimney of the fireplace, raised the lid of the coal box, poked in the clothes closet and then departed, grumbling, "I'm sick of this. You tell him if he don't come across before tomorrow noon, I'll make trouble for him, see?"

"Watch the last step," Bob cautioned, and had the satisfaction of hearing the collector curse as he made one step too many and jarred his back teeth.

The roommates ate a lunch together which Milton brought in, and then Phil sneaked away. He was gone until late that night and returned about half lit. "Landed a job," he gloated.

"Aw, Phil!"

"Wait till you hear about it. I went in to see old Muma of the Argus, and he offered to give me a chance at reporting."

"Ten dollars a week!" Bob sneered.

"But that isn't all. The old geezer wanted to encourage me, I guess, and began to brag about what fine prospects there were in newspaper work for a good live man; and to prove it he said he'd got a letter only the day before from a Chicago newspaper asking him if he could recommend another in the same class with Brown—you remember Brown—that guy he got a job for last year. Well, I didn't say anything, but when he was through, I hotfooted it out and wired Chicago."

"Where did you get the money?"

"Stimpson let me have a dollar and a half. And look here, here's the answer. Gaze on that, will you? Twenty-five a week to start. How's that for high finance?"

"Yes, but how did that Chicago man know —— What did you say to him anyhow?"

"Nothing but the truth. Just told him Mr. Muma had referred his letter to me and I could send samples of my work if he wanted them."

"Twenty-five a week," Bob repeated, almost in a daze. To their youthful minds it was a barrel of money. Why, there were lawyers and doctors out in the country as old as Phil's father who weren't making any more—plenty of them!

The following day saw Phil combing the town for traveling expenses. His credit was nil, but dozens of the boys liked him well enough to kick in with a dollar or two, and Bob hocked his watch to bring up the requisite amount. Phil had nothing left to hock and dared not show his face in certain streets.

Of course they gave him a send-off. Bob trailed along with the rest, trying his utmost to enter into the spirit of the party, but his sense of loss was too great. With old Phil gone there would be nothing left for him but strata—and where would he find another roommate too? He would have to move, he guessed.

Supper at a chili joint—more drinks—songs, and a speech by Phil in which he called upon heaven to witness that he would always be loyal to dear old Lushers, ever true to her proud traditions, no matter how far or to what heights Fate might lead him—and then they sang again. About half-past nine they all boarded an interurban car and journeyed out to the first train stop, because Phil had no intention of spoiling his departure by running into a bunch of creditors at the station. They cheered him to the echo as he stood waving from the rear platform, and so he passed from Lushers and out of Milton's life.

With Everything in His Lap, He Started to Slip. Mildly at First, So That Amy Failed to Take Alarm

Bob went back to the grind. He graduated well up in his class and then started out over the world, tap-tapping with his hammer, hanging over the rims of abysses, climbing down into perilous crevices, peering into smoking stink holes, legging it over hills and crags and down into gorges. This was not in the nature of postgraduate work; it was the way he got his living. Whenever a job offered which promised to teach him something new, pay became secondary to Milton. He grabbed that job, and so went to the ends of the earth. As he was only a beginner he went in a subordinate capacity and at the end of five years did not possess two hundred dollars to his name.

Nevertheless, he was making progress. The higher-ups in his profession knew of him at last; they knew they could rely on his reports; and several geological surveys on which banking groups invested millions were actually the work of Bob's hands, although carrying a more authoritative name.

"Why don't you go into the oil game, Milton?" a friend once suggested. "A lot of those guys're making clean-ups."

"Well, I did think of it. I —— Well, maybe I will."

"What've you got against it?"

"Nothing. It's interesting work, but ——"

"But you want to do something else!"

"Yes," said Bob, "I do. I want to specialize in volcanology."

"Volcan what?"

"Volcanology. You know—volcanoes."

"Hot patootie!" howled the other, flapping his hands. "You're feeling all right, aren't you? Or maybe a touch of sun?"

Milton laughed. It was a perfectly natural viewpoint for a business man, he thought, but to him volcanoes told the story of creation, and somewhere in the curling depths of their craters floated the first spark of all animate life. He might never find out anything worth while, but he would try anyhow.

Therefore he made application to another glorious nut like himself, and that government specialist wired "Come ahead," and Bob went away into the northern wilds of a continent, away on top of the world, where he sat on the rim of a volcano two miles up in the clouds and listened to it growl and surge and mutter, and spent years studying its moods and domestic habits and night life, and setting down dry statistics of heaves and gases, and formulating theories of lava tides, and perfecting a device of his own for registering seismic disturbances. And he exulted in his work, and learned so much about the private affairs of that volcano he could detect from the slightest wrinkling of its face just how serious its tummyache would be. It won him renown in his profession. Yea, fully a dozen learned gentlemen, scattered throughout the world, knew about Bob.

That is practically all he did win. The registering device cost him a considerable portion of his salary before he got through with it, and then he presented it to the Government for use in all its stations, so that when he finally returned for a glimpse of civilization Bob was almost as poor as when he went in.

He was past thirty and would have liked to marry, but how

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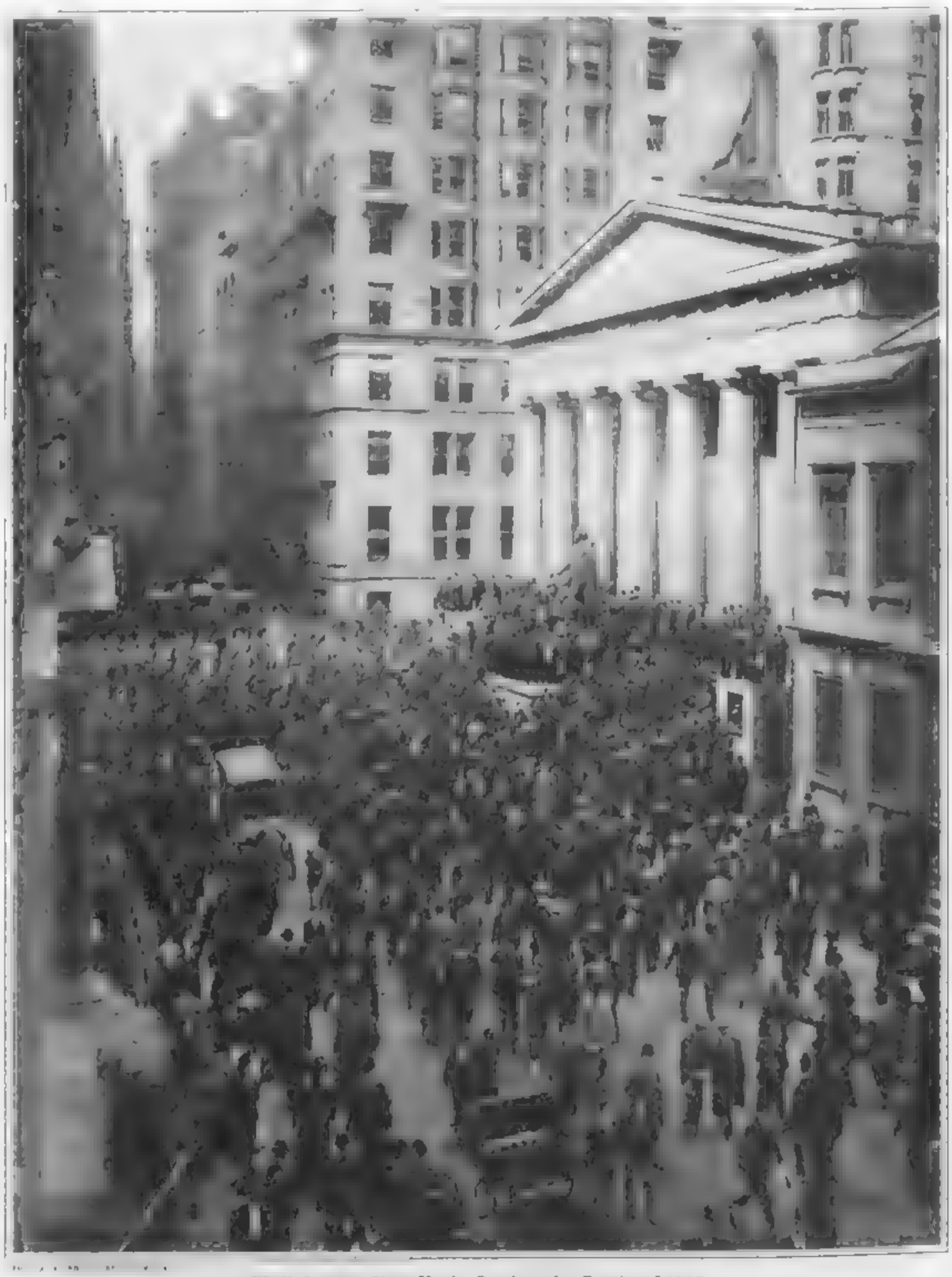
CREDIT—By WILL PAYNE

I CAN remember staring at the big bush-bearded man from Australia and his letting me finger a piece of engraved paper with a large capital L in the corner, which proved to be a draft on a bank in London, and my uncle saying he would get a premium for it because English money was more valuable than American money—an Englishman's dollar, if he had called it a dollar, being worth $1.10 in the United States and an American's dollar worth only ninety cents in England. That seemed rather humiliating to me, but quite flattering to my uncle, who had seen the American dollar worth only thirty-nine cents.

All that, of course, was an aftermath of the Civil War, before the Resumption Act put American currency on a parity with gold by promising to redeem it in gold. But a great many Americans who are by no means venerable relics of antiquity can remember when the solvency of the United States Government was in the greatest doubt; when Secretaries of the Treasury under two successive Administrations were running up to New York, hat in hand, like desperate debtors with a receiver at the door, begging a few million dollars in order to stave off a crash; when finally the Assistant Treasurer of the United States in New York telegraphed to the Secretary of the Treasury at Washington that he could hardly continue payments for more than twenty-four hours, and at the expiration of that brief period the United States would be obliged to confess that it could not redeem its promises.



Wall Street, New York, During the Panic of 1907

Currency Inflation

THAT was only thirty-three years ago, and not the result of war, for the Government's total funded debt amounted to but $750,000,000, or about 3 per cent of the total at the end of the World War, when not the wildest dreamer raised a question of our solvency. In great part it was the result of fool legislation and fool politics which had reduced the credit of the United States abroad and at home to about the level of those new European states abounding in unpronounceable names, to which we now and then lend a few millions. Our national credit today is a mighty structure that quite literally overshadows the earth; but only a generation ago it was in a decidedly shaky state, and it is not foolproof now.

To finance the Civil War the Treasury issued legal-tender circulating notes, popularly called greenbacks. For ten years after the war the silver bullion in a dollar was worth 100 cents, or sometimes a little more. But by 1877 the market value of silver bullion was slipping. Inspired by Western silver-mine owners, Congress passed an act requiring the Treasury to purchase silver bullion at the rate of 4,500,000 ounces a month and coin it into dollars.

Silver-mine owners alone would not have been very formidable politically; but in 1876 a flourishing Greenback Party had taken shape in the West. Its chief demand was more currency, on the theory that if the Government issued a lot of money everybody would get some of it and be richer. This silver coinage would help to swell the volume of currency, so currency inflationists supported it. Under the act of 1877, 378,000,000 legal-tender silver dollars were coined.

Notwithstanding the Treasury's heavy purchases, the market value of silver bullion kept slipping, until in 1892 the metal in a dollar was worth only sixty-seven cents, and the old Greenback Party had evolved into a new, bigger Populist Party, which was passionately convinced that what the country needed was a great deal more currency. Republicans in the silver-mining states and many Western and Southern Democrats shared this conviction. But as the stock of gold was strictly limited, there was no use talking about an unlimited issue of currency that was redeemable in gold. Populists, silverists and all other inflationists joined in denouncing the gold standard—which the Populist platform described as "a vast conspiracy against mankind, rapidly taking possession of the world"—and in demanding free and unlimited coinage of silver bullion into dollars by the mints of the United States. That might reasonably be expected to attract all the silver in the world to our mints, and very quickly to make the American dollar a sixty-seven-cent silver dollar.

United States bonds and legal-tender notes were payable in "coin." When they were issued a silver dollar was worth intrinsically as much as a gold dollar and no discrimination between the two metals had been foreseen. Up to 1877, in fact, there were less than 5,000,000 silver dollars in the country; the white metal was pocket money, change money. It was John Sherman, one of our few great Secretaries of the Treasury, who engineered the resumption of specie payments that took effect January 1, 1879. Like practically everybody else at that time, he had anticipated that if people presented their legal-tender notes at the Treasury, demanding "coin" for them, it would be gold that they would want instead of the far bulkier silver. Before the Resumption Act went into effect he carefully built up in the Treasury a gold reserve of $138,000,000 from which legal tenders could be redeemed on demand. To accomplish that he sold $95,000,000 of Government bonds for gold. Ever since then it has been a rule of the Treasury that a gold reserve of at least $100,000,000 must always be maintained for the redemption of legal-tender notes. In this way, and by many collateral circumstances, the idea had become firmly implanted that while the law said "coin," the holder of a legal-tender note was, in fact, entitled to demand gold for it.

The Populist Triumph

NOW inflationists squarely raised the question whether the United States should pay in 100-cent gold dollars or 67-cent silver dollars, consequently whether any American dollar was worth 100 cents or only 67. A country can finally get on fairly well with a dollar worth only sixty-seven cents or only twenty cents, provided everybody knows what it is worth. Uncertainty about its value raises Cain. Investors who had paid for American paper in 100-cent dollars were much disturbed by the threat of having to take 67-cent dollars. In fact, next year the value of a silver dollar dropped to sixty cents and in 1894 to forty-nine cents. Meanwhile the political movement for free and unlimited silver was steadily gaining force.

Since the Civil War we had been borrowing heavily from Europe through the sale abroad of American securities. One estimate put foreign holdings of American paper at $2,400,000,000, which was a far greater sum in those days than it has been since World War financing accustomed us to look at billions without blinking. Europe began dumping American securities on the New York market. To settle the adverse balance thus created we had to ship gold. To settle trade balances we had shipped gold before then—more than $40,000,000 in 1884 and 1886, nearly $60,000,000 in 1889—but without trenching on the Treasury's gold reserve.

Indeed, in thirteen years since the Resumption Act went into effect only $34,000,000 all told of legal-tender notes had been presented for redemption. The Government had promised to redeem them on demand; everybody knew it held a gold reserve of at least $100,000,000 for that purpose; everybody was satisfied to hold the notes. Depositors do not run on a bank unless their confidence in it is shaken; and confidence in United States money was not noticeably restored by the elections of November, 1892, when not only did the Populist Party send four senators and eleven representatives to Washington but a big portion of the Democratic Party South and West went over frankly to the inflationist cause.

In February, 1893, President Harrison's Secretary of the Treasury went up to New York and persuaded the

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FROM PICKLES TO MOLASSES

By GIFFORD PINCHOT

TOMORROW it will blow, but Friday the wind will probably moderate," said the official forecaster. And Friday it did. Saturday was one of those rare days when the beauty of the whole creation pierces almost to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, when sea and sky amount to a visible thanksgiving, when a man cannot keep the words of the prophet out of his mind: "The whole earth is at rest, and is quiet: they break forth into singing."

A day of glassy calm on the Florida reef—there is nothing more serenely, more quietly glorious. It infolds and occupies a man's better nature, and seems to shut out all the world besides. Nevertheless, some few practical necessaries of life demand attention.

"First," said Captain Lowe, "we'll get some bait. Next we'll stop on Tavernier Shoal and see if we can't pick up the queen conchs you want for your boy. After that we'll run out to the reef, anchor the big boat and work around in the tender. You take your water glass and I'll take mine, and we'll look the place over."

"You're the doctor," said I; and it was so ordered.

An Eleven-Year-Old Boy of Average Size Beside a Florida Mutton Fish

I put an end to a somewhat precarious tight-rope performance that had been going on during this conversation by climbing down from the slender stringers of the unfinished dock, jumped into the little tender, and we put-putted off to the crawfish grounds.

The inability of the crawfish tribe to get the meaning of two black points on a wooden handle descending slowly through the clear water is a serious blot on their intellectual capacity. It appears to spring from a confidence men have done nothing to deserve, but it has very desirable consequences from the human point of view. Nevertheless, crawfishing with a pair of grains isn't always as easy as it looks, even with a glass-bottomed pail to help. That succulent hardshell has a habit of getting under whatever can be got under, and leaving nothing but his long whips sticking out to prove he's there but you can't get him. Before long, however, a half dozen spiny lobsters had been worked out of their holes in the coral, and that was enough for bait.

A Hunt Without a Thrill

THEN to the big boat—a launch less than thirty feet long—and in her to Tavernier Shoal, towing the tender. There we threw over the light anchor, took to the tender again, and with the captain poling in the bow and the writer observing in the stern, we moved against the conchs in solemn procession. In truth the pursuit of these exaggerated snails lacks somewhat in excitement, for their sole hope of escaping destruction is that no one who wants them will see them.

"There's a couple," said the captain. "Have you got the sponge hook? See if you can pick them out through the ripple." Which I did with some trouble, because of the sea growth which covered them, and then, with some more trouble, got the hook under each and deposited both in the bottom of the boat. They were thin-edged conchs, six or eight inches long, and far more active than I expected. One of them I laid on its back, and it actually succeeded in turning itself over with its sickle-shaped foot. That was new in my experience and a clear proof that I knew little of conchs.

"There's a queen conch right now," said the captain; but it was a lamb conch, as the captain told me afterward. That one was easy to find—a huge and graceful shell swelling roundly in the middle and slender at both ends. It looked to be eighteen inches in length and certainly missed it but little. Two more queen or lamb conchs and half a dozen of the smaller ones gave us all we wanted.

Doctor Gudger, the Famous Ichthyologist, and a Big Barracuda Caught in Florida

There were too many of them to provide the hunt with even a moderate thrill. So we headed offshore, where the feeble remnant of yesterday's swell was flattening out every minute. It was perfect weather.

On Pickles Reef, where we anchored the launch again, the water was as limpid as a spring. Peace reigned, but the traces of tempest were all about us. This reef is marked by the wreck of an iron steamer loaded with cement in bags and in barrels, and both shapes, hard as stone, are still thickly scattered over the ocean floor, although cloth and wood have long since disappeared.

A Rare Fish

HERE and there metal plates and girders strew the reef, and these we carefully visited in the tender. One triangular piece of wreckage that shows above the surface makes a sort of iron refuge for fishes. In and about this artificial cave, when we reached it, swam two of the most gloriously beautiful visions it has ever been my luck to see.

I have long known the blue-and-yellow angel fish, whose Spanish name is little Isabel, and the ordinary undecorated black angel fish, but the black angel fish with deep gold rims on every scale of his broad side was new to me, and here were two of them. It was no trouble to attract the larger with some pieces of crawfish, and very little to get him to take a tiny hook into his tiny mouth.

But it was a great deal of trouble, with a three-six rod and a six-thread line, to keep him out of his cave. Time and again he threatened to smash the only rod I had with me, or even break the line, for the angel fish, however deliberately he may swim when there is no excitement, is a very hard fighter. And this was a big one.

In the end, however, flax, bamboo and an educated thumb won over fish power and fish persistence, and at length I could lift this splendid creature from the clear, still water into the clear, still air. I laid him where I could see him, and looked and looked and looked. There is no use my trying to describe him—his black-brown side throwing the bright rims of each scale into brilliant relief, the two yellow spots like eyes on the top of his purple head, or all the rest of his glory.

But before long I had to choose between looking at him and letting him live, and so, by the long streamer of his dorsal fin, I lifted him carefully into the water again, and watched him swim away more and more swiftly, back into the darkness of his metal cave. His mate had disappeared.

Later I learned that I had caught and released a relatively rare fish, the French angel fish—Pomocanthus paru—but I loved him no better for that.

We hardly needed the two water glasses as we moved from one coral canyon to the next—smooth white coral sand on the bottom bearing the ripple marks the waves know how to make—overhanging walls of coral on each side, with here and there a living coral colony shaped like the fronds of a Japanese dwarf evergreen, but far larger, far more regular, and some of them far more lovely. And about the walls and the coral fronds, and over the sand, schools and flocks and herds and companies of fish which it is utterly beyond me to describe.

I have, and, if desired, could communicate, an idea of the gray background and brown markings of the Nassau groupers which lay on their sides on the sand and looked

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DON'T ASK

By CHARLES BRACKETT

ILLUSTRATED BY RAEBURN VAN BUREN

EDDIE KIERNAN was the last person in his class to leave law school. As he was a first-year man his examinations came early, but he had a job driving a baggage truck at times when trucking was heavy, and besides, he had to see to it that the third-year men, whose examinations dragged over until the last, got their laundry without confusion. Eddie held an important executive position in the laundry.

When the final batch was checked up, however, and the last load of trunks somersaulted into the baggage room, Eddie Kiernan figured up his profits for the term with real satisfaction and proceeded to indulge in some sharp bargaining with the less conservative merchants of men's wear whose shops clustered about the campus of the University of Syrchester.

He also blew himself to a new suitcase and had the great luck to discover a golf bag which had been marked F. K. for one Frothingham Knight, who had left college in the middle of the term under a financial cloud. The *F* could be turned into an *E*, and though Eddie had never played golf, he always might learn, and certainly a golf bag would lend class to his ensemble. After a scrimmage with Mr. Coschakian, in whose stock the bag found itself—a scrimmage reminiscent at times of the tenser moments in Belleau Wood, at others of Lorenzo's speech beginning "How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank"—Eddie acquired the golf bag. For fifty cents he picked up enough disabled clubs to fill it comfortably.

Finally he drew two hundred dollars from his account at the College Bank of Syrchester, which left his balance there decidedly anemic, bought a ticket for Saratoga, and stepped on a train which left Syrchester at 8:30 in the evening. Eddie's plans were for a month's rest in Saratoga, which he had certainly earned. In August the races would begin and he had nailed a job as assistant to a bookmaker.

The curiously glittering eyes of the woman who occupied the other seat in Section 16 followed him as he tucked away the suitcase, suspended the golf bag from a hook and hung up his bright-ribboned straw hat.

It was hard luck that he hadn't drawn the girl across the aisle, but Eddie begged his neighbor's pardon politely and hoped he didn't disturb her. He saw in her a conversational outlet. Eddie loved to talk.

"You just getting out of college?" she inquired when his things were all arranged and he had settled himself and crossed his long young legs. As his suitcase bore a brilliant U. of S. paster, her deduction was not remarkable.

"End of my first-year law," Eddie told her.

She had very pink cheeks, and about her was a smell of musk, but there was the suggestion of a dewlap under her chin, and the glassy brightness of her eyes was not attractive. She was dressed swell, however, with a black velvet tam o' shanter in which sparkled a diamond pin, and a costume made almost entirely of brown lace; much sweller, in fact, than the girl across the way, whose blue-serge plainness merited no higher adjective in Eddie's vocabulary than "snappy-looking."

"Ain't it kinda late to be just leaving?" his vis-à-vis inquired of him.

"Yeah," he agreed. "But what's the use of hurrying yourself. There's plenty of time."

"Ain't that true though? And I bet you college boys know how to make the best of it."

"We have pretty good fun," Eddie agreed, and he went on to expatiate on the theme. It was a very golden, carefree existence that his Irish tongue painted. He even dropped the name of Gordon Huntington, whose father was one of the big men of Syrchester.

"Is he the one that Follies girl was suing for breach of promise?" the lady asked.

"Sure. He's in my class. He sits right next to me in contracts. Gee, we all had to laugh when it came to the breach-of-promise cases."

"Oh, I bet it was comical," the lady said; "but, say, ain't I terrible to let you talk to me like this, when I don't even know your name?"

"It's Kiernan," Eddie said.

"Mine's Pryce—Pearl Pryce. Now don't make jokes about it. Everybody does."

They shook hands solemnly. "Pleased to meet you, Mr. Kiernan."

"Please to meet you, Miss Pryce."

The conductor came for tickets. "Change at Albany for Saratoga," he directed Eddie.

"I bet I know what you're going to do at Saratoga," Miss Pryce ventured. "You're going to play the ponies."

"I guess maybe I'll see if I can't make a little money off them," Eddie said truthfully, though he didn't gamble, having, from parental precept, observation and experience, gathered that gambling was all wet for the poor.

"Say! That must be nice!" Miss Pryce exclaimed, clasping hands whose wrinkles were a little more evident because of their reddened nails. "Just to watch some horses run and make a whole lot of money! My, I'd like that."

"Sometimes you lose though," Eddie called an alternative to her attention.

"I bet you don't."

"Well, I never lost much yet, but I remember once when Jake Lawson—you've seen his pictures in the papers, ain't you?—well, he thought he had a sure thing and lost ten thousand smackers on one race."

"Oh, my! I'd like to have it to lose."

"He may have picked it up again the very next day. Big Joe Mitchell was telling me once how he got a last-minute tip on a long shot and was looking to put up five grand, and couldn't find his commissioner before the start, and it won, and he felt like he'd had his pocket picked for sixty thousand."

"Do you know all them big fellas?"

"Sure. I been going out to the track three years now."

There is a hypnosis in the mere mention of large sums of money, and Miss Pryce evidently felt it. She listened enthralled. Eddie Kiernan was no liar, but it is pleasant to the young male to be thought a king of sport. It soothes the ego agreeably after a rather grubby fortnight of baggage hustling and laundry sifting. If the anecdotes which Eddie had picked up at the track sounded like matters in which he had played no small part, at least they had involved his passionate interest.

The porter began making up berths, and refugee passengers intruded on Section 16, but Eddie went right on, and they all seemed to enjoy it. Miss Pryce hadn't much to say. When people weren't looking at her she watched them with her glass-shiny eyes, and Eddie wished she'd stop chewing her lips and then having to make them up all over again. When the last intruder had left, however, Miss Pryce began to talk once more.

"Just think of that big fat woman undressing in a berth," she tittered, "I couldn't even do it myself, and I'm certainly not as fat as she is."

"Why, you aren't fat at all," Eddie told her. "But what do you mean you do? Sleep in your clothes?"

"Of course not. I just take my little bag to the dressing room and slip into my so-and-sos and put my coat around me, or a pretty little dressing gown, and come back to my berth."

"That's a good idea," Eddie said. "Gee! When you're as long as I am it's no joke taking things off in a coop."

"A man doesn't even have to bring his bag back," Miss Pryce went on, "because the porter sleeps in the smoking room all night and he'll watch a bag."

"That's just what I'm going to do," Eddie said, "and it looks like it's about time to start. The porter is waiting to make up this section now."

"Well, sleep tight," Miss Pryce bade him.

Eddie got his bag and was moving up the aisle when she called out, "Oh, sa-ay!"

He went back. He thought, as he did so, there was a rather scornful expression on the pretty, decided features of the blue-serge young woman, who hadn't yet retreated from Section 15.

"I was going to ask you before," Miss Pryce said. "You've got the upper, haven't you?"

"Yep," Eddie admitted.

"Mr. Colter Took the Ring Over to Them!' Don't Wait to Hear! Run! I'll Pay the Boy"

Eddie Turned, Peering Out of Upper 15, the Vigorous, Pretty Features of the Blue-Serge Girl Blazed Command

"You musta had it quite a time."

"No, I just bought it before the train started."

"Oh, aren't they terrible in a ticket office? I asked for an upper special, and they told me they didn't have none. I like an upper—a woman alone, you know."

"Do you, honest?" Eddie asked.

"To sleep in a lower always seems like having a room on the ground floor. It makes me awful nervous."

"Say, if it really does ——"

"And I was wondering whether you'd mind changing with me."

"Gee, I'd be tickled to death! I like a lower lots better."

"That's fine, then. Now, don't you come back and bang around in here and keep me awake. You give me time to climb up and go by-by."

"Sure," Eddie agreed.

In the smoking room he talked with a traveling man from Toledo until that individual professed fatigue and went to his slumbers. Then Eddie smoked a cigarette, and it was so late that he drowsed off a little before it was finished, and was only wakened by the snores of the porter, who had settled himself in the other corner of the sofa. Quietly Eddie took off his clothes and got into the lavender silk pajamas which had been left in the laundry by Frothingham Knight and confiscated by Eddie as part payment for Mr. Knight's back laundry bill. Then, sliding on his light overcoat, he started sleepily for Lower 16.

He was glad it was the end berth, because that didn't leave him any doubt as to the right one, but when he parted the curtains he was startled almost senseless to find someone lying before him.

A woman's shrill voice said, "Say, what do you think you're doing?" and instantly the bell for the porter sounded stridently through the car.

Convinced that he had stumbled into lower fifteen, Eddie began an abject apology.

"Gee, I'm sorry. I thought this was my ——"

"You didn't make any mistake about the end berth. What do you think you're gonta get away with?"

With complete astonishment Eddie realized that the virago spitting forth words at him was Miss Pryce.

"Why, Miss Pryce," he said, "I thought you ——"

"You got another think coming." Miss Pryce shrilled. "Porter! Porter!"

"Yes'm. What is it, mam?" the porter hurried up.

"This man tried to talk to me all evening and just now he tried to get into this berth."

"Why, you hadn't oughta 'a' done that, sir," the porter admonished Eddie.

"I'll say he hadn't," Miss Pryce corroborated that mild statement. "Porter, I want you should telegraph ahead for a policeman to meet us at the next station. I'm gonta get off and I'm gonta prosecute."

"Well, miss, Ah ——" the porter began, thinking it was going to be a lot of trouble. Dealing with Miss Pryce was going to be trouble anyway.

"You what?" she snapped him up. "That's the rules of the company. A friend of mine did it and I'm gonta do it. No man's gonta get away with something like that and not pay for it."

Heads were beginning to peer through every pair of green curtains down the car.

"But I thought you said you wanted to swap your lower for my upper," stammered Eddie, an embodied agony in lavender pajamas partly concealed by a coat.

"That sounds likely, don't it?" Miss Pryce sneered "You try that one on the judge. Well, what you gonta do about it, porter? Ain't you gonta put him in handcuffs or something?"

"Ah got him in custody raht now," the porter asserted.

"Maybe the judge'll let you off with a big fine," the shrew between the sheets said; "but you oughta get a fine and thirty days too. Any man who done what you tried to do oughta. I don't care though; a fine's enough for me. I just wanta feel you ain't getting off for nothing."

"I got some money on me," Eddie articulated. "Maybe you just as soon ——"

"Sure. It don't matter to me. I don't want all the trouble of gettin' off the train. How much you got?"

"Look here!" a sharp, excited voice came from across the aisle. "Don't you give her one cent."

Eddie turned. Peering out of Upper 15, the vigorous, pretty features of the blue-serge girl blazed command.

"What you gotta say about it?" Miss Pryce lipped at her.

"I gotta say a lot," the young woman returned. "I watched you all evening, and I heard you ask him to trade berths. Is that enough to say? Don't you give her a cent."

"You-all have got to keep quietah," the porter whispered at them frantically. "I have got my cah full of puhsons tryin' to sleep."

"I tell you I heard her ask him." There was no hushing Upper 15. "It's just a game she's trying to work."

"What you got to say to that, miss?" the porter asked.

"All I got to say is there's some women would do anything to keepa fella out of trouble he deserves!" Miss Pryce fairly howled.

"Is that so?" Upper 15 demanded, and it seemed as though she were about to descend.

"Shush! Shush!" the porter implored. "Ah cain't have so much noise."

"Oh, all right," Miss Pryce said. "I'll call it off for this once, but you oughta do something about it, porter."

"Yeah, what you oughta do," Upper 15 advised succinctly, "is arrest that old broad for blackmail."

"Say that again!" Miss Pryce shrieked, partly emerging from her berth.

"I'll say it and double it."

"You ladies has gotta keep quiet," the porter wailed. "Git in yuh buths now. Git in and draw yuh cuhtains. You want the steps to get to yuh place, gentleman?"

He was addressing Eddie. No title he might ever achieve would ever fall on Eddie's ear with such a grateful sound as that last word. It was his honorable acquittal.

"Gee, no," Eddie said, and with one flying bound he made the grateful obscurity of Upper 16.

The porter thrust his head between the curtains for a final word: "Yo' have to be cayful on a train."

Eddie was wakened next morning by a gentle shaking of his mattress.

"Albany. Time to get out fo' you' Saratoga connection."

Miss Pryce's berth was deserted, Eddie saw as he descended. The musk smell lingering about it made him a little sick. He shaved and dressed, and found that he still had time to go into the station for breakfast before his train left.

Before he considered doing so, however, he peered into the car to see if the young woman of Upper 15 was about. She wasn't. The curtains of her berth were shut and there was no stir behind them. Eddie didn't know how he would ever ease his heart of the load of gratitude he felt toward her. He would have liked to go and kiss the curtains behind which she was resting, but never again would Eddie Kiernan be a very spontaneous person in a sleeping car.

The humiliation of last night's scene was still on him as he hurried up the tunnel to the station and turned into the restaurant. He climbed on a stool, ordered coffee and coffee cake and then looked guiltily around to see if he could recognize any witnesses of his shame.

Sitting on the stool next him was Miss Upper 15. She was all blue serge again, and she was grinning at him hard.

"Oh, gee," Eddie said, "I was afraid I was never going to see you again, and thank you!"

"I was awful glad to help you out," Miss Upper 15 remarked

"And maybe you think I ain't glad you heard her ask me to make that swap."

"I hate to think of her getting away scot-free though," Miss Upper 15 remarked. "If I'd 'a' been in your place I think I'd 'a' had her sent up for five or six years. You coulda done it, too, but I suppose a fella feels different about a woman."

"Oh, it would 'a' been too much trouble anyway."

"And expensive too."

The waitress brought Eddie's thick mug of coffee and a currant-dotted brown ring.

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He Got Out a Check Book and Began Figuring. Finally He Said, "No, I Guess Not"

TESTED

By RICHARD CONNELL

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE WRIGHT

Mr. Waters Scanned a Typewritten Sheet. "No Time on This for Being Peevish," He Said

FOR SALE: Idlehours, a gentleman's magnificent country estate of seventy-six landscaped acres in the most exclusive section of Greenwich, Connecticut. Large new Colonial mansion, furnished with authentic early American furniture. Twelve master's bedrooms and baths; eight servants' rooms. Spacious drawing-room, dining room, music room, library. Every modern convenience and labor-saving device. Electric piano, organ, phonograph, range, washing machine, refrigerator, radio. Garage for six cars. Stabling for eight horses. Private nine-hole golf course. Swimming pool. Three tennis courts. Address inquiries to Frederic James Dollaway, Idlehours, Greenwich, Connecticut, or the Lakington Apartments, Park Avenue, or the Dollaway Building, Nassau Street, New York City.

THIS is the advertisement Mr. Dollaway might quite properly have inserted had he ever wished to sell Idlehours. There was little likelihood, however, that he would ever need to sell it. It was his pride and joy, and he was well able to support a pride and joy, for he was a large crude-rubber man.

This has no reference to Mr. Dollaway's personal appearance, manners or character. In size, he was not large, though broad and with a portliness proper to fifty-two; he was not crude, being a dignified gentleman of precise demeanor; and there certainly was nothing rubbery about his character. Mr. Dollaway had, once upon a time, been a small crude-rubber man. Now, by virtue of his initiative and perspicacity—and some good fortune—he was a very large crude-rubber man, with no end of rubber piled in warehouses, a number of million dollars neatly put away in admirable stocks and bonds, a duplex apartment on Park Avenue, Idlehours, and Dolly, a daughter.

By the grandfather's clock—from Deerfield—it was sixteen minutes past seven. The June morning was coolly bright. Mr. Dollaway, in correct riding attire, stood on the broad, pillared veranda of Idlehours, tapping impatiently his riding crop against his boots. Adcock, the groom, was late in bringing round the Irish hunter for Mr. Dollaway's regular Saturday pre-breakfast canter. Adcock knew perfectly well that his job was to have the hunter saddled, bridled, immaculate and ready at the front steps at 7:15 precisely. Yet it was not until almost 7:20 that Adcock led up Mr. Dollaway's mount. The groom wore on his abashed brow the consciousness of sin.

"Ah, good morning, Adcock," said Mr. Dollaway. "You're late—nearly five minutes late."

Adcock mumbled out some apologetic cockney about a defective alarm clock.

"One can always find excuses for tardiness," remarked Mr. Dollaway, "but seldom an adequate reason."

He swung himself into the saddle. Mr. Dollaway was not cross—at least, not very cross. It was too fine a day, and it was Saturday, which day, in the well-ordered life of Mr. Dollaway, was set aside for play. From Monday till Friday he was a vastly busy and an exacting executive; but Friday afternoon he closed his desk with a bang of finality, and until Monday devoted himself to play with a single-minded energy.

"You know," observed Mr. Dollaway, as his horse pranced and skittered, "a delay like this dislocates my schedule for the entire day."

All Adcock could think of to say was "Sorry, sir," as his employer trotted off.

Mr. Dollaway rode along filling his lungs with fresh country air and looking about him with a gratified, proprietary smile. A glance at his wrist watch brought an annoyed expression to his lips. It was time to turn back. He must bathe and change before breakfast, and breakfast, at Idlehours, was invariably on the stroke of eight. Reluctantly, he turned and headed his mount toward the stables. He galloped.

He was tingling from a cold shower and clad in the shaggy tweed plus fours of a country squire, when at eight he took his seat before a grapefruit in the meticulously Colonial dining room. Across the old mahogany table—picked up, a bargain, in Salem—was another grapefruit.

"Poole?" Mr. Dollaway addressed the butler.

"Yes, sir."

"Where is Miss Dorothy?"

"Not down yet, sir."

"I see that," said Mr. Dollaway. "Was she called?"

"Oh, yes, sir."

"Will you ring the breakfast bell again, please?"

"Yes, sir."

Shortly after the noise of the bell—a particularly loud, clear bell—died away, Dolly came hurrying in. Her tousled blond hair, her sleepy eyes, and the fact that she was still buttoning her light summer dress, suggested that a world's record for speedy dressing had just been made. She kissed her father lightly on the forehead.

"'Morning, dad."

"Good morning, my dear."

"Have a good ride?"

"Excellent. Wish you'd been with me."

She made a face as she bent over her grapefruit. "Seven is an unholy hour."

"I find no difficulty in getting up then," said her father. "No wonder. You were in bed by ten."

"And you?"

"Oh, I didn't get to bed until somewhat later."

The father raised his eyebrows. "Late party, eh?"

"Not so very."

"Enjoy it?"

"It didn't set me on fire."

"I beg your pardon?"

"I mean I had only a mildly amusing time. We played demon thirteen and danced a bit."

"Who was there?"

"Nobody."

"Odd party."

"I mean nobody worth mentioning. Mostly college friends of the Poodle."

"The Poodle?"

"Yes; Sylvia Watterson's brother Randolph. He looks like one."

"I see."

"Sophomores," said Miss Dollaway disdainfully. "Nothing on their minds but hair wax. They try to make you think they're men of the world—the cucumbers. Two years ago they were in short pants, collecting cigarette pictures. Their line flattens me out."

"You're not very ancient yourself, you know, Dolly," her father reminded her.

"I'm twenty," said Miss Dollaway. "I'm through finishing school. I feel centuries older than those pale-green bananas—centuries."

Her father regarded her fresh, rather pretty face for some moments. An idea seemed to occur to him. "You're twenty," he said. "Well, well, think of that! I suppose one of these days you'll be thinking of getting married."

His daughter gave him a quick look. "Dad," she said, "what else do you think girls think about?"

"You have considered it then?"

"Of course."

"M-m-m—shopping round, as it were?"

"Most girls start doing that at seven, or thereabouts," answered Dolly.

"Well," said Mr. Dollaway, in the portentous manner adults assume when giving advice to others younger and presumably less wise than themselves, "shop around, but don't take a bargain. You deserve the best. I assure you, my dear, that I intend to be most particular about whom I accept as your husband and my son-in-law."

"So do I," said Dolly.

"Character," declared Mr. Dollaway, in an oracular strain, "is more important in a man than soulful eyes and a cleft chin."

"I loathe cleft chins," said Dolly, "I always want to stick olives in them."

"Nowadays," stated Mr. Dollaway, "there is no reason why foolish marriages should be contracted. I don't make unsound investments, do I?"

"I hope not, dad."

"Well, a man is like a stock. You can analyze him, get fairly accurate information about him and predict pretty surely what he is going to do. Suppose I were going to take a partner ——"

"Oh, dad, you're not thinking of getting married!"

"I am not. I meant a business partner. Well, what would I do?"

"I suppose," answered Dolly, "you'd make sure you picked the right man."

"Precisely. But how?"

"Try him out somehow, I suppose. You'd find out if he knew his onions, stuck to his job, was easy to work with and didn't have bad habits—like pinching money or stenographers."

"You get the idea," said Mr. Dollaway. "That would be my procedure. It can apply equally well to a possible husband."

Dolly looked a bit alarmed. "You mean a trial marriage?" she asked.

Her father looked more than a little shocked. "No. No, indeed. Certainly not. The trial should come before the marriage."

Dolly contemplated her poached egg thoughtfully. "Girls," she observed, "aren't as dumb about picking a husband as you might think, dad. They have a hundred little ways of finding out whether he's the man for them. They watch how he speaks to waiters, for example. They consider his taste in neckties and jokes. They notice how he carries his liquor and plays games. Besides, dad, there's something else which is sort of important. It may not count for much when you're picking a business partner, but it's different when you're getting married. I mean you've got to be in love."

"One can use common sense even in love," said Mr. Dollaway. "There, it's time for me to go. I'm due to meet Hargraves at the first tee at quarter to nine." He gulped the remainder of his coffee and went his way.

Miss Dollaway continued to consume her egg with pensive, puzzled brow. What was on her father's mind? This was, she reflected, the first time she could remember that he had ever talked to her as if she were grown up. His usual attitude toward her was one of absent-minded indulgence. He had always shown her the careless affection one bestows on a pet. Until her mother's death, three years before, he had hardly noticed her at all. When circumstances had brought them into closer contact with each other, he had behaved toward her as if she were about twelve years old—something to be teased, if he happened to be in the mood for teasing, or scolded, if he felt like scolding, but never to be taken very seriously. Now, suddenly, Mr. Dollaway seemed to have become aware of the fact that he was the father of an attractive young woman of marriageable age. He probably saw her, she mused, as a problem, and she knew him well enough to know that when a problem came up in his life it was his habit to deal with it promptly and efficiently

With the reflection that fathers are a funny lot, she finished her breakfast, got into her roadster—one of those tiny imported affairs—and drove over to Sylvia Watterson's house to play tennis with Sylvia and a couple of sophomores.

At luncheon that day Mr. Dollaway was in high spirits He had beaten Hargraves at golf and had made a birdie "I'm planning a little party for you, Dolly," he announced.

She looked at him in surprise. "What sort of party, dad?"

"A house party," he said. "Next week-end, if that suits you. I thought you might like to invite some young men—say, four young men and three girls. We've plenty of room, you know. . . . Well?"

"That would be very nice, dad."

"Now whom shall you ask? I want you to invite your own particular friends—the ones you like best. Who are they?"

Dolly considered.

"Well," she said, "there's Sylvia Watterson and Grace Rhodes and Ilona Berry ——"

"Yes; and what men?"

Again Dolly considered. "Ned Markham," she said.

"Oh, yes," approved her father; "the young man who took you to the football games and dances."

"Yes. And Gil Grosvenor and Muddy Waters and Bill Rice." She read her father's questioning glance. "Oh, they're all quite respectable," she said. "Ned and Gil went to Princeton and are in Wall Street. Bill Rice went to Williams and works for his father, Jonathan Rice."

"Sailors & Mariners Trust Company," murmured her father.

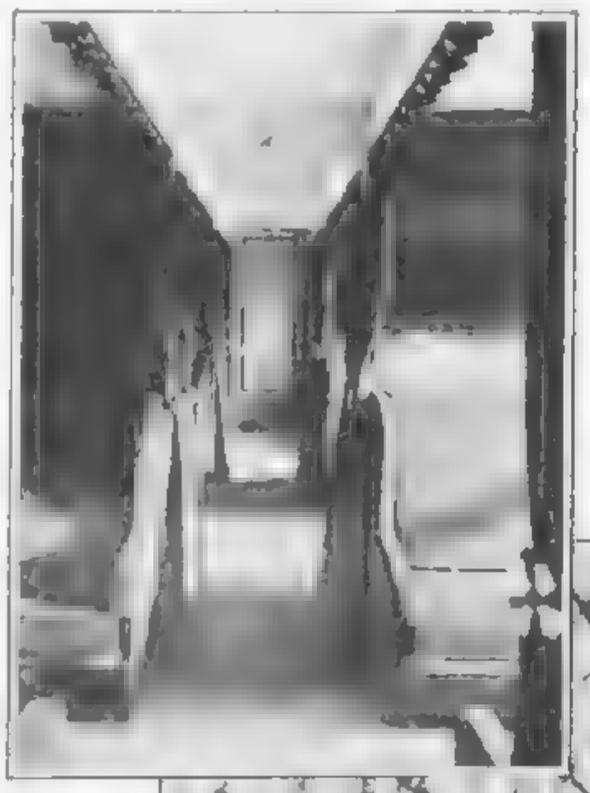
(Continued on Page 112)

He Played Tennis and Danced With Dolly. Opportunities Were Afforded for Long Talks

THE ZEPPELINS

By ERNST A. LEHMANN AND HOWARD MINGOS

THE lamentable fact that experience is the best teacher, though often a most costly teacher, held true in the case of the Zeppelins. The loss of the four ships in a single gale following the October raid against England was tragic in many ways. After more than three years of war operations, with constant improvements and with their military value definitely determined, four Zeppelins had been blown off their course and forced down in enemy country. It was a hard-and-fast lesson for the airship people. However, even that could not dampen the ardor of the initiated, because the remedy was already at hand.



I have pointed out in a previous article the urgent necessity of providing the greatest possible climbing ability because of the improvements in the enemy's airplane branch. The Zeppelins had been forced into higher altitudes to escape the British planes. Two methods had been open for thus obtaining better altitude performance. One was to build larger ships, the other was to make the available ships lighter. The latter was adopted as an intermediate measure because it would save time by renovating those craft then in existence.

An engine was removed from each ship. The gondolas were made smaller and better streamlined, offering less resistance to the air. Other refinements contributed to the general scheme of alteration. These changes had lightened the ships without appreciably reducing their speed of about sixty-seven miles an hour. What then had occurred to make them as powerless as free balloons? The gale that had carried the four craft into France was confined to the higher altitudes—at least 18,000 feet. There lay the answer. The engines were giving much less power at such heights than was really needed. In the rarefied air the speed of the ships was reduced a fourth, or to about forty-five miles an hour, and this was not enough to overcome the velocity of the wind. The speed performance had not kept pace with the rapid progress in climbing ability. Better engines were required.

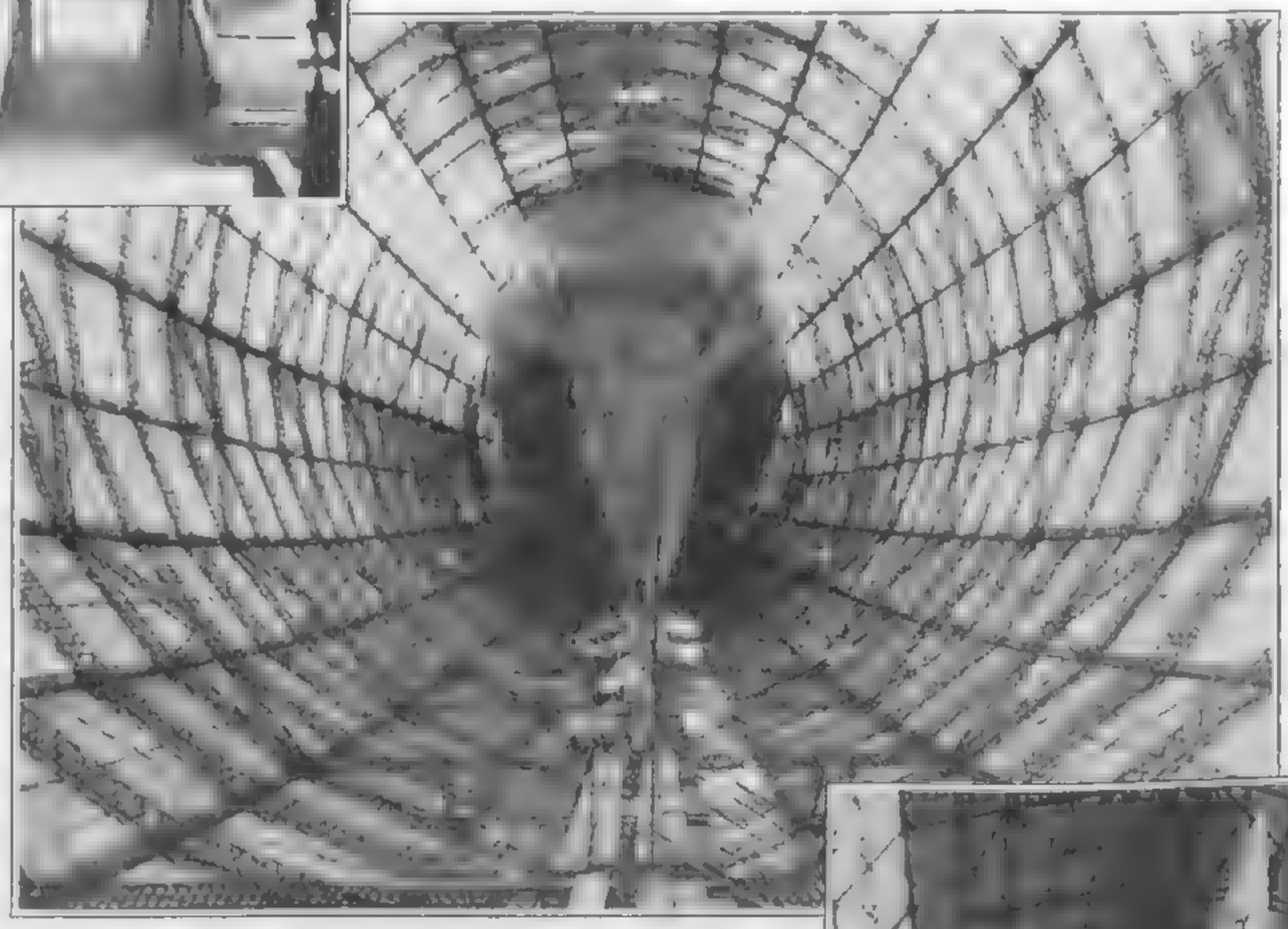
Learning Through Experience

THAT situation had been foreseen, however, and already the task had been put up to the same organization that had supplied our former motors—the Maybach factory at Friedrichshafen.

Soon after the October tragedy Maybach produced a new kind of motor. It was known as the supercompressed engine. Overdimensioned and overcompressed, it did not develop its full power near the surface, but rather in medium heights—say, at 6000 feet. There it worked best, and still rendered satisfactory service at the greatest altitudes that the ships could normally reach. It increased their speed by more than ten miles an hour in normal altitudes. During that winter these new engines were installed on all Zeppelins, and it was not long before others, both in Germany and abroad, were developing high-compression engines. So much for one lesson taught by experience.

It brought about other important improvements; for instance, an improved meteorological service, particularly in regard to the upper-air observations. The storm had not been properly anticipated by most of the airship commanders because of inadequate knowledge and information on conditions in the higher strata

Oxygen apparatus also was improved, so there was no longer danger of the crews becoming weakened in the high flights. Radio direction-finding methods were altered appreciably. Rotating radio-beacon stations were built to send directional signals to all points continuously, so that the airships could get their bearings without sending signals and awaiting their turn with the land stations, which in that case had to calculate and transmit their positions to them. The radio service was reorganized to give preference to airship-position signals on such occasions and to avoid much confusion of the sort which had been largely responsible for the disastrous occurrence in October.



The Interior of the Los Angeles, Showing the Gas Cells Partly Inflated. Above—The Passenger Cabin

The school of experience was not all hard knocks. The successes were none the less fruitful. The great trip of the L-59 to Africa and return a few weeks later more than justified the national faith in the Zeppelin. As I have pointed out, circumstances had forced the L-59 to fly a greater distance than if she had not been recalled before reaching her destination. The mileage covered on her round trip was greater than her original route from Jamboli to Southern East Africa; longer even than the direct route from Germany to the United States. That proved, as far back as 1917, that an airship could be flown between the two countries. Actually the L-59 had covered the distance between Germany and Chicago; and had she carried no cargo, she could have gone halfway around the globe without stopping.

On checking up the log of the L-59 we knew then what we had believed for some time. The flight had demonstrated conclusively that long-distance airship transportation was then technically solved. Its definite establishment would have been possible at least ten years ago, and was prevented only by the political unrest of the world.

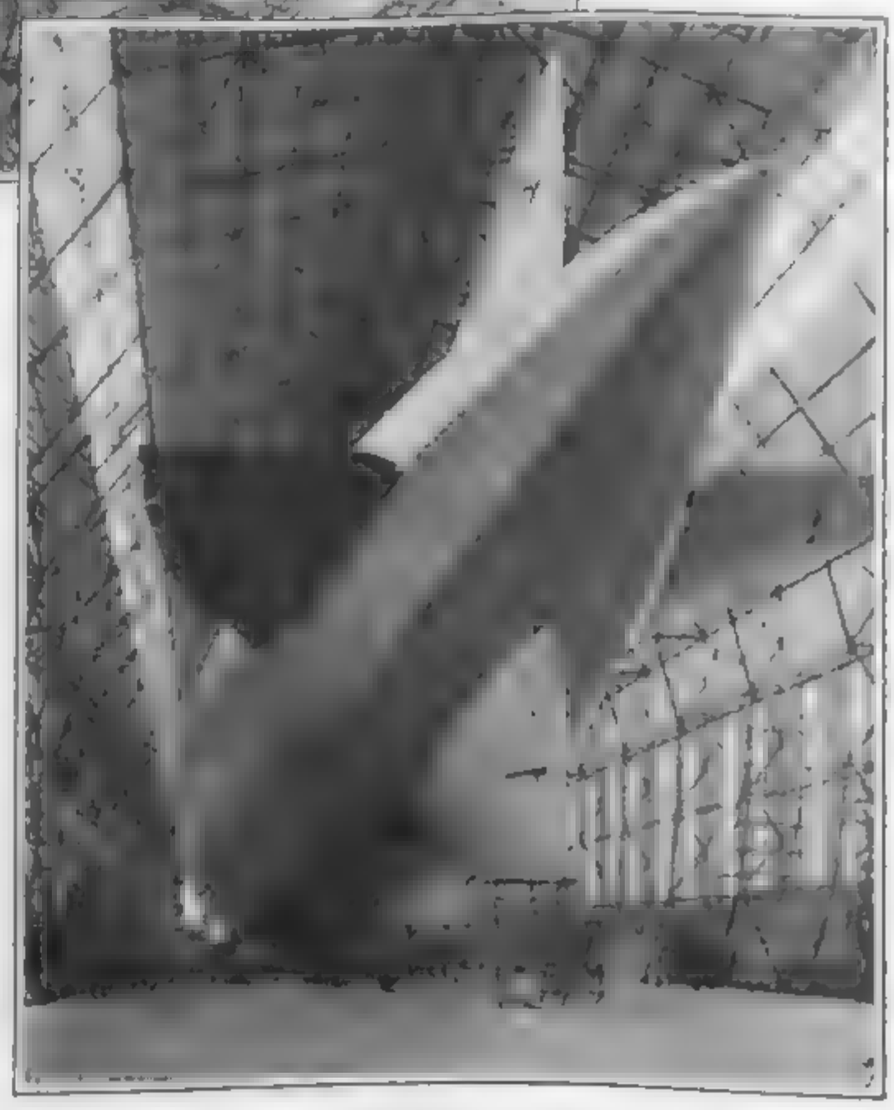
My opportunities for acquiring the facts before they had filtered through official channels were excellent, for immediately after the flight of the L-59 I was assigned to work with the Zeppelin Company in the capacity of assistant manager in charge of relations with the navy. The navy was then the only buyer of Zeppelins, the army having discontinued their use.

I do not agree with those who have asserted that the army found them unfit for service in land operations. The records prove the contrary

The Army Zeppelin Record

THIRTY-FOUR Zeppelins had been commissioned in the army service. Sixteen had been lost in action with the enemy, including two burned in their hangars by bombs, two shot down over enemy country and two others stranded in the same territory. Four ships were lost without enemy action. Three of these had stranded in Germany and one had been blown out to sea by a gale. The fourteen others had been either transferred to the navy or dismantled as obsolete. All told, the army Zeppelins had made 284 raids and long-distance patrol flights in the west, east and southeast. Of that number 188 had been successful. This represented an efficiency performance of 66⅔ per cent—all military flights, each with its own peculiar mission, 206 of which were raids.

The raids in the west, over England, France and Belgium, were less successful than those in other sections. Of the 104 raids attempted against the three countries—I am still speaking of the army Zeppelins alone, without including naval



Completing the Los Angeles at Friedrichshafen

craft—only fifty-two were successful, whereas two-thirds of the seventy-two raids across the Eastern Front succeeded and 50 per cent of those in the southeast were capped with success. Only thirty-six of the army airship personnel were killed during all these operations, among them nine officers. Two crews—say, twenty-two men—were taken prisoner.

Of course I am not saying that the army Zeppelins made only a few hundred flights during the war. There were between 1500 and 2000 training and experimental flights, tests of equipment, and the like. There were some flights which were abandoned near enemy territory because of adverse weather or mechanical trouble, and these in many cases are recorded only in the grand total of about 2500 flights made by the army Zeppelins during their war service.

I know, too, that one can demonstrate almost any point by statistics, and that figures are treacherous—particularly so where they can be juggled. But I believe that both from a military and a technical point of view a performance of 66⅔ per cent successful military operations offsets the conclusion of some critics that the Zeppelin was unsatisfactory in overland work. I am sure that any military leader would be satisfied with a similar percentage of successes in any phase of warfare. Incidentally only one-fourth of the British airplane attacks on Zeppelins were even partly successful.

Whether the Zeppelin military and technical successes were actually worth the effort and expenditure of lives and money is another question. In relation to army activities it is a real question, not so simple of solution as in the case of the naval Zeppelins. The latter formed an important factor on the patrols. From their services in that direction it is always possible to determine their value as an aid to the navy. For one might count the number of vessels which on various occasions they saved from damage or destruction.

The Airship and Airplanes

IT IS a fact generally accepted in military circles that an instrument which can produce an effect detrimental to the enemy is worth considerable sacrifice and cost, so long as the desired effect cannot be obtained in a more simple and less costly manner. That, I may add, was the attitude of the German high command. It was the reason why our military leaders were satisfied with their Zeppelins until—and here is an important point—better means were developed to obtain the same results—airplanes, for example.

My position with the Zeppelin Company during that last year of war was most interesting, because in one way or another it dealt with almost every phase of airship activities, beginning with the design in its most delicate incipient stage and passing through the many periods of construction, testing and delivery, but by no means ending there.

The Los Angeles Passing Over the Island of Terceira in the Azores, on Its Flight to America

As contact man with the navy it was important that I should follow up the career of each ship, study the results of all changes, improvements, innovations, the behavior of new types under all conditions, so that the builders should have the benefit of the acid tests to which the ships were subjected at the Front.

I had to see that each naval Zeppelin was properly built to specifications and fully outfitted. Then I had to demonstrate it before an acceptance commission, the members being naval engineers headed by the officer assigned to command it. There were many ground tests and a few flights. Ships of a proved type were usually delivered after only one or two test flights, but a new type required more. Then I accompanied each ship on its delivery trip.

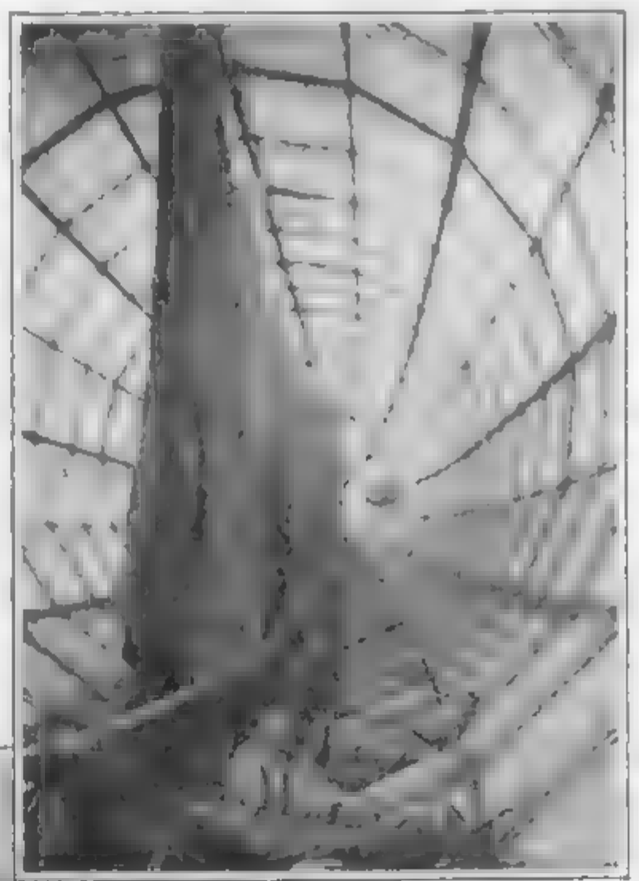
The delivery trips took me to Nordholz, where I heard the latest regarding airship activities from the commanders themselves. There also were the two foremost leaders, Captain Strasser and Doctor Eckener. The latter may justly be termed the father of Zeppelin navigation. He had severely criticized the first ships built by Count Zeppelin, but after a visit to Friedrichshafen he became an ardent supporter and joined the staff.

In 1910, after four years' experience, Eckener was made manager of the Delag and in that capacity he developed the science of airship operations.

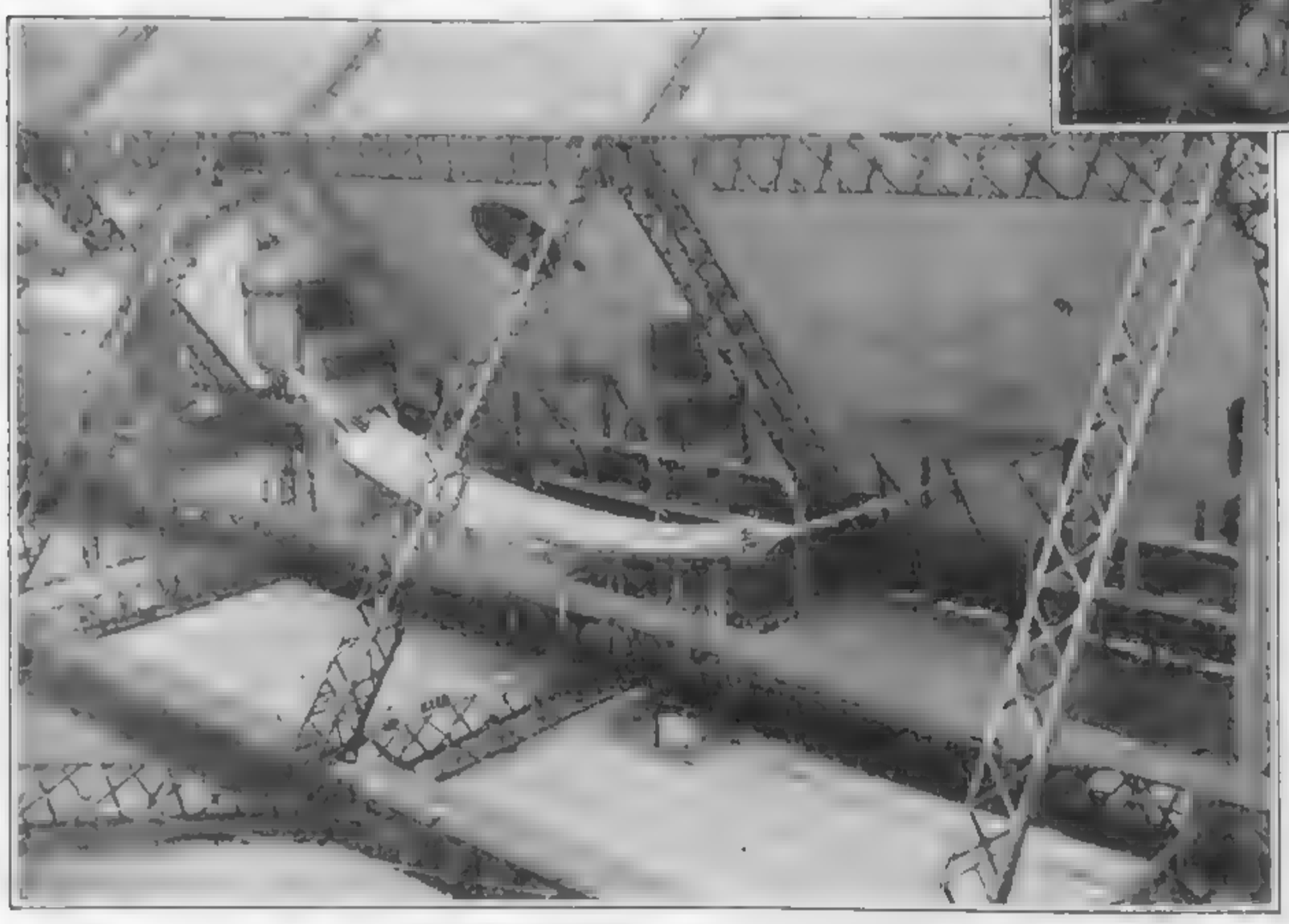
He personally supervised the training of the civilian personnel from the beginning, trained all the navy airship pilots prior to the war and throughout the conflict. In one way or another he was responsible for the training of all the airship crews during both war and peace. His vast experience with navigation and the influence of weather conditions on airship operations were of the utmost value to the navy, and he was adviser to Captain Strasser until the end. His operating knowledge and Strasser's military spirit made the naval airship service efficient.

In 1915, while working on some of the early ideas for the observation car, one evening the idea struck me that if the Zeppelins could carry fighting planes, that would make a remarkably effective combination, and I kept on turning it over in my mind. I was sure that the technical problems of storing the planes aboard ship, releasing them and taking them on again in flight offered no great difficulty. The naval Zeppelin L-35, an experimental ship, had carried and launched an airplane near Berlin in 1917. Today practically all the nations interested in airships are experimenting with the combination. The first successful test in making contact between the two types of craft during flight occurred in the United States at Scott Field, Illinois, on February 15, 1925, made by a United States Army non-rigid airship and a regular army pursuit plane.

I probably would have returned to active duty in 1918 had not Baron Gemmingen talked me out of it. He was also in Friedrichshafen, as president of the company, for old Count Zeppelin had died several months before, on March 8, 1917.



The Interior of the Bodensee, Showing the Gas Cells Ready for Inflation



Part of the Crew's Quarters on the Bodensee

Zeppelin's Death

MY COMRADE in arms had been summoned by telegraph while we were stationed at Kovno with the LZ-120. Zeppelin, then in his seventy-ninth year, had been stricken while on an arduous trip, during which he had been the principal in a gala celebration in Munich and then had inspected various plants and flying fields in other cities. An operation failed to save his life. The funeral at Stuttgart was one of the most impressive occasions of the kind, and demonstrated the esteem in which the entire nation held the creator of the rigid airship.

The Zeppelin organization had continued to expand. In 1918 it was recognized as one of Germany's leading industries; not a war baby in the sense that it was developed for war purposes, because it was not. The motor-car industry, which supplied cars for military service, would resent being termed a war baby because it was a unit in the vast industrial system devoted to war work. Likewise the Zeppelin Company.

On January 1, 1918, the navy had fourteen Zeppelins available for the strenuous service in the North Sea area, which included the enemy countries in the west. Five days later this number was reduced by four. The Zeppelins and another airship, the Schütte-Lanz-20, were destroyed in their hangars at Ahlhorn. The case has remained a mystery. The cause of their destruction has not been definitely determined. The circumstances indicate, however, that it was due to sabotage; some criminally inclined member of the station crew at Ahlhorn, or possibly a small group bought with enemy money may have purposely blasted the ships.

(Continued on Page 71)

TIT FOR TAT

By Clarence Budington Kelland

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LIEPSE

The Doctor's Lip Curled. "Of Course You Will Print the Malicious Charges Against Me"

THE foreman of the composing room of the Sugar Hollow Sentinel entered from the street and stood scowling balefully at his employer. No more terrifying visage than Jake's had been seen in the village within the memory of man; it caused strong men to shudder and infants to scream. But from the midst of this malevolent assemblage of features issued a voice so soft and gentle and resigned that one refused to credit his ears and believed a ventriloquist must be cutting up capers.

"I jest seen some news goin' on," said Jake.

Don Oakes, editor and proprietor of the Sentinel, turned a very youthful, large-eyed, wistful and poetical face toward his employe. One would have estimated Mr. Oakes' age at not more than nineteen, his height at five feet four, his weight at one hundred-and twenty pounds, and his occupation as musician of the more soulful sort.

"Something," asked Don hopefully, "in the nature of a murder?"

"'Twan't no murder."

"Ah! Perhaps a much-needed suicide?"

"Everybody's alive so fur as I know," said Jake.

"One can't expect too much," said Don, wagging his head disappointedly. "Wait! I'll bet I'm getting warmer now! If it doesn't concern the grave, how about the altar or the cradle?"

"I was cal'latin'," said Jake, "to tell ye if you give me a chance."

"Then it isn't a guessing game?" Don sighed. "Someone is always spoiling my innocent amusements. Lay on, Macduff!"

"You know that hain't my name," said Jake.

"It isn't Yorick, is it?"

"It's Jake," said Jake. "Jest Jake."

"You smell as sweet by that as any other."

"It's them onions. Seems like the cook to the boardin' house kin git onion into the drinkin' water."

Don sighed. "By the time," he said, "we get to your piece of news it will be embodied in the history books and taught in garbled form to little boys and girls in school."

"I was ready to tell it straight off," said Jake.

"And why didn't you?"

Jake pondered this, and was unable to perceive just the reason for his reticence, though he knew there was a reason.

"Let's make a fresh start," Don said. "I'll count. When I say three shut your eyes and let go with both barrels. One, two, three!"

"Doc Noble's in the calaboose," said Jake all in one breath.

"Do you chance to mean he is arrested, detained, immured, incarcerated and charged with high crimes and misdemeanors?" Don Oakes asked.

Iris

"The way it looks to me," said Jake, "he was jest plain pinched. That there deppity sheriff, Big-Foot Mosher, was luggin' him to jail."

Don considered briefly. "Jake," he said, "did you ever suffer from the disease known as the itching foot?"

"I roamed around some when I was young."

"It's bad. It's reprehensible. It has brought young men to ruin. But, Jake, in no manner is it to be compared in noxious virulence with the itching jaw. It, and nothing else, has brought the doctor to this pass. . . . Do you read Biblical history, Jake?"

"Don't seem as though."

"If you did," said Don, "you would know that Samson was the only man to find a reasonable use for a jawbone."

"I dunno what you're gittin' at."

"I'm arriving by stealth at the movable section of Doctor Noble's skull. An estimable citizen, the doctor, and earnest, but a most ill-advised jaw wagger."

"They can't put you in jail for talkin'," said Jake.

"Where is the doctor?" Don asked pertinently. "He's been walking the roads of the vicinage accusing Sheriff Fox and the courthouse crowd of various and sundry skullduggeries, in season and out. A man of one idea. The reformer, Jake, is the most valuable asset of the virtuoso in wickedness."

"Mebby," said Jake

"He is the bell tied to the tail of the cat of virtue. The naughty mice hear it jingle and hunt their holes. A ting-a-ling to the wise is sufficient."

"I earn my wages," said Jake, "runnin' the shop. I hain't paid to know what you're talkin' about."

"I deem," said Don, "that Sheriff Fox has been irked by the doctor's conversation, not to say irritated and made to feel uncomfortable. Hence the pyramids."

"I got to git to work," said Jake.

"Did you learn," asked Don, "what particular malfeasance is charged against the doc?"

"Suthin'," said Jake, "to do with peddlin' dope."

"It would be," said Don. "The sheriff is dosing him with a hair of the dog, as one might say—and one does."

II

DOCTOR NOBLE did not remain long in durance. Bail was supplied promptly by friends and he was released to go about his several concerns. He was met in the office of the jail by his daughter Iris, a young woman so petite, so trim, so very enjoyable to look at that Don Oakes privately thought of her as the Vest-Pocket Diana. Now, as she stood and waited for her father, she seemed even more delicious than ever before. Her eyes were bright with determination and a sense of outrage, her color a trifle subdued, and there was dignity. A very small woman sometimes may wear a more impressive garment of dignity than your nobly proportioned Junos.

Prosecutor Ellsworth came alone out of the sheriff's office and walked to Iris' side. "Iris," he said, "I am placed in a cruel dilemma."

She swept him and his personal problems aside. "It is father who is in the cruel dilemma," she said bitterly. "The idea! The very idea of accusing him of such a thing! Surely you can't believe anyone will take it seriously!"

"I fear we must take it seriously," said Ellsworth.

"But father has spent all his life fighting this drug thing here in the mountains. Everyone knows it. It's a cruel, cruel lie."

"I hope he can prove it," said Ellsworth.

"Prove it! Why should he prove it? Doesn't the one who made the charge against him have to supply the proof?"

"He does," said Ellsworth. "A man is presumed in law to be innocent until his guilt is proved past a reasonable doubt. But ——"

"But what?"

"Iris, do you realize I shall have to prosecute him?"

"I suppose so," she said, as this new idea came home to her. "That is your job, isn't it?"

"I can resign," he said in a low voice.

She looked at him queerly. "What good would that do?" she asked.

"None, I fear."

Before any other word could pass between them—between these two young people whose names were always linked together in village gossip—Doctor Noble entered, head erect, face set. Iris ran to him and threw her arms about his neck. "Oh, daddy, daddy!" she cried.

"I suppose I should have expected something like this," said the good doctor. "But I didn't think they would dare."

"It's nothing, daddy. It's just nothing. Nobody will believe it."

Doctor Noble smiled. "People always believe," he said, and then nodded stiffly as Don Oakes came into the room.

Oakes had been a great disappointment to the doctor, who had looked to him to become his active ally in his battle against the debauching of the community with bootleg liquor and drugs

Iris' eyes flashed and her cheeks flushed. "I suppose this is news!" she said.

"It seems," he said, "to have passed the state of gossip."

The doctor's lip curled. "Of course you will print the malicious charges against me."

"It will be wasteful and extravagant excess," said Don, "as pouring perfume on the violet. I fancy some hint of it will get about without my help. Nevertheless I shall allude to it."

"In words dictated by Sheriff Fox, doubtless," said the doctor.

"Not verbatim, doctor. Oh, not verbatim The sheriff makes himself intelligible, but he doesn't parse . . . Have you a statement to make for the press?"

"None," said the doctor. "You haven't the courage to print what I would say."

"I don't go in much for courage," said Don: "not even a little old last year's courage."

"You certainly don't," said Iris bitingly.

"Discretion," said Don, "is what a man has when he walks downstairs instead of jumping off the roof into a net. Both sorts reach the sidewalk eventually. . . . Shall I say you had no statement to make for publication?"

"You may say it is a trumped-up charge. You may say it rests upon perjured testimony procured by Sheriff Fox and his gang."

"Which, of course, you are prepared to prove?"

"Right will prevail," said the doctor.

"Now that's news," said Don, nodding his head. "The vicinage will be edified, not to say downright startled, by the spectacle of right prevailing. Will it do it alone, doctor, or will there be a certain amount of outside help?"

"We can say safely," Iris said, "that none of the help will come from you."

"You never," said Don, "can tell from the size of a frog how far it will jump."

"Come, father," said Iris, "why do we stand here talking with him?"

"Why, indeed?" asked Don, and was silent until they passed from the room. Then he turned to Ellsworth.

"Whom the gods would destroy," he said cheerfully, "they first make bull-headed. I suppose Sheriff Fox thought this up alone and unaided."

"Oakes," said Ellsworth gravely, "you'd better keep your oar out of this."

"The device of the House of Borgia," said Don, "was a bull's head. And see what it did to them! And now our sheriff has adopted it. . . . How would I look in white silk stockings and velvet pants?"

"I can't see you as a matador," said Ellsworth.

"I do like 'em when they catch an allusion," said Don approvingly. "Now let's drive in a few brass tacks. What have the minions of the law got on the doctor?"

"A copious sufficiency," said Ellsworth.

"I hope the sheriff hasn't overdone it," said Don solicitously. "His type of mind is prone to be overthorough. Now let's see. I wonder if I can't guess at the damning evidence. Of course, you found a supply of dope on the doctor's premises?"

"In his garage," said Ellsworth. "Cocaine."

"The garage was as good as any other place," said Don. "And which of our more eminent dope fiends have confessed to peddling for the doctor and splitting the profits?"

"As a matter of fact, we have unearthed two men who acted as go-betweens for Noble, and a couple more who will swear to buying from him direct."

Don nodded. "The sheriff would overdo it some," he said. "He should have let a smart young man like you handle it for him. You would have left something to the imagination. Oh, love, that thou and I together might conspire! Wouldn't we do a job of conspiracy, though!"

Ellsworth sighed. "It has been a shock to me, Oakes An old friend like the doctor ——"

"And a younger—and one may be pardoned for saying a more beautiful—friend like Miss Iris."

"I'm sure," said Ellsworth, "she will realize that I am compelled to do my duty."

"But I'll bet she'll never come to appreciate it. . . . I suppose you've your witnesses in leg irons and gagged."

"They're being held as material witnesses."

"No little detail neglected. Genius is the capacity for taking infinite pains. The sheriff must have read a copy book. But he missed a few maxims, didn't he? Honesty may be the best policy, but he carries his own insurance. . . . Where do we go from here?"

"The hearing will be held next week. On the evidence, there is no doubt he will be remanded for trial."

"By any odd chance, do you intend really to convict? Or are you just cutting out the props and throwing a scare?"

"He can expect no different treatment than that given any other accused."

"So you're really going through with it. Um—I've known some pretty companionable murderers, and a couple of holdup men who could make the cleverest puns. I even knew a poor-box robber who sang tenor after the third beer. But this sheriff of ours—he hasn't a solitary amelioration to his name, has he? . . . By the way, do you hope to see him soon?"

"In an hour."

"Have you a memory with a grip like a vise?"

"I remember pretty well."

"Then will you give him this message from me? Say to him that if the charges against the doctor are quashed by noon tomorrow, and full confessions of conspiracy and perjury by the witnesses are in my hands by that time, I'll declare a moratorium. He needn't implicate himself—or you. Just renovate the doctor's character and expunge the stain, as the old novelists have it, from his good name. It's a bargain I'm offering him."

"And if he isn't in trading humor?" asked Ellsworth.

"Then you may say, upon first-hand authority, with no mental reservation or intent to deceive, that an apple of discord shall grow in the orchard. The leash shall be slipped from the canine. There shall be wars and rumors of wars, and hell will pop o'er lea and pasture land."

"I repeat," said Ellsworth, "you'd better keep your nose out of this."

"On and after noon of the morrow," said Don, "failing the doing of the acts and the omitting of the omissions as aforesaid by the hitherto-mentioned sheriff, you may look for my nose buried in the pie up to its hilt, haft or handle. And so, with these few feeble words, and thanking you for your kind attention, I will now close. Yours very truly, Don Oakes, Esquire."

(Continued on Page 150)

"If He Ketches Me a-Watchin' Him," Said Pansy, "He'll Run Me So Fast I'll Shed Off Fifty Pound of Flesh"

MOTIVE POWER

By Henry C. Rowland

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

The Next Moment She Was Coming Back Toward Him With a Smile of Recognition That Was Almost a Laugh

IV

MARY BROWN moved over under the tall reading lamp. She slipped back the top of the wrap, or gown, revealing a pair of very beautiful shoulders, the skin like Parian marble. They were fuller shoulders than one, to see her in a tailored suit, would have expected; no bony prominences in evidence, and though no doubt muscular beneath, yet with a superficial plumpness which made the most perfect medium to register any violent pressure applied.

"We should have kept the doctor," Mr. Clark said with a silent chuckle, "and next to him, it's a lawyer's job. If we find what we want, young lady, this case will mighty soon be closed."

Marcus looked eagerly, and he was a singularly modest young man. He looked and his heart sank, for there on the anterior border, where, in an athlete, the deltoid muscle would bulge, was the faint reddish discoloration that must have been caused by a thumb, while on the posterior border of the same muscle were two similar marks on a level, to indicate the tips of the first and middle fingers. Over the latter the delicate skin was even slightly abrased.

"My word," Marcus muttered, "the scoundrel did give you a wicked grip."

"What's the findings?" snapped the sheriff, who had remained seated, his eye on the stairs.

"We lose. The first two present and accounted for. The third scarcely shows."

"They'll all show tomorrow morning better."

Marcus examined the right shoulder. "Here's something odd."

"What's that?"

"The marks are lower down on the upper arm, and on this side no index finger shows at all. Are you sure it was his right hand?"

"Positive. I had the light over his shoulder. Let me see. You sit here."

They changed places. The sheriff examined first one and then the other of the soft and lovely shoulders glowing under the lamp. His face reminded Mary Brown of the bloodhound's. It had the pondering look of the Sage of Samos—the penthouse brows, the deep furrow between the eyes, even the dewlaps under the jaw.

"Hum. . . . 'Scuse me, young lady." The sheriff took the left arm in his powerful hand and exerted a gentle pressure of grip. "Well, grabbing this way, the middle finger might squeeze a lot tighter. Curious, all the same." He drew the garment back over the bare skin and stood frowning at the girl.

"What's it all about?" she asked.

"This man Vogel is shy the first joint of his right index finger," growled the sheriff. He was plainly disappointed.

"Really? I could have told you it wasn't Vogel."

"Why?" Marcus asked.

"Vogel was wearing felt slippers, to move quietly. This man had on shoes—tan ones, I think. I saw them as I fell back and he turned."

"What were you wearing?" Marcus asked.

"Only a silk blouse—very sheer—a georgette crêpe. I'd slipped off my jacket to wash my hands."

"Please go and get that blouse," Marcus said.

Mary Brown went out. The sheriff looked at Marcus thoughtfully. "Always claimed an old hound and a young one was the best combination for running a fox."

"This lets out Vogel."

"Sure does. And the girl's bein' mixed up in it too. Why didn't she offer to show us these marks?"

"I don't know," Marcus said. "There's another thing. From the very first she's acted almost as if she were looking for trouble, courting suspicion. And it's pretty hard to say how she could help but know, or at least guess, at some reason why Mr. Orrin should have wanted to leave her such a lot of money."

"Women are curious critters. Apt to overplay their hands. We got somethin', though."

"What?"

"Whoever the fellow was, he had a strong grip. Used it unconscious-like. No need to mutilate the girl just to shove her into her room. Why grab her anyhow? Why not a push on the chest?"

"That's so, why not?"

"Looks almost like she'd tried to grab him first, and that suggests something too."

Marcus nodded. "As if she suspected who it was and felt no great fear of him."

Mary Brown came down the stairs. Entering the room, she took from under her peignoir a georgette blouse which she handed to Marcus. He carried it to the light, glanced at it, then looked quickly at the girl.

"Have you examined this?"

"I just slipped it off and threw it aside."

"Well," said Marcus, "this time we've got something."

"I can guess," said the sheriff. "It had to be him."

"Yes," Marcus said slowly, "he was logically the next bet. There were three others, but not so good."

"What are you talking about?" Mary Brown demanded. "Who did it have to be and why?"

"Vogel," said the sheriff slowly, "or the chauffeur, or McNeil, or Simpson. It could hardly be Mrs. McNeil."

"But why not an outsider?" the girl asked.

There came again that gleam in the sheriff's gray eyes and the smothered smile. He looked at Marcus.

"Let Lawyer True say it. He may be one of these closet naturalists, like he says, but all the same he's pretty good. Wouldn't take long to make a real hunter of him, I reckon. Woodsman and tracker."

"It had to be somebody on the premises," Marcus said, "because out there behind the house there's a finely bred bloodhound chained to a kennel. He's been here all winter

serving as watchdog, and his scent is so fine that it recognized you as an acquaintance when you came."

"Wrong," said Mary Brown. "That dog has never seen me."

"By gum!" The sheriff looked less chagrined than inspired. He checked himself.

"Then," said Marcus, "he knew the man who drove the car that brought Miss Brown."

The sheriff rose, adjusted his spectacles, then took the georgette blouse and examined it closely under the lamp. He glanced at Mary Brown.

"Didn't notice these marks when you took it off?"

"No." Her voice was slightly muffled.

The sheriff picked up the magnifying glass and examined the dark smudges, then held this stained part of the fabric to his nose.

"That's the truth, I reckon. S'pose I change that question a mite. Do you happen to carry a little bottle of cleanser with you when you travel? Stuff that smells sort of like benzene."

"Yes," she murmured.

The sheriff nodded. "It's good. My wife used to use it. Sponged my Sunday clothes. But it won't take out burned oil in just one dab." His keen but kindly face became suddenly austere. Stepping into the hall he called harshly, "Vogel!"

There was the sound of a door opening upstairs. But before Vogel could answer, Mary Brown said quickly, "Wait a minute, Mr. Clark. It's not worth while to send for the chauffeur."

The sheriff turned. "Why not?"

"It wasn't he!"

"Why not?"

"Because Vogel went to the window immediately and called him to come and bring a tool to pry the door. He wouldn't have had time to put on his gaiters. The man who grabbed me had on no gaiters. I told you I noticed his shoes."

Vogel called, "Coming, sir."

"Never mind," the sheriff's voice was harsh. "False alarm."

He came back into the room and stood looking down at Mary Brown. His face more than ever resembled the bloodhound's, but it was now set more in the expression of that animal when its quarry is brought to bay

"Who drove you here from the station?"

"I don't know."

Again the sheriff stepped out into the hall. "Vogel!" he called again; and, as the door opened, "Never mind coming down. Who was the man that drove Miss Brown here tonight?"

"I couldn't tell you, sir "

"Did you get a good look at him?"

"No, sir. Miss Brown had paid him and he drove off as soon as she had got out."

"Did anybody else here see him or the car?"

"No, sir."

"What sort of car?"

Vogel mentioned the make, and added, "It was one of our old cars, sir. Mr. Orrin traded it off a year ago against a garage bill—hacking and the like."

"All right. Hope I won't need to call you again."

"Very well, sir."

The sheriff took a turn or two of the room. He paused abruptly to stare at Marcus, a quizzical expression on his face.

"Dogs," said Marcus, "know the sounds of their owners' cars "

"Yep," agreed the sheriff, "and as far as they can hear them." His gaze passed to Mary Brown. "Why did you want to cover this fellow's tracks on your shirt waist?"

"Because," she said slowly, "when I saw those burned-oil marks, I had for the first time a suspicion that they might have been made by the man who drove me here."

Marcus shook his head. "Not good enough, Miss Brown," he said sadly, heavily.

She swung on him quickly. "What's that?"

"Not good enough. I heard the car drive away. It was still running in the distance when I heard your scream."

Mary Brown was silent. Marcus went on quietly: "The sound of your scream was faint and muffled, because you were well inside the room; on the threshold of the hall door, in fact. The night was very still, the air clear and the window must have been wide open. I heard a rooster crow way over on the far side of the lake." He paused a moment, then added, "But I did not hear Vogel call for the chauffeur."

"The garage was on the other side of the house. Vogel ran into his own room and called out of the window," Mary Brown said coldly.

The sheriff did not seem to be listening to this exchange. He asked briefly, "Who do you suspect this man might be that drove you here?"

"I'd rather not say."

"Why not?"

"Because it's only a suspicion. What difference does it make, since Mr. True has just said he couldn't possibly be the one who grabbed me?"

The sheriff met this question by his own direct method of inquiry, which, as Marcus was beginning to discover, ignored the winding path of interrogation and went straight to its objective, like a woodsman who draws a bee line through the forest.

"Was there another man with you, sitting back inside that car?"

Mary Brown looked aghast. "Yes."

"Who was he?"

"The man who brought the car from the garage opposite the depot."

"Then the other man got this fellow to let him drive?"

"Yes."

"So they might have traded places just after you went into the house and the man who was driving got out as the car started off."

"Perhaps," she murmured.

The sheriff glanced again at Marcus, who had already begun to wonder at his curious way of fetching up, failing to press his questionnaire when the scent was getting hot. This uncommon procedure seemed to illustrate the sheriff's simile of the old hound who coaches the younger dog.

"I think I understand," said Marcus, "something that has puzzled me a little from the start. I wondered why,

(Continued on Page 130)

A Figure Was Stepping Into a Canoe and, as Marcus Looked Around, Shoved Clear and Shot Out on the Lake

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PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 25, 1927

Oral Salvation

FEW of us quite realize how necessary to future human welfare and happiness is the continued progress of dentistry. The teeth more often become injuriously affected, are more apt to become defective beyond the possibility of successful curative treatment, and are more commonly eliminated by surgery, than is any other portion of the human organism.

The most common important bodily defect among civilized peoples is dental decay, which may, if it proceeds far enough, occasion serious or fatal infection of the body as a whole. Dentistry has become remarkably proficient in the mechanical procedures of repair, restoration and replacement. Manual or digital dexterity here reaches a high point of perfection. No architect or engineer quite equals the practicing dentist.

At times dentistry has had to face social disparagement and professional belittlement. Yet it has reached a high plane of usefulness, and promises even more. For centuries the teeth had no care except that given them by goldsmiths, jewelers, ivory turners, umbrella menders, engravers, barbers, and itinerant jacks-of-all-trades. Dentistry was long regarded as a specialty of applied mechanics, with only incidental relation to the art of healing.

In a series of reports on the study of dental education by the Carnegie Foundation a justified tribute is paid to the progress and proficiency of the profession, but the fact is pointed out that "neither dentistry nor medicine has learned how to prevent the general incidence of decay, or to halt the advance lines of infection through a decayed tooth, or with certainty to destroy all the organisms at the apex of an infected root, or to restore the health of the tissues about an apex where an infection has occurred."

It is admitted that the proper treatment of a tooth having an infected pulp and apex presents a series of very perplexing problems. Various opinions are held and unhappy disagreements abound. "Meanwhile the triumphs of partisanship often sacrifice the welfare of patients."

Until recently there has been a traditional indifference on the part of medical science to the preservation of teeth and the prevention and cure of dental disease. Teeth were regarded as so many stones, rather than as living parts of an animate body. Their loss did not disturb physicians any more than did that of the hair. All this has changed, but the traditional separation of medicine and dentistry still leaves the teeth the only part of the body in a special domain of healing not included in the practice of medicine. Even now the medical schools pay little if any attention to clinical dentistry or to dental research.

Forcibly to include dentistry as a branch of medicine might cause needless demoralization. But dentistry will become the equivalent of an oral specialty in the practice of medicine. Dentists are tending to develop into sanitarians and oral physicians as well as engineers and surgeons. Yet the mechanical and æsthetic demands are so great that the profession is almost certain to remain separate.

But closer coöperation can and is being had between medical and dental schools. At one time many of the dental schools were proprietary, but there is a marked tendency for them to become ever larger and more important units in the great state or endowed universities.

The Carnegie Foundation, the Dental Educational Council and other organizations have a fine record of accomplishment in raising the standards of dental education. But the basic need is comprehensive and penetrating research in the biology of the subject. The refinement of materials used and the invention of useful devices have shown great advances, but there has not been as great a corresponding research leading to discoveries for the prevention of dental and oral maladies.

The universities are greatly in need of permanent funds for dental research. For the most part the dental schools lack endowments, and in some cases are obliged to keep the quality of their work to the level of their income from fees. Millions of people, perhaps most of the population, are directly affected in health and happiness by the relative lack of fundamental research in this field. Here, certainly, is an object that should commend itself to those who have been fortunate in amassing wealth.

The New War Debts

MUCH of the favorable attention attracted by the Hon. Theodore E. Burton's public utterances in regard to the equity of the several war-debt settlements is due to his gift for using big figures so as not to confuse, but to clarify and enlighten. His skill in this respect is the more striking because so many quoters of statistics employ them with contrary effect.

Mr. Burton, as a member of the World War Foreign Debt Commission, has had occasion to make a thorough study of the whole debt situation. This implies not only a minute examination of the debts themselves, and of every feasible project for extinguishing them, but a close-up scrutiny of the economic balance sheets of all the nations involved. In this way, and in this way only, is it possible to get the complete picture—a picture in which all the elements appear in the same scale and in proper relative proportion.

To illustrate how Mr. Burton's comparisons work out, let us consider the case of Czecho-Slovakia. At first sight her annual payments of three million dollars might seem burdensome, for her total population is twelve million. Theoretically every inhabitant must send us twenty-five cents a year; but this obligation is overshadowed by the per capita cost of maintaining an army of 150,000, which mounts up to over four dollars a head, not to mention the taxation required to support the civil establishment of the government. During the next eighteen years Czecho-Slovakia is scheduled to pay us a total only a little in excess of her military expenditure for one year.

Equally significant ratios are revealed when we delve into the ledgers of the larger nations. Great Britain is settling at an annual rate of about four and one-tenth per cent of her revenue. In the case of Italy, six-tenths of one per cent of her annual revenue meets the requirements of the situation; and France would find rather less than one per cent of her yearly expenses would enable her to do all that is asked of her in the near future.

The following quotation from a recent speech by Mr. Burton hits the nail on the head:

"If Europe comes to its own, it must be through an abatement of the crushing burden of military expenses and by doing away with that suspicion and distrust which now make them watch each other. Let us take the case of France. The appropriations for the latest year for which there are statistics were 5,169,000,000 francs, or, according to present rates of exchange, about $200,000,000. Put that over against the $30,000,000 that they are paying to us. Give them credit for this; their expenses for military purposes are less than they were before the war. And the same is true of Italy. Great Britain, on the other hand, has military expenses aggregating $582,000,000, about three and one-half times what they are paying to us, although their payments are by far the largest. The increase in military expenses in England over prewar times is about $200,000,000 more than they are annually paying us."

Considered by themselves, the payments of all the debtor nations may seem to be of heroic or even of colossal stature; but the moment they are set over against the incomes from which they are derived they shrink to their proper proportions. Comparison with military expenses likewise dwarfs them.

Amateur Criminals

AT A TIME when society is seeking with renewed and determined energy to protect itself against banditry and other depredations of the hardened criminal it may seem immaterial to refer to the running social sore of the souvenir hunter. Men and women who carry towels away from hotels and silver spoons from restaurants or even from private entertainments are depressingly numerous. The practice is expensive for hotels, railroads and other utilities, and its wide extent and the relative acquiescence which it receives indicate a menacing flaw in public morals.

Perhaps the statements on this point issued from time to time by managers of places of public resort should be taken with a grain of salt. Whatever one's profession or vocation, public sympathy is always welcome. If guests become thoroughly imbued with the idea that hotels suffer really serious losses from petty general thievery, there may be less complaint over bills. Business always seeks to reimburse itself for loss.

Yet in the main the statements of responsible hotel men must be credited, although it seems beyond belief that, as stated, a single large city hotel has lost through theft as many as twenty thousand towels in a year. We do know that guests take not only towels but bed linen, blankets, pin cushions, clocks, pictures, lamps, lamp shades and many other objects.

It is the most commonplace observation that losses frequently occur at large social gatherings, such as balls and wedding receptions, which cannot be ascribed either to uninvited guests or to servants. When really serious thefts take place and the police are called in to search everybody, suspicion often turns to really innocent persons because of their possession of small silver or linen belonging to the host or hostess. The police have an unpleasant but necessary manner of questioning the larger morals of persons guilty of petty indiscretions.

There are hotels which place upon movable objects unremovable labels reading: Stolen from the Hotel Blank. But the honest guest does not enjoy having thrown at him the fact that a minority, small but annoyingly substantial, of his fellow travelers are thieves. It is extremely difficult to prevent the operations of the horde of amateur criminals, and the rare cases of detection are not worth prosecution.

The problem obviously is to build up moral fiber or muscle in the individual; it is flabby in too many instances. Surely there is no use in talking about business ethics or in drawing up impressive codes of conduct for whole professions and industries as long as hotels suffer losses running far into the thousands from theft on the part of guests who merely, in order to pay the charges, must be persons in at least the middle walks of life. Parents, schools, churches, Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts, service clubs, newspapers—every civic organization—must hammer away at the fact that life is dross unless there is moral backbone. A keen conscience in the individual is the only bulwark that any society can have against disintegration and chaos.

SAFETY IN THE AIR

By Harry F. Guggenheim

TRAVEL by air under proper conditions can be as safe today as transportation in any other known form of land or sea conveyance. Proper conditions for the maximum of safety require, in addition to best modern aircraft, trained operating personnel, organized airways and airports, and adequate weather and communication services. With such facilities, types of aircraft are now available which I believe would show a lower percentage of risk in actual experience than travel by automobile.

To avoid any addition to the widespread confusion about the problems of aerial navigation, I make these statements as a preliminary to the assertion that safety is the primary need of commercial aviation. To say that travel in the air may be relatively less dangerous than travel on land or sea, and in the same breath that more safety is aviation's greatest need, may appear to be mere playing with paradox. Yet the fact is that no conflict exists between these two views except that created by the confusion of aims and ideas in the public and professional mind which has marked the whole course of our progress in the air since the war.

The failure to discuss safety is the immediate cause of this confusion, and has had an effect wholly the opposite of that which was expected. Regardless of the statistics of mileage flown without accident over certain organized lines with which one is deluged whenever the subject of safety in the air is mentioned, the progress of commercial aviation has been delayed by the average man's fear of the dangers involved. He is quite willing to marvel at the statistics, but in his own traveling his selection of a vehicle is guided by what he reads on the front page of his newspaper, and by what he sees. At present the publicity is divided in varying ratios between spectacular exploits, such as the making of new altitude, endurance and speed records, and the casualties men always have been willing to pay as the price of their pioneering.

It is evident that one disastrous crash in which two national heroes lose their lives has more effect on the public mind than a million miles of safe commercial flying which is more or less nationally invisible. The average citizen, in other words, draws no distinction between prestige flying and commercial aviation. But the confusion is not confined to the layman. Having tabooed the subject of safety, the professional whose aim it is to create a public demand for commercial aviation is caught up in a vicious circle of record making. In the hope of overcoming prejudice against the airplane which results from the numerous crashes of flyers, he must set its goal even further beyond the known safety limit and take greater chances. Every commercial manufacturer, designer and pilot knows that disaster is almost a mathematical certainty under this procedure.

In fairness it should be said that an abnormal economic situation, created by the war, was responsible for the beginning of this process. In spite of the progress made under war pressure in the development of the airplane, it is conceivable that if there had been no war, commercial aviation might be much further advanced today. A fact well known to most aviators is that the first successful Wright plane had some flying characteristics making for greater safety than those found in many types now being flown. From that beginning aviation was following a course parallel to that taken by other forms of transportation—steamships, railroads and motor cars—until the war started. The period of hazardous pioneering was ending, and men were attempting to work out the economic value of the airplane.

The analogy between air and rail transportation development is strikingly illustrated in a recent report of Sir Samuel Hoare. He quotes from a newspaper of 1845 the statement that "the largest item in railway returns bids fair to be the list of killed." This had to be disproved before the railways could create a demand for their services. Even now it is necessary to emphasize the point, and safety is still a railroad watchword. So also with the motor car. Most of us can remember when its main appeal for public support was speed, and nearly every manufacturer maintained a well-equipped and expensive racing

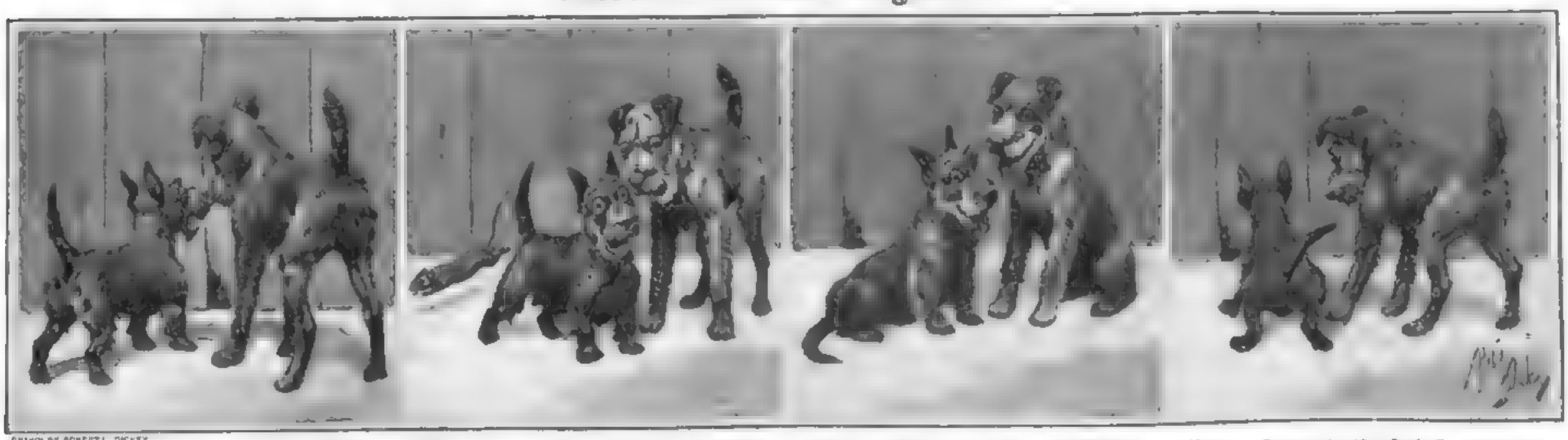
Continued on Page 160

WHAT'S YOUR FANCY FOR 1928?
IS PROHIBITION AN ISSUE?
FOREIGN DEBTS?
HOW ABOUT AL SMITH?
WHAT DO YOU THINK OF A THIRD TERM?
MR. PUBLIC

ASK ME ANOTHER!

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

McNab and His Neighbors



DRAWN BY ROBERT L. DICKEY

"I Tell Ye I Discovered That Rat Hole, Mike, an' No Irishman is Big Enough to Catch That Rat While I'm Alive"

"An' Listen to Me, McNab, I'd Take That Rat if Yer Whole Scotch Clan Was Looking On"

"Wait, Mickey! I Hae a Brilliant Idea. We'll Compromise —"

"If He Comes to the Left I Take Him, an' if He Goes to the Right He's Yours"

The July Meteors

ONCE science held that shooting stars
Were butts of heavenly cigars
Or cigarettes which, still aglow,
Were tossed by Martians down below;
Or else that they were fireflies
Among the meadows of the skies.
But now we know
That such phenomena are rockets
Produced from small-boy-angels' pockets
With Catherine wheels and Roman candles;
That matches scratched on cherub sandals
Set off these grand illuminations
For patriotic celebrations;
And that is why
They always happen in July.

—*Arthur Guiterman.*

The Village Cut-Up

WELL, sir, you just naturally can't get ahead of Jasper—Cute—Ishom-trigger. Ask him where he's going and he'll say: "That's for me to know and you to find out," or else he'll answer: "If I told you, you'd know as much as I do."

The other day Joe Sprunk was driving by in his automobile and Jasper yelled at him: "Hey there, mister, your wheels is turnin'." He's just like that all the time—quick as a flash. He called little Horace Springle back to where he was sitting in front of the Eagle Garage, and says: "If you hadn't of come back, Horace, how far would you of been by this time?" When Horace tried to get smart with him he says: "Oh, go pin back your ears," and you'd ought to heard the crowd laugh.

Somebody wanted Jasper to hand him something or other, and before you could say scat, Jasper up and says: "Who was your servant this time last year?"

Whenever you ask Jasper how he's feeling he doesn't answer like other folks. He says something bright, like: "Never felt better or had less," or: "I'm feelin' as fine as pulverized frog hair; how are you skimmin' up?" Another good one he gets off is: "How is your copporosity segashiating this fine, hot, cold, warm morning this evening?" If he thinks anything is right nice he says: "That surely is delicatessen."

Newt Johnson was trying to be a little gay in front of the garage one evening when Jasper put a stop to it. He asked Newt: "What would you take for yourself if you was right fat?" Newt sort

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The Man Who Spent Only Forty-five Dollars at the Night Club

The Christening of the Son of the Man Who Named the Pullman Cars

Bookworm: "What Luck! I Was Afraid it Was Only Canned Goods"

Slow-cooked beans

~taste so good ~digest so easily

It is only natural that the big demand is for slow-cooked beans—Campbell's. For such long, slow cooking is thorough. It cooks the beans through and through. The heat lingers in every fine particle—goes to the very heart of the bean—makes it tender and delicious and digestible.

All the rich meatiness and flavor of the bean are enjoyed to the full. Campbell's famous tomato sauce adds the zest and sparkle of red-ripe tomatoes, blended according to our exclusive recipe.

Here are both delight and satisfaction for your appetite—just the tempting, wholesome kind of beans you will insist on having every time.

Take Campbell's Beans along on your outings. Hearty, substantial food, already cooked. How good they taste when the open air has given you a real hunger!

Serve hot
Serve cold

12 cents a can

Except in Rocky Mountain States and in Canada

Campbells' BEANS

SLOW-COOKED DIGESTIBLE

CROOKED

By MAXIMILIAN FOSTER

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

"I'm on My Way, You Can Bet! It's No Place for Small Children"

XXIII

SHALL the champagne be served with the fish, madam?" It was the butler who spoke. Charley Maddox should have attended to this; but as he had yet to come in, Bertha perforce had been called on to settle questions her husband should have been there to settle.

Annoyedly she shook her head. "Serve the white wine with the fish, Hixon. Bring on the champagne with the saddle of lamb."

"Very good, madam," replied the man.

He was supplied by the management. She had thought, too, of having a second man at the door to take the men's coats and hats and direct the women to her bedroom, where they were to lay off their wraps. On second thought, though, a second man had seemed ostentatious. She would wait a bit for that, and as she glanced at the clock, wondering with new irritability why Charley Maddox was late, the telephone in the hallway rang.

"Answer it, Hixon," she directed.

The butler went to the telephone. One of the long-stemmed roses in a vase had slipped somewhat out of place, and Bertha walked across the room to readjust it. Weren't they exquisite, the flowers! "What name, please?" the butler was saying into the telephone. She had stepped away to admire the flowers anew, when the man put down the telephone and came to the door. "A Mrs. Harnett wishes to speak with you, madam, please."

Mrs. Harnett? She had not seen Minnie for days—it might be called weeks. She was tempted to have the man say she was out. Perhaps the butler saw her indecision, for he added, "She says it is important, madam."

Bertha went to the telephone. "Yes? What is it?" she asked coldly.

It would have been curious to watch her. Her indolence, the indifference she felt for Minnie Harnett was of brief duration. The wire snapped and crackled momentarily; and as Minnie's voice came hastily through the instrument it was as if an obliterating, iconoclastic hand had reached itself through the thin filament of wire and snatched the solid earth out from beneath Bertha's feet. "What?" she said. One might rather express it, though, in capitals: "WHAT?"

The room swayed for an instant. It seemed in the same instant as if the world, too, was going round and round. "It's like I tell you," came Minnie Harnett's galloping voice. "I'm on my way, you can bet! It's no place for small children, if you get what I mean, and I'm off tonight. Sophie, too, is lighting out; and you take my tip, you'd better make yourself scarce besides!"

Bertha smothered a moan.

"Beg pardon, madam?" inquired Hixon.

The butler stooped to pick up the receiver her fumbling hands had let slip from the hook. She did not reply to the man. How she got down the hall and into her bedroom she never knew. There was a moment after that when all reality and the knowledge of where she was or what had happened went from her as if a film had been drawn between her and life; and when she came out of that descent she had made far down into the realms of dark nothingness, she found herself seated on the edge of her bed.

"Oh, my God!" she whispered to herself.

There was a knock at the door. "Mr. and Mrs. Howlands," announced the butler.

She strove to rise but couldn't. Nor could she summon voice enough to reply. Again Hixon knocked. "Mr. and Mrs. Howlands, madam," he repeated, and her throat contracted, a sound more a croak than a voice emerging from it. "Very well—yes," was what she said, or tried to say; and her jaw fallen, her rolling eyes fastened on the now sickly, pinkish hue of the wall hangings, she listened to the sound of the man's footfalls retreating along the passage.

How could she face those people—strangers? How? How? She was still debating it when she heard the butler's footsteps sound again in the hall. They were like sledge strokes in the implacable monotony of their beat, each footfall echoing the drumming in her brain.

"Mrs. Beals, madam," announced Hixon.

Bertha made some mumbled reply. At the reply the butler methodically retreated; and clinging to the edge of the bed, she heaved herself to her feet. She knew, however, she never, never could go out and face those people; and she was staring haggardly and agonizedly at herself in the long pier glass set ingeniously in the wall when again, a third time, she heard the footfalls sounding in the hall. In their slow, steady tread and shuffle they were like the beat of pallbearer's feet, and she could have screamed.

"Mr. Fargo, madam."

Clinging to a chair, Bertha managed to lurch as far as the door and open it. "Hixon, wait." She made a movement with her hand. "Mr. Fargo—that gentleman. Bring him in here."

"Very good, madam."

He had turned away and Bertha was still clinging to the door, when down the hall Mrs. Beals appeared abruptly. "Hullo, my dear!" cried Mrs. Beals. Laughing and light, she waved Bertha a greeting. "Want any help with your dress, dearest? I wondered why you delayed coming out." Then she seemed to catch the look on Bertha's face. "I say! What's up?" cried Mrs. Beals.

Bertha gazed at her mutely. Mrs. Beals' look at the moment was alert, sharp, ferretlike. There was an aspect, too, about her as if Mrs. Beals licked her lips in anticipation. Bertha, however, made no reply to her, nor had she a chance to make one. At that instant Fargo's stalwart figure loomed into view along the hall.

As Mrs. Beals saw him, for an instant she seemed abashed. "Oh, how-de-do? Mr. Fargo, isn't it?" she said confusedly. Fargo frowned. After a stare at Mrs. Beals he made an abrupt movement with his head. It was a gesture of dismissal, curt and brusque; yet Mrs. Beals lingered momentarily. "What?" she said.

"I said get out," Fargo said bluntly.

"Oh!" Recovering herself, Mrs. Beals smiled insolently. "Giving orders here, are you?"

Fargo again jerked his head significantly. As he did so he also snapped his fingers impatiently, and this time Mrs. Beals departed. "Good-by, Bubbles!" she mocked derisively over her shoulder to Bertha.

"Jim! Jim!" Bertha wailed.

"Hush!" he said.

She looked up at him, her tears for the first time streaking down her face. "What shall I do? I can't go out there! I can't face those people!"

"You don't have to," replied Fargo. He gave a grunt. "They've gone. That woman said something to them and they lit out."

"Oh, my God!" said Bertha again. She put her face in her hands and rocked to and fro. "Did she tell you too?

Do you know, Jim? Everything's gone—lost. The firm's failed—my husband's. It's in the hands of a receiver, and—and that isn't all, Jim."

"Yes, I know," nodded Fargo.

Bertha gave another wail. "But you don't know! You haven't heard it all! They have arrested my husband—they have put him in jail!"

"Yes," said Fargo; "and if they can catch them, that's where they're going to put Harnett and Gershon too." He stood there with his hands in his pockets, looking down at Bertha. "It's pretty bad, my dear. All of it's rotten, a nasty mess, if you should ask me; but you needn't let yourself worry too much over what that precious husband of yours and those two other blackguards, his partners, have done. The France sails Saturday—that's day after tomorrow—and I know someone connected with the line. They'll fix you up with a cabin to yourself and I'll see, too, that you're made comfortable aboard."

"I?" Bertha gave a gasp.

"You're going to Paris," said Fargo.

She had stopped rocking to and fro. She was gaping at him, amazed. "I?—Paris? What for, Jim?"

"For a divorce," replied Fargo. Then he grinned. "When you get the divorce you're going to marry me."

She still was gaping at him, transfixed, when for a final time, the fourth, she heard the slow, funereal footsteps of the butler in the hall. As he reached the door, though it was open, Hixon rapped.

"Dinner is served, madam," said Hixon.

XXIV

PARIS—and then? Ten o'clock had struck, and it seemed only a few swift minutes later when Bertha heard the tall Peregrine White timepiece standing in the hall solemnly chime eleven. Fargo had gone. She still was seated in her bedroom. She had not even removed the frail black chiffon and Chantilly dinner dress she had put on hours before.

Fargo had told her all. He seemed, in fact, to have at his finger ends all the story of what had been going on downtown in the firm of Harnett, Gershon & Co. The bonds they had been selling far and wide were next to worthless—not more than fifty cents on the dollar, if that. That, too, was the least of it. They might get off free so far as the bonds were concerned—no fraud, perhaps, could be proved there; but with the fever for money, easy money, in their blood, the three had overreached themselves. They had sold stock, too, to their dupes; and the stock was palpably and unmistakably worthless. "Blue-sky stuff, green goods," said Fargo.

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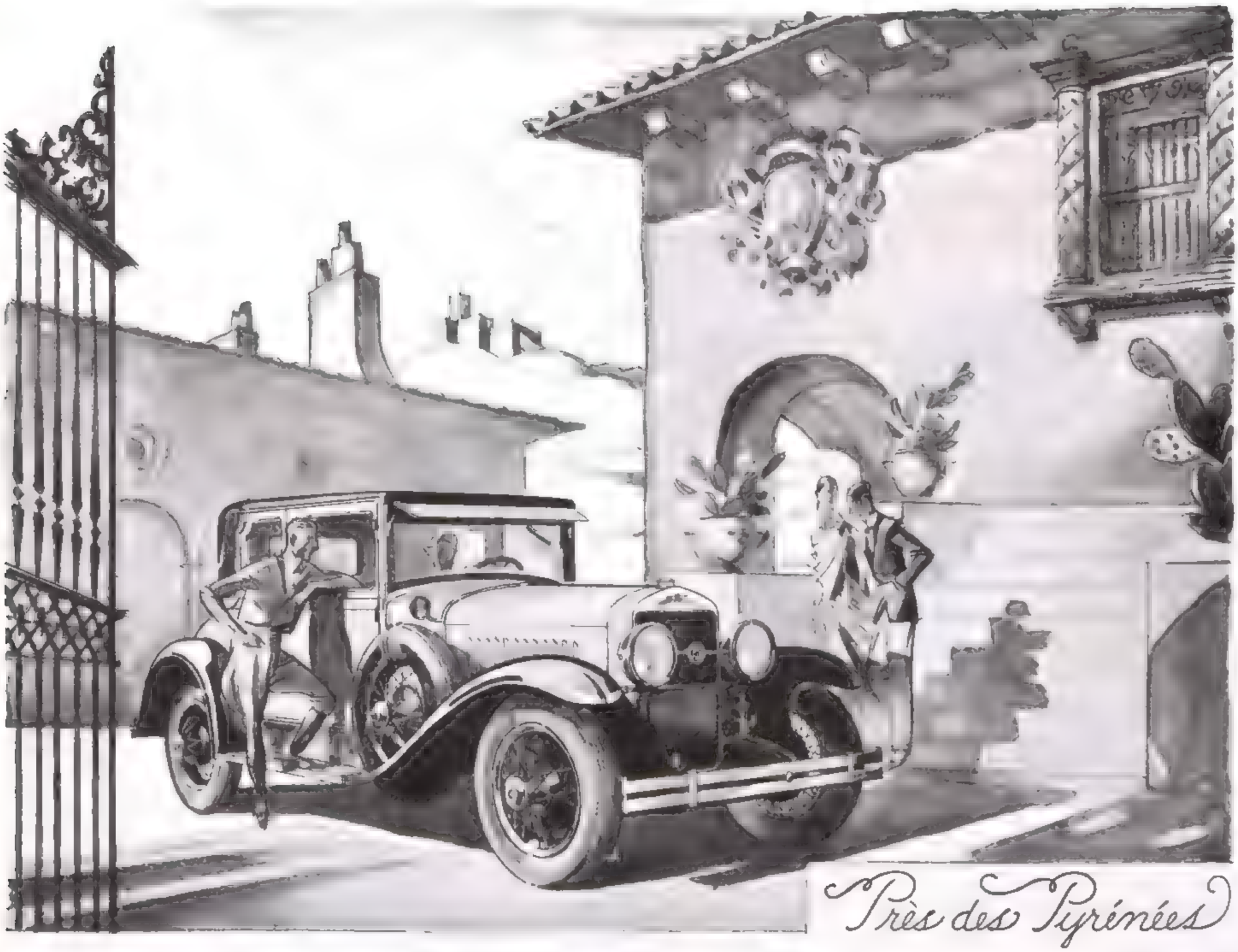

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"And my husband—Charley—he knew that?" gasped Bertha.

Fargo grinned dryly. "What do you suppose?"

His talk with Bertha was explicit. In it one got a glint of the unwavering, indomitable determination and directness that had made the man what he was. Bertha's faltering protests were thrust aside. It was no time to palter or to hesitate. "You've got to look things in the face, my girl. If you hang around here while this is going on, no matter how high you hold your head or try to face down the storm, you'll be tarred with the same brush as that man, your husband. I know people, and I know how they talk. The longer you delay, the worse it will be!"

"But Saturday—so soon?" she quavered. "How can I get ready?"

"You've got to, Bertha."

"You mean I mustn't even see him?"

"What good will that do? You're through with him, and you've got to chuck him—chuck him now. It's the one way you can show the world you've wiped your hands of the fellow."

She felt her heart throb dismally. "It seems so brutal, so sudden, Jim."

Fargo shrugged. "Brutal or not, it's got to be done. He didn't think of you, did he? Did he think, either, of the people out of whom he swindled that money? To be blunt, Bertha, unless you kick him out the way I say you must, I'll tell you what people will say: As innocent and guiltless as you may be, people will ask with whom he shared that money. You'll have it pinned on you sure as shooting!"

"I?" She cringed at the suggestion.

"You," said Fargo.

He thrust his hands into his pockets. She could hear him jingle the money he had in them. "I can't have that, you see," said Fargo deliberately; "I have to think a little of my position. I'm pretty powerful, of course, and people don't talk about me—they don't dare; but as it is, with that fellow, your husband, in the background, I'll be taking a chance."

"In marrying me?" she faltered.

"In marrying you, Bertha."

It was a new thought. She grew white again. So her husband had thrust this ignominy on her, too, had he?

"Well?" inquired Fargo.

"All right, I'll do what you say," she answered.

"That's a sensible girl," said Fargo.

He walked toward her leisurely. She still was seated, her hands limp in her lap, her head drooping, and he put a hand beneath her chin and raised her face. He bent toward her then. "Look up, Bertha—kiss me," said Fargo.

The room for a moment swam about her again. She did not kiss him however.

"No, no!" she whispered, and she shook a little. "Not now! I can't!"

Fargo's hand dropped from her face. She heard him laugh. "I thought you were a woman who knew her own mind," he remarked.

She was. She knew her mind knew it thoroughly. It was her latent, instinctive loyalty, though, the fealty a woman has for the man to whom she is married—some women, anyway—that prevented her from holding her lips to Fargo's. She could not—not yet. She couldn't, even if the man to whom she still was married had tricked, betrayed, then very nearly wrecked her.

But Fargo made no issue of her refusal. "See you tomorrow, Bertha," he said.

"Good night, Jim," she answered hollowly.

She still was sitting there, her hands linked together in her lap, when she heard the door close behind him. Fargo was gone.

He was gone; and it seemed to her, as she went on peering at the pattern of the Daghestan on the floor, that all the weight of the night and its significance of silence crowded down to engulf her in solitude. She was frightened. She never had felt herself so alone. Why, too, had she been such a fool and so priggish? Why had she let Fargo go like that? She was to marry him, wasn't she? And what if, because of her absurd mawkishness, she had roused him to resentment? She must be more careful hereafter. She must not again take chances like that. She——

It was the opening of the door that roused her. With a gasp, she scrambled to her feet.

"You!" she cried.

"I," said Charley Maddox.

It indeed was Charley. He stood there, staring at her fixedly. She caught her breath again. Charley still had on his hat and coat. She had not heard his key in the latch, nor had she been conscious that he had come in until she saw him shamble in at the bedroom door. Charley's face was pasty. Lines ran from the corners of his mouth and his eyes were deep-set, hollow. They were shifty, too, rambling all over the room as if fearful of meeting hers; and Bertha drew herself up, her hands clenched at her sides.

"What are you doing here?" she demanded.

Charley had begun to take off his overcoat. As she spoke he stopped. "Me? I got bailed out," he replied.

Bertha's breast was heaving beneath the lace and chiffon of her dress. She drew back her head, her hands still clenched at her sides. She did not raise her voice when she spoke. "You thief!" she said.

"Thief?" Charley's eyes still were fixed on her. They flickered momentarily.

"You heard me!" she returned. Then, to her astonishment, she saw him smile. He smiled, the smile twisted and grave. She had, of course, expected some sort of outburst from him—pleas, wild excuses, regrets; Charley, however, only smiled in that same grave, dry way; then he shrugged his shoulders. "So that's it, is it?" he remarked.

For a moment Bertha was incapable of speech. Her scorn and anger were like ice. The stress of it made her rigid. Meanwhile her husband's eyes, roving anew over the room, had fixed themselves errantly on the ash tray lying on the bureau. "Been having callers?" inquired Charley, his tone almost jocular.

Mixed in with the fag ends of cigarettes and their ashes was the stub of a cigar. The cigar, it happened, was Fargo's; and for an instant Bertha's scorn and indignation lost their pose of icy rigidity. But almost as instantly she recovered herself.

"Yes, I had a caller," she answered deliberately; "Mr. Fargo has just left."

"Fargo?" inquired Charley Maddox.

"James Fargo," she replied.

Charley looked at her for a moment. "You invited him here?"

"Naturally."

"Why?"

"For a good reason. I knew about your other duplicity, and I meant to let you see I knew it."

For a moment he looked puzzled. "What other duplicity, Bertha?"

She smiled contemptuously. "I knew that day, that Sunday, where you had gone. I found a letter in your pocket disclosing your vulgar intrigue with that girl. Not that I was astonished though. It was to be expected of a man crooked in every other particular. You'd have, of course—a girl."

Charley Maddox flinched. The look of bewilderment, however, did not quite leave his face.

"By any chance," he inquired slowly, "do you mean Fanny Harcourt?"

Bertha smiled again, though inwardly she was far from smiling. "You answer your own question," she returned.

He flinched again. She saw she had hit fire there. All at once his face gleamed with moisture. He slowly walked a step or so toward her, then he stopped. "Look here, Bertha," Charley said painfully, "I'll tell you, if you'll listen, why I went out there that Sunday to see Fanny. She was desperate. She didn't love Fargo—she was going to marry him. It was for his money she was doing it—you understand that, don't you? When it came to the pinch, though, Fanny couldn't go through with it, so she sent for me. For me—oh, my God!" said Charley. "I and what I had on my soul!" Shaking, he drew a hand across his wet forehead. "That was all—just that," he added.

Bertha waited till he finished. "Tell me," she said, "just how much is it you have stolen?"

Charley looked at her, his mouth agape. "Oh, my soul!" he said. The words seemed to be torn from him.

"We'd better get down to facts," Bertha said quietly; "you gave that man Baronov one hundred and forty thousand dollars, didn't you?"

"Well?" Charley inquired. Again he was bewildered, puzzled.

"Was that hush money?" Bertha asked.

"What!" he exclaimed.

Bertha's air didn't alter. She was merely quiet, contemptuous. "You passed a bad check once on Baronov, didn't you? It was one for a thousand dollars."

Again he looked as if she had struck him. "So you know about that, too, do you?" he answered.

"I know everything," replied Bertha, her tone still even; "you gave him that thousand-dollar check to clinch the deal you made, the

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Then, a Long While Afterward—Hours, Years, an Eternity—She Heard Him Speak Again

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Save time and work and energy. Use **Sunbrite,** the double action cleanser, and have your kitchen and bathroom doubly clean!

Swift & Company

(Continued from Page 34)

sale of his property. You cheated your employers, too, in doing it—Hodge & Peters. That is nothing though. The check you gave Baronov was worthless, and I suppose he found you out."

Charley nodded slowly. "Yes, he found me out," said Charley doggedly, and Bertha felt a flash of triumph at the admission.

"Yes, he found you out! Afterward he blackmailed you!"

A groan came from Charley Maddox. "Bertha, Bertha!" she heard him say. To her, though, it made no appeal.

"Well, he did blackmail you, didn't he?" she repeated; and Charley Maddox feverishly wetted his lips.

"No, he didn't blackmail me. He knew nothing about that money I got afterward. The time I gave him that first check, the one for a thousand dollars, Baronov took pity on me when he learned the check was worthless. I told him what I was up against. He saw, too, when I told him, the hell I was in. Because of it he let the deal go through—paid me my sixteen-thousand-dollar commission; and that's why, when that dog Harnett got into him on a fake realty deal for one hundred and forty thousand dollars, a swindle, I made good out of my own pocket what Baronov had lost."

"So?"

"Yes, Bertha. It was to help save my soul that I did it—to lighten the hell my mind was in. Baronov had been white to me."

"And you expect me to believe that?" inquired Bertha.

Charley started again. "You mean you don't, Bertha?"

Bertha laughed outright. "Say," she said, "what sort of a fool do you take me for?" Her laugh was short though. It gave way to a sudden burst of indignation. "Bosh! What you did is clear enough; you can't hoodwink me. You gave Baronov the money to hide for you—to tuck away. Oh, don't talk to me!" exclaimed Bertha, her scorn flaming now. "You can't lie and cheat any longer, Charley Maddox. You've been found out—all, everything about you! I even know why you lied and stole and cheated to lay up that money, hiding it from me, your wife. It was so you could run away when the time came and leave me to face the music!"

Somehow, though, sure as she was of it, Charley did not wither. Slowly he shook his head. "No," said Charley, "that was not the reason."

"Wasn't it?" She laughed again.

"No, Bertha."

Bertha made another gesture of scorn. "If not, then why did you hide from me that you had that money?"

Charley's face was painful. "You really wish to know the reason?"

"Why you hid it?"

"Yes."

"Had you any other reason?"

"It was this, Bertha: If you want to know, I was trying to save it for you. I was saving it from you so that I'd have it for you. I knew what would happen if you got it in your hands."

"What?" Her voice leaped as she said it. Did he mean to insinuate that she would have squandered it? It was insulting enough if the money had been honest money. But stolen money—a thief's booty! That she had been forced to live on it was sufficient shame!

"Forced?" inquired Charley.

"Yes, forced! I knew about your crookedness. I guessed it long ago. You have been a thief for months!"

"And you knew?"

"Certainly I knew." She looked at him, her lip curled. "Do you think me a fool?"

To her wonder, she heard him gasp. A look akin almost to horror came into Charley's eyes. "You knew—knew, and yet you lived with me?" he breathed.

Though she felt vaguely that even deeper waters imperiled now, in her scorn she made no effort to check the answer that leaped so readily to her lips. "Oh, yes; but I loved you then," said Bertha.

"And you don't love me now?" asked Charley.

Bertha's lip curled itself anew. "Would you expect me to love a thief?" she asked; and again she saw Charley Maddox wring to his lips the tortured effigy of a smile.

"And if I am a thief who made me one?" asked Charley.

There was a pause. Indignation choked Bertha. She saw, and was breathless because of it, the implication in his words. The room for an instant wheeled about her in a dizzy giddy-go-round; and she was still fumbling fiercely for the words that would scarify and wither him when she heard him speak again. "Yes—who drove me to it, Bertha? I'm all you say—a thief, no doubt of that; and worse, perhaps, than even you imagine. And though, too, I am weak, rotten—despicable even—to have given in, I ask you now who nagged and taunted and frenzied me into doing what I have done? I had to get money, didn't I? And didn't you tell me if I didn't you would leave me? Good Lord!" said Charley thickly. "I loved you or I never would have done it. I did it for you, and you made me do it. You did, didn't you?"

She? All at once Bertha found her voice. "Leave this house!" she ordered.

"What?" he exclaimed.

She pointed toward the door. "Go! You hear?"

Charley stared, his mouth drooping. "You mean now—tonight?"

"This instant! Get out—go! And don't you come back!"

All at once Bertha saw his look change. She still was white, white to the lips. She felt her heart leap, the blood surging thickly in her veins. Never had anger, wrath, shaken her as she was shaken now. To add to it was that altered look she saw creep up into the face of the man who had just flung that final insult at her. He was smiling, she saw. The smile, too, was quizzical, almost amused.

Then Charley Maddox spoke. "I'll go, all right," said Charley slowly; "but if I were you, Bertha, I wouldn't be in too much of a hurry. I've something else to say, and you'd better listen to it. You hear?"

She didn't care to listen. She had heard enough. The infamous suggestion—no, that open accusation he had made had finished all. It was the last straw. "Do you hear? Go!" she repeated thickly; but instead of going, Charley Maddox put his hands into his pockets; then he seated himself leisurely on a chair, his legs outspread.

"Bertha," said Charley, both his grin and his tone grotesque, "that hundred and forty thousand dollars I gave to Baronov wasn't all I had. It was quite a lot, of course—a pile; but it didn't clean me out. No. The fact is," Charley added laconically, "besides that hundred and forty thousand I gave Baronov I have one hundred and seventy-eight thousand extra in the bank. Do you get it?—one hundred and seventy-eight thousand dollars!"

Bertha gaped. She had reason to gape. Her breath whistled in her throat, expelled in a sudden gasp. One hundred and seventy-eight thousand dollars!

"Yeah!" said Charley laconically.

The amount—that and the casual way he named it—for an instant struck her dumb. She could not believe it was so. She could not dream, in fact, that in the limited time that had gone by, his stealings could have amounted to such a figure. Charley grinned more widely. "Not stealings, Bertha. I've been a thief, as you say, crooked as they make 'em; but all this is honest money, straight goods. I made it fair and square."

But by now Bertha had caught control of herself. She laughed, her derision clear. "You expect me to believe that!"

Charley grinned again. Then slowly, almost wearedly, he shook his head. "Why, no, Bertha; I expect you to believe nothing. It's just this, though—that I've been playing the market, the stock market. And boob, sucker that I am, I managed somehow to ring the bell. That's how I got the money."

Bertha again caught her breath. She still was incredulous; yet it was a time, she saw, to be cautious.

"You're not lying? You have the money, Charley? You really made it?"

"Yes. Honest Injun," answered Charley; and he added, "I have the checks for the amount in my pocket, each check certified."

It was no lie. There were two checks, each for eighty-nine thousand dollars; and he took the checks from his pocket and showed them to her.

XXV

WHAT a night, what a climax! It was yet to reach the crucial climax though. They had still greater heights to climb, vaster depths to plumb; and as Charley Maddox held up the checks for her to see she had reached out her hand to take them, when he raised his hand.

"Just a moment, please," said Charley gravely.

Methodically he folded the checks and replaced them in his pocketbook. As methodically he put the pocketbook in his pocket. Bertha watched him narrowly while he did it. On Charley's face was a look she never had seen on it before. He seemed aged, incredibly older. There was about his jaw and eyes an aspect of mature gravity and decision—firm, hard, resolute—new to the woman who had thought she knew him. He still had taken off neither his hat nor his coat, and beneath his hat brim his eyes gleamed. She did not like the look somehow. She went on watching him.

She had not dreamed of an occasion anything like this. The surprise of it was catastrophic. Her brain seethed with the thoughts that scurried helter-skelter through it. One hundred and seventy-eight thousand dollars! The France would sail on Saturday and she could sail with it; but for the moment her mind had been obliterated of any thought of the France or of what its sailing might involve for her. The amount—the checks he had shown to her—was somehow in its gross bulk disconcerting. She never had seen so much money. It destroyed one's equilibrium. It effaced, for one thing, all her decisions made earlier that night, and put her back to zero, the point where she had begun. How much money Fargo had she didn't know. Probably it was far more than this. Fargo probably was a millionaire; but at the same time she realized acutely what marriage with Fargo meant. Fargo would be boss. Fargo would not let her run free, doing what she willed. With Charley Maddox, though—with Charley and that money, why ——

"Oh, yes; but you know," said Charley, his voice drawling, "it's quite a little money, of course; but the money's not altogether ours—no, not just yet."

Bertha started as if she had been stung. Not theirs? What did he mean? Had this been stolen too?

Charley shook his head. "No, not stolen. I told you I made it, didn't I?" iterated Charley. He had too.

One hears most, of course, of the boobs and suckers Wall Street trims. Here, however, was the other side of the story—the tale, for a contrast, of one boob who had happened to guess right. "Yeah," drawled Charley, "I made a killing—Lord knows how. It was in a lot of things—only that isn't it. The point is: What about the other boobs, the ones Harnett, Gershon & Co. rooked out of their stocking money? Yes, what about them?"

"They?"

"Yes, Bertha."

Well, what about them? What had they to do with it?

"It's like this," said Charley slowly: "It figures out, as I make it—I've gone over the books, you know—that what we took away from the boobs who bought our bonds and stocks is quite a little money. What we stole, you know—that's what you said, wasn't it?"

Yes, that was what she had said—stolen. "Go on," directed Bertha, and for a moment he plucked his chin reflectively.

"It's this way, Bertha: What we've stolen is quite a little—quite; though, of course, we still might be able to get away with it. It's true, I've been arrested. They did that, I suppose, because they thought I might light out, run away like Harnett and Gershon, only that's nothing. I'm not indicted yet; and even if I am, that's not saying I can't get some slick criminal lawyer to work me free. Mind, I'm not saying I can; I only say maybe, Bertha. I as much as stole this money; and, as you say, I'm a thief; but as I've said, too, that's not just the point. It's this money, the checks for one hundred seventy-eight thousand dollars I've shown you. If I'm tried, and if I manage to get off, I won't have to pay those suckers a cent. You see it, don't you?" he inquired.

Bertha didn't. As yet it seemed involved. However, she tried to get it clear. Did he mean that the hundred and seventy-eight thousand dollars would cover what he had stolen?

Charley smiled again. "More than that, Bertha. It will cover, too, what Harnett and Gershon stole."

Bertha started. She hadn't thought of that; and she gave an exclamation. "What! Pay back their stealings too?" she cried. As she said it Charley's eyes sought the floor.

"I don't know, Bertha. I can't decide."

She gave another exclamation: "You could square yourself, couldn't you? Why should you think about them?"

"How, Bertha?"

"Pay a part. You don't have to give up all of it."

Charley didn't know. He still had his eyes on the floor. "The money belongs to them, you see—those suckers from whom we stole it. It's all theirs, Bertha."

"What?" Bertha gave a gesture of annoyance. "Don't be a fool, Charley. You made this money—made it honestly too. This isn't what you stole!"

Naturally. As she spoke, though, Charley shook his head, then he smiled. "Ah, yes, Bertha," he said slowly; "but don't forget I stole the other money, the money I took from them."

Bertha dropped her eyes in thought. She was thinking—thinking swiftly. A hundred and seventy-eight thousand dollars! With that in their hands the solution of their problem would be simple. She would not have to struggle. She could hold up her head anywhere with that. It seemed ridiculous, in fact, that Charley Maddox should have any fear of the consequences. People with money are so much less likely to get in trouble. They are not often in real peril of jail. The fear of it was just another of his half-baked, boyish fantasies. But when she said so Charley grinned.

"Jail? That's not what bothers me, Bertha." Wasn't it? What was it then? "It's the money, Bee—the people from whom I stole it. The money belongs to them, not me."

(Continued on Page 58)

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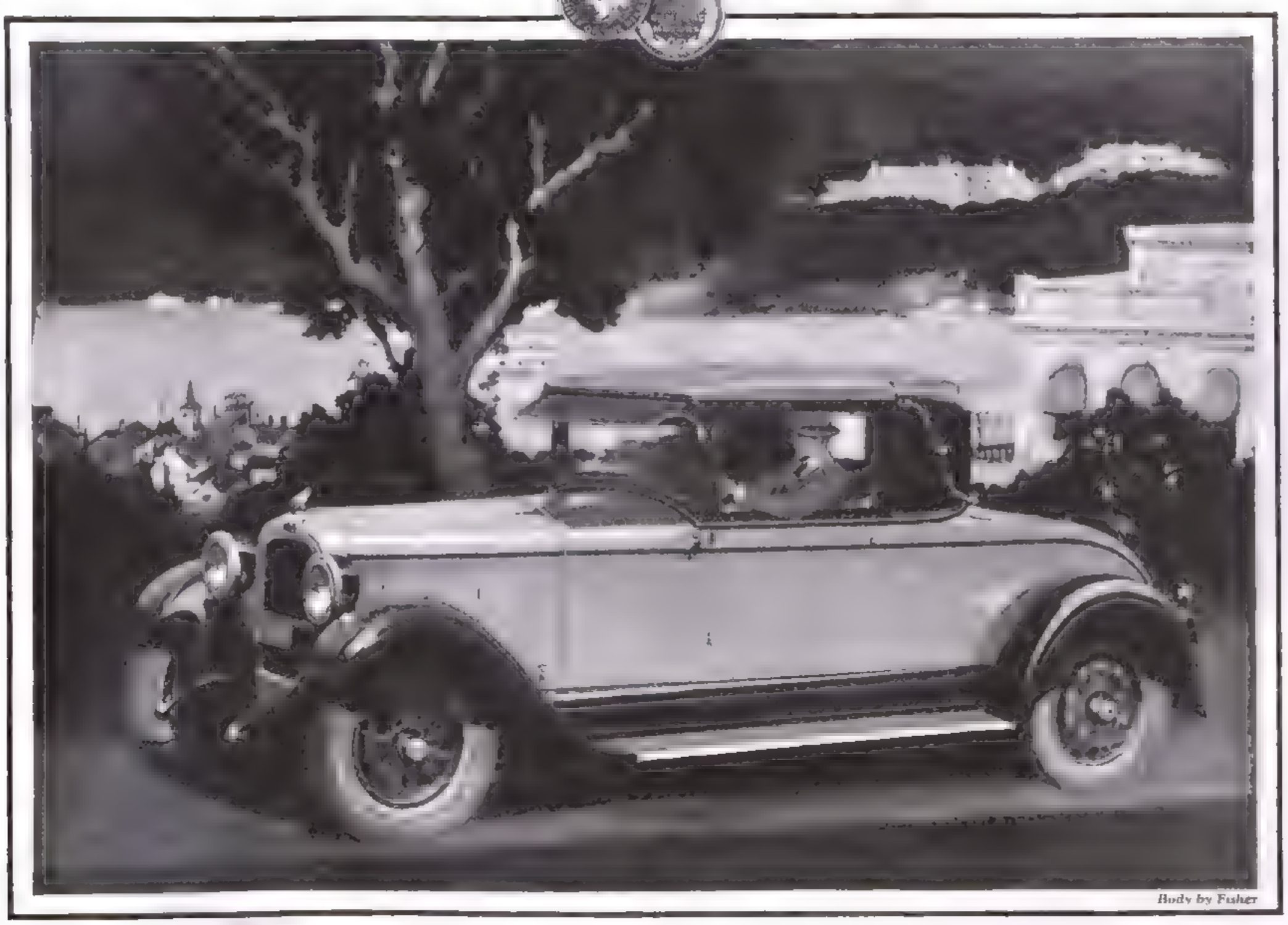

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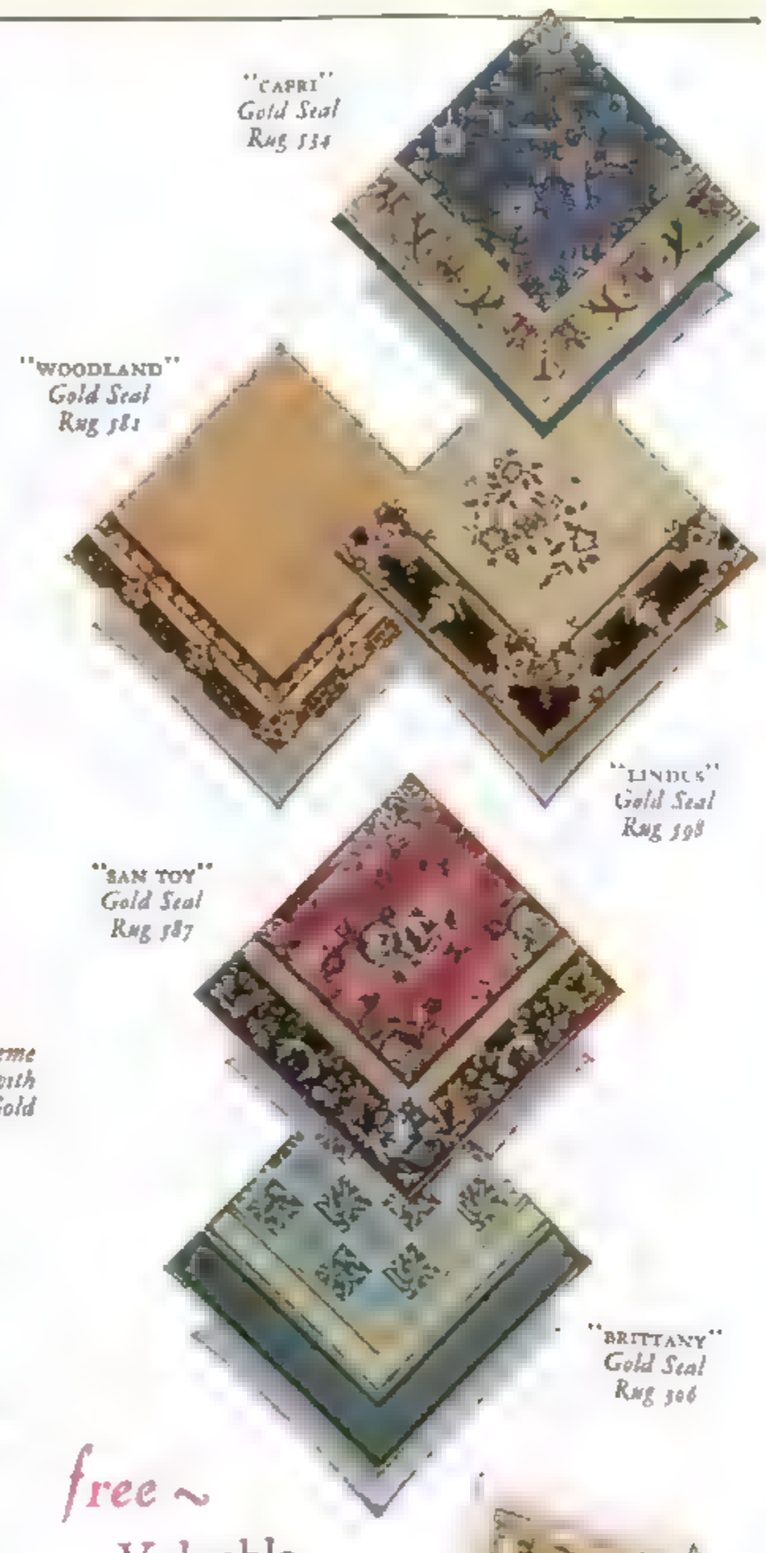

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BOOBS AND SADDLES

By Sam Hellman

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

THE whole trouble, of course, was started by Lizzie Magruder, to whom I owe all that I am and had hoped not to be. When Liz is around even my trains of thought pile up head-on, and I can wreck a whole night's sleep just by thinking about somebody whose ears look like hers.

I guess most women who undertake the job of educating horny-handed meal tickets into manicured carte du jours have a girl friend to help them tighten the screws on the old provider. In Kate's case it's Lizzie. While the missus holds me fast the Magruder mange lets the water drip-drip on my dome and keeps the home fires stoked under me.

"We're going over to the Magruders' tonight," ultimates the frau one evening, when I'm dog-tired and hot for the hay.

"Fine," says I heartily. "I decided this afternoon that we would."

Sometimes it works. I've got out of a lot of things by agreeing quick and enthusiastic with Kate and sneaking over the impression that I originated the idea. Not this time, though.

"I'd kind of like to stay home myself," she comes back, "but we're organizing the club tonight."

"What club?" I demands.

"The Doughmore Hunting and Riding Club," answers the missus.

"What's the matter?" I inquires, sarcastic. "Have you and Lizzie run out of victims? You got to hunt up some new ones to ride?"

"The Doughmore Hunt," explains Kate coldly, "is just another effort on my part to disguise you as a country gentleman. When you're riding to the hounds ——"

"Instead of going to the dogs?"

"—— when you're riding to the hounds," goes on the missus, "the peasantry seeing you on horseback is likely to make a natural mistake."

"You mean," I growls, "that I got to ride a horse?"

"What do you think you hunt foxes with?" snaps Kate. "Snare drums?"

Magruder Makes Wild Efforts to Hang On

"There are just eleven things that I don't care anything about," I returns, "and twelve of them are foxes. Where do you get any to chase around here? The only foxes I know of in this precinct are on real-estate row and you don't hunt them—they run you ragged. Besides, I got a secret to tell you—something," I gulps, "that I've been holding back for years."

"What's that?" asks the fire and sword.

"I haven't got a horse," I whispers.

"That is a surprise," admits the wife. "The way you look most of the time, I thought you roomed with one."

At the Magruders, I finds Hank and Tillie Ritter, Lizzie and her remnant, Jim, and some other folks that had run shoe strings into tanneries in the last few years and were trying to act like there'd been prominent money in their families since Jonah swallowed the ark. I grabs Hank and pulls him off to a corner.

"What are we being let in for now?" I inquires.

"Yoicks, yoicks and the loud halloo," returns Ritter.

"Of course," I nods, "but, after all, it's the law of the land."

"Hark! hark! Forrad away!" mutters Hank. "The brush for my lady fair. We must be in at the death."

"Whose death?" I wants to know with an eager glance toward Lizzie.

"Reynard's," he answers.

"If he's a friend of the Magruders," says I, "I'm in favor of it. I'll even go out and puncture the oxygen tank. You been drinking, feller?"

"Only of the words of Cyril Dawfish," answers Ritter. "Haven't you met him yet?"

"No," I replies. "Is he compulsory?"

"He's death and taxes," grins Hank. "Cyril's to be the master of the Doughmore Hunt. Of course, you've heard of the Waffleshire Hounds?"

"As who has not," I shrugs, "in the hunting set? What are they and what the hell do I care?"

"Dawfish," explains Ritter, "was for many years master of the Waffleshire Hounds, the snappiest pack of poodles that ever frisked an English fen for a fox. He's got more brushes than ——"

"I know," I cuts in, "how cuckoo these Britishers are about keeping clean, but what about it and what's he doing over here?"

"The Dawfish family," drones on Hank, "was long the richest in Waffleshire. It used to take three days of hard riding to get from the gate of Dawfish Park to the Tudor house that was built in the reign ——"

"Come on, come on!" I interrupts impatiently. "What do I care how many doors his hut's got and the kind of weather it was built in? You've been away long enough. Come on home."

"All right," says Ritter; "but remember, old pill of mine, I had to listen through all this stuff myself and I'm not going to suffer solo. Shall I proceed or shall I turn you over to Lizzie?"

"Tell me some more about Dawfish Park," I comes back hastily.

"When Cyril's father died," continues Hank, "he left a couple of hundred thousand pounds and some odd ounces of sterling—about a million in money—but you know what the death duties are over there."

"Sure," says I. "An Englishman's duty is to exit laughingly."

"I'm talking about taxes," snorts Ritter. "By the time they got through with the Dawfish estate Cyril didn't have enough left to buy a pea jacket for a pollywog at a rummage sale. So he packs up his horses and his foxhounds in his old kit bag and sails over here."

"The idea being?" I inquires.

"The idea being," returns Hank, "to organize a hunting set among the Long Island doughboys, Dawfish providing the nags and the pups at so much per fathead; and believe me, boy, it's some per. Besides, he's going to teach us to ride and jump and to talk high and horsy."

"Jump!" I yelps. "Me jump!"

"The horse," says Ritter, "does the jumping. Whether you care to go along with him is a matter between you and the turf. It's one of those things you can take or leave, but you'll find that parting brings sweet sorrow."

"But," I protests, "I never rode a horse in my life!"

"If you'll promise to let it go further," whispers Hank, "I don't mind telling you that I never have, either. As a matter of fact, there's nobody in the crowd that knows any more about riding than I do about the home life of Armenia's champion speller."

"How did Cyril happen to descend on Doughmore?"

"Lizzie," returns Ritter.

"Of course," I growls, "that jovial jaundice is responsible, but how come?"

"She met him on the boat coming back from Europe," explains Hank, "and they got to be good friends, probably through the laughs they got around the Statue of Liberty over the jokes they'd heard in Liverpool. Anyhow, Dawfish told her what he was figuring on doing in America, and Lizzie tipped him she had just the crowd of come-ons he was looking for, and there you are, old topper."

"I'm darned if they're going to get me on a horse!" I explodes. "How about you?"

"I'm not so keen myself," says Ritter, "about hurdling barb-wire fences and ten-foot ditches, but my likes and dislikes are in my wife's name. And yours?"

"I don't even know what mine are," I returns, "until Kate takes me into her confidence."

"The last of the Dawfishes," announces Hank, with a nod toward the door.

Enter Cyril, a tall, loose-coupled lad in a tweed suit that looks like it was thrown on him from the top of the Bank of England while he was running to catch a tram or a pram or whatever they call street cars in London. Everybody in the place apparently had met him before, so Lizzie tows him over to me and introduces us in a few well-chosen smirks.

"O'Day?" repeats Dawfish. "That's a grand hunting name in Ireland. Are you, by any chance, a kinsman of Sir Seumas of the Ulster Beagles?"

"The big beagle man from Belfast," mutters Ritter in my ear.

"I don't think so," says I. "The only Beagle I ever knew was Mike Beagle, Sing Sing '06, and his folks came over from County Clare. I don't imagine they were in the hunting class—more apt to have been in the sheep-stealing set. How do the Beagles get mixed up with the O'Days?"

"A beagles," chirps in Lizzie, who had nothing but a fork the day it was raining brains, "is a bird, isn't it, Mr. Dawfish?"

"Sure," seconds Hank. "You catch beagles with beagle hounds. A noble sport is beagling. The beagle ——"

"Beg pardon," cuts in Cyril, with a kind of dazed smile, "but aren't you confusing the beagle and the eagle?"

"Am I?" come back Ritter, surprised. "I always thought the B was put in front of eagle to distinguish the British from the American bird. Ah, well, one will make these mistakes in botany."

"Are you fond of riding?" stutters Dawfish, turning to me.

"Why shouldn't I be?" I demands.

"No reason at all, no reason at all, I assure you," says Cyril hastily. "You've done a bit of jumping, I have no doubt."

"I've been married ten years," I returns with simple dignity.

Along about this time Lizzie starts rapping on the table with a paper knife I'd given her for Christmas with the pious hope that the blade would slip some day when she was opening a letter.

"The meeting will come to order," announces the Magruder bacteria. "Mr. Dawfish, the Waffleshire hound—that is, the master hound of—well, you all know Mr. Dawfish. He will deliver an oration on killing foxes from horses."

"Not an oration, dear lady," protests Cyril. "Just a few words on fox-hunting."

"Make it an oration and see if I care," mumbles Ritter.

"Give our English cousin a chance," I urges. "Remember, blood is redder than water."

Dawfish tells us about the joys of turning thirty or forty dogs loose on a fox, and the thrill that comes from wagering your neck against the chance of getting blooded by the tail of the brute. Also we finds out what the well-dressed

hunter should wear and how he should act if he doesn't want to make a bum out of his social standing.

The sport's all cluttered up with etiquette. If, for example, your horse should get in front of a hound, you might as well move out of the county and go to sheep raising in Australia. But, baby, if your nag should step on a purp's tail! Whole Waffleshire families have gone into deep mourning and refused their tea and jam for years on account of one of their careless kin having pulled that crime. Now I know where the expression "making a fox pass" comes from.

"Aren't you thrilled?" gushes Lizzie to me and Hank after Cyril's through with his song and dance.

"I certainly am," says I. "Such an accent! Such a way of wearing his clothes! Such a perfect matching of socks and necktie!"

"What got me," adds Ritter, "was that pretty conceit of tying his shoe laces in a double Cupid's bow. It's those little touches that keeps the sun from setting on English soil. Do you think, Lizzie," asks Hank, "you could get him to tell us how he makes that bow?"

"Certainly," says the Magruder strike-out. "Cyril and I are very friendly."

"I noticed that," I remarks. "Jim better look out or he'll wake up some morning and find you in Waffleshire pouring tea for the curate in the donjon keep of Dawfish Towers."

"La-la!" blushes Lizzie. "How can you say such things? You must be joking. . . . Isn't it going to be wonderful to be in a smart hunting set?"

"We'll be the sinecure of all eyes," I admits. "And," I adds, "we owe it all to you. How can we ever reward you?"

"It's all right," says the Magruder foul ball, gracious. "I'm not the kind that climbs to the top of the social ladder and leaves the friends of other days behind."

"Gosh," I moans, after Lizzie astorbilts to another part of the room, "are we really going to get jammed into pink coats, stuck on horses and sent scooting over fences and swamps after foxes that never did us no harm?"

"It looks like it," sighs Ritter; "but how they're going to get away with a hunt in this neck of the woods is beyond me. In a run of a mile a nag'd bump into about fifty real-estate signs, six or eight road houses, a dozen chicken-dinner dumps, a gross of golf clubs and probably finish up in a duck wallow. They may have wide-open spaces in Waffleshire; but in this part of Long Island all you have is wide-open places."

"Oh, well," says I, "we've always got a good chance of breaking our neck on the first out. Here comes Cyril. Maybe he wants to call it all off."

"Will you two gentlemen come over for a lesson tomorrow?" Cyril asks.

"We'll be there," I promises, "with our hair in a braid."

"In the early training," says Dawfish, "the attire is of no consequence."

II

THE next day, which happens to be Saturday, Hank and I, together with our queen bees and fifteen or twenty other Doughmorons, go over to Cyril's place, a joint all mussed up with stables and kennels, which he'd rented for the season. Besides the last, and probably the least, of the Dawfishes, there are three grooms, or dog nurses, he'd brought along from England—lads that spent their time picking up and laying down haitches while fetching 'ay and hoats for the 'orses.

"Nice morning," suggests Cyril to me.

"I don't think so," I returns; "but then I never agree with anybody. Tell me this—just how tame is this steed that I'm supposed to ride?"

"He's well broke," answers Dawfish.

"Bring him on," says I. "We can sympathize with each other, anyhow."

"You'll have to teach him from the beginning," cuts in Jim Magruder. "He's never been in the saddle before. Dink doesn't know a bridle from a bridegroom."

"I suppose," I sneers, "you're all the four horsemen of the eclipse."

"When you see Jim ride," remarks Lizzie, "you'll think he's glued to the saddle. Won't he, Jim?"

"He looks like a mess of mucilage," I agrees. "How about it, Dawfish?"

"Really," stammers Cyril, "I have no opinion. You know I've only seen the gentleman a few times. This is Harry," he goes on as one of the grooms approaches. "He will see to your mounts after a bit."

When the rest of the crowd starts off to look over the dump, I lingers behind in the main barn and motions Harry over.

"Want to make ten dollars?" I inquires.

"'And it hover," says he.

"See that bloke there?" I continues, pointing through the open door at Magruder. "In dealing out the deck of horses you got here I want you to slip him the meanest in the lot, but tell him out loud, so everyone can hear, how gentle the brute is. Have you got a real bad actor?"

"I'll give 'im 'Ellfire," returns the stable chambermaid.

"If there's anything in his name," I promises, "there'll be another ten for you. Something else: When it comes to pushing a nag under me, lead one out that's too shy of spirit even to shy, but tip everybody off to what a wild mustang he is."

"I'm wise, governor," grins the groom. "Milky Way is the 'orse you wants."

"You sure he's safe?" I asks anxiously.

"Well," says Harry, "the Prince of Wales rode 'im to the 'ounds last fall and wasn't thrown hoff of 'im even once."

"That's my baby," I exclaims, "and I don't mean maybe. Here's twenty bucks. Go out and buy yourself a title."

In a few minutes I joins the gang in a kind of corral where Dawfish is delivering a lecture with illustrations on the proper way to get aboard a horse. I listens quiet for a while, hoping to get some feed-box info on how to stay on one; but Cyril doesn't go into that, probably figuring in his quaint English way that no gentleman would stay where he was not wanted.

"I presume," says the Waffleshire fox fancier, "that all of you men have ridden at some time or other."

"That boy's presumer is all choked with carbon," I mutters to Ritter.

"It sure is missing," agrees Hank. "I wonder if I ought to tell him that my father almost got a job once driving a horse car?"

A few of the boys and girls, including Jim Magruder, admits they had taken a canter or two, but most of us just blushes and thinks of merry-go-rounds.

"That's surprising," comments Dawfish. "I had the notion that Americans were practically brought up in the saddle."

"He's been reading about Jesse James," remarks Ritter to me private. "I'll bet he has the idea that over here we all start life on a horse, with a rifle in one hand and a demijohn of white mule in the other."

"Wal," says I, "I reckon."

"Jim is a good rider," announces Lizzie. "He used to break bronxes out West. Didn't you, Jim?"

"Broncos," I hears Magruder hiss at her.

"That's fine," says Cyril. "Perhaps your husband will assist me in instructing the hunt. Now, ladies and gentlemen, if you'll proceed to the stable, Harry will fit you out with mounts and we'll take a short gallop."

"What you grinning about?" demands Hank as we're strolling over toward the barn.

I starts to tip him off to the powwow I'd had with the groom of the horses' bedchamber, but just about then Harry appears leading a black nag with the most vicious pair of lamps I'd ever seen on a hay hound. Cyril's gone into the stable and doesn't get the palaver that follows.

"'Ere, sir," says the stable boy, handing the reins to Magruder. "'E's the gentlest 'orse we 'as. An unborn byby could 'andle 'im."

"Why don't you give him an animal with spirits?" complains Lizzie. "My husband's a wonderful aquarium."

"A what?" I puzzles.

"She means equestrian," explains Hank, "but she's a few fish lengths short."

"I'll take him," says Magruder hasty. "What he needs to pep him up I got."

"Better tyke that 'orse back," suggests Harry when a groom approaches with a white oat chewer. "'E's been cutting up vicious of lyte," he adds, and he turns to me with just the hint of a wink.

"Give him to me," I demands quick. "The horse that can throw an O'Day hasn't been foaled yet."

"But you've never ridden a horse," cuts in the wife with a kind of scared look. Ritter, also, is staring at me pop-eyed.

"True," says I, "but you must remember that no horse has ever been ridden by me. I'll learn him to behave."

It takes a lot of time to get the bunch of us in the saddle, but we finally are started. There's a sort of dirt track on the grounds, and accompanied by Dawfish and the grooms we hits the grit. For a while everything goes along smooth. Jim's a little ahead of me and Hank, and riding high and easy, when all of a sudden Hellfire rears up and the next thing I knows he's practically standing on his tail. Magruder makes wild efforts to hang on, but he'd have had more luck picking eels outa a barrel of oil with greased hands. Before Cyril can come to his rescue Jim's been flicked into a deep mudhole by the side of the road.

"The big bronc breaker from the Bronx," grins Ritter as we reins up.

"Well, well," I remarks. "What you doing there, Jim? Waiting for a taxicab?"

"Is that you?" asks Lizzie, looking wide-eyed at her slime-spangled husband.

"No," yelps Magruder, savage. "You know I've been out of town for a week."

"Sure," I helps along. "You're in Wyoming riding in a rodeo, aren't you?"

Dawfish helps Jim to his feet and offers to assist him to remount Hellfire.

"Thanks," says Magruder with a polite shudder, "but I just thought of something. I got to go to the office."

"If you pass my place on the way down," says I, "drop in and give the goldfish a drink of water, will you? I forgot about it this morning."

"Don't be so happy," growls Hank, uneasy. "Remember he who laughs last ——"

"—— is an Englishman," I finishes.

The words are no sooner out of my mouth than Milky Way, who's been standing quiet, takes it into his head to cut loose on his own. In spite of all my pulling and whoaing he busts through the crowd and starts down the road hell bent for heaven knows where. The more I jerk at his mouth the faster he speeds, so I finally wraps my arms around his neck and lets my past life flash in front of me.

About a hundred yards from where the dash begins the track ends at a fence about eighteen thousand feet high. Later on, when I measures it for the sake of dear old accuracy, it develops to be a trifle short of forty inches, but that's a mere detail.

I figures Milky might stop at the barrier, but I never was good at arithmetic. There's not even a slow-up; but just as I'm expecting the crash that'll end all my worries over falling hair and sliced iron shots, the horse lifts his hind feet and sails over clean. During the jump I'm a vertical jockey on a horizontal steed, but I keeps my grip tight around his neck, and outside of a thud that drives my spinal column up through the wen on top of my head, I'm all in one parcel when we gets to the other side of the fence.

But I still got a good chance of becoming a subdivision. Milky keeps right on going. There's no road, but what's a road in the life of a Waffleshire maverick out for a bit of a breeze? In the next thirty days—four minutes, the scientists estimated it—we takes half a dozen hedges, a bevy of ditches and a whole Hindenburg line of barbed wire. A four-story abandoned brewery that's now being used for making beer looms up suddenly and I'm expecting my mount to negotiate that, too, when he slows up and stops.

I hear a thunder of hoofs, and there's Harry, who's been chasing me all the time.

"Well?" I pants.

"I'm glad to 'ear you say that," returns the groom. "I thought maybe ——"

"Never mind what you thought," I cuts in. "Is this your idea of a safe-and-sane animal?"

"Oh, yes," answers Harry; "but 'e saw the fence and 'e can't resist a jump."

"I guess I'm lucky he didn't pipe the Woolworth Building. It's the last time," I adds, "that he'll see a fence eye to eye with me."

"Shall we ride back?" asks the lad.

"Not me," I barks. "You go ahead and send something safe for me—like an aeroplane with a bunged-up motor and a missing wing."

After pointing out that Milky Way's all in and promising to hold the bridle, Harry talks me into the saddle again, and pretty soon I'm back with the gang.

"Where you been?" grins Hank.

"Just on a cross-country jaunt," I answers, careless. "Where'd you think I'd been?"

"From where I sat," says Ritter, "it looked like you were out on a necking party."

I do no more riding that day, being satisfied to stand around and watch Ritter and the others go through their paces. In about an hour Cyril calls it a session.

"Gosh, I'm sore!" wails Hank. "How'd you like my work?"

"Not so bad," I replies. "But what was the idea of holding the reins with one hand and sticking out the other like a semaphore half the time?"

"I thought that I was on a merry-go-round," confides Ritter, "and I was reaching for rings. Did Kate tell you we were having dinner at your house?"

"Sure, come on," I urges. "We're serving a buffet supper off the mantelpiece."

III

IN ABOUT three weeks, the costumes having been delivered, the Doughmorons figure they're ready for a regulation fox hunt. I can see that Dawfish doesn't think so, but what are you going to do when your cash customers put up a yowl?

So one snappy Sunday morning, when the dawn's still wet behind the ears, we gets together at Cyril's joint. Dawfish had arranged for some grounds near by used by

(Continued on Page 154)

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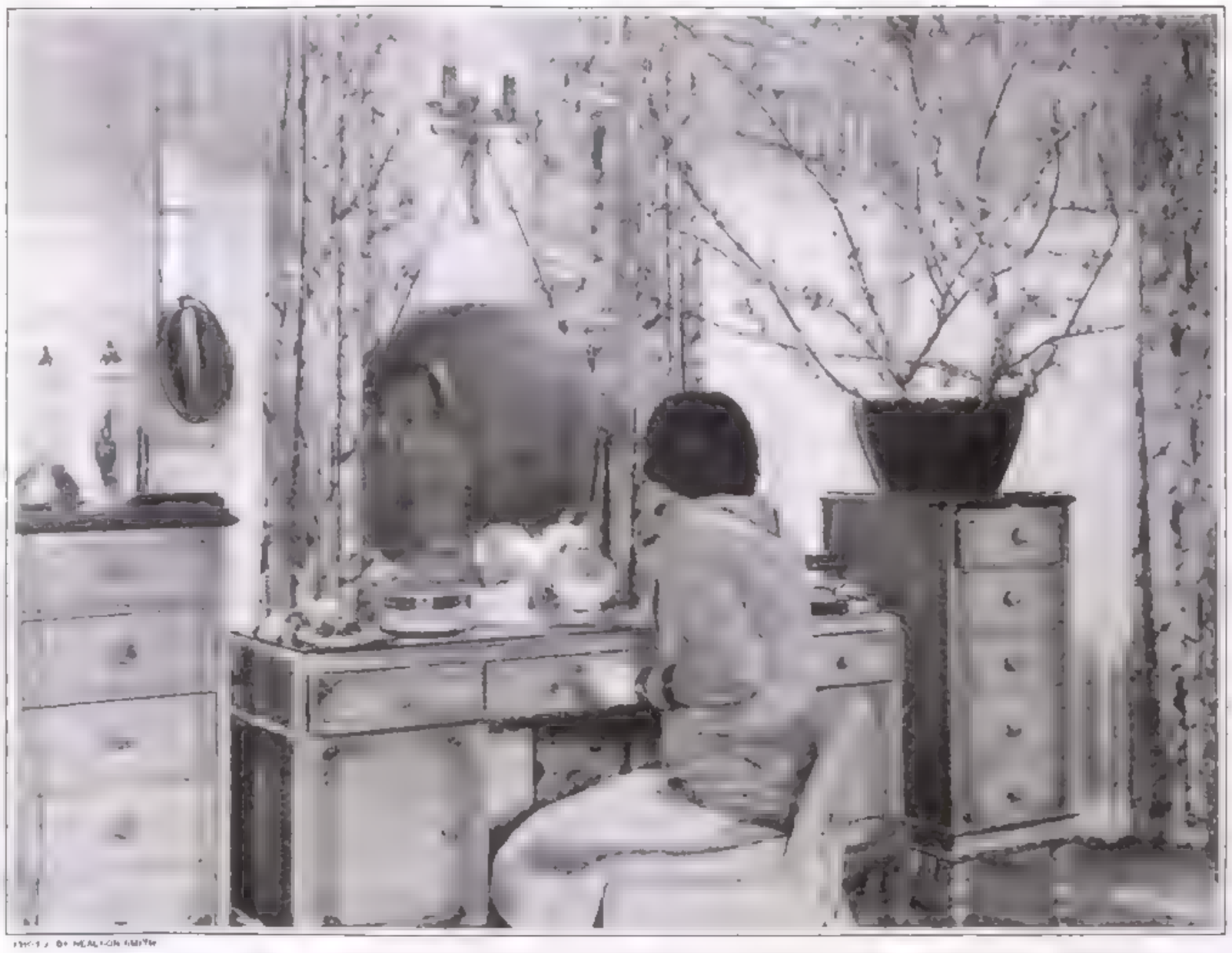
CLOSE-UPS—By Norma Talmadge

EVERY actress has a natural preference for certain rôles. The parts I like best to play are outstanding women who have some definite meaning in their lives. They may be exceptional as to type or they may be placed in unusual circumstances for full picturesque or dramatic value, but their emotional conflicts should reflect the problems of the everyday average person, whether born in Sioux City or Siam. Though I dislike unhealthy emphasis of sex, I love to portray women with fire in their blood and true, wholesome romance in their hearts. I detest rôles that are artificial or overexaggerated for the sake of giving big acting opportunities. Above everything else I prefer characters who are first and foremost human. My women need be neither the last word in nobility nor steeped in scarlet sins; they must be both good enough and bad enough to be real.



Miss Talmadge in Her Bungalow Dressing Room

Of course it is easier, as an American, to play modern native rôles in keeping with my personality, my physical make-up, my essential qualities; but it is not nearly so much fun, nor so great a triumph as being born all over again in a strange land. Somehow something in me responds to the characterizations of foreign races—parts which take me most completely out of myself, away from my own locale or environment, my own mode of living, my own limited experience of life.

A Tribute to an Actress

MANY screen artists have gained great popularity by finding a type best suited to their particular personalities and then adhering closely to that one line of work, but for me, the greater the divergence of my successive rôles the happier I am in my work. It seems not to be in my nature to specialize; a restless longing for variety pursues me in all things both on and off the screen. My family never stop teasing me because one month I am studying French; the next, all my spare time is devoted to singing exercises, and when I show no likelihood of rivaling Galli-Curci or Geraldine Farrar in six lessons, I shift to the piano. My latest departure is learning to play the guitar, which I use in the character of Dolores in The Dove. Once Constance and I decided to learn ballet dancing and took private lessons. But after many painful attempts at the bar I decided it was hard enough to balance on two feet instead of ten toes. We withdrew from the classic art to join a Charleston class instead.

It is the same with sports. At the cost of $10,000, a lovely swimming pool has been sunk in the grounds of my Hollywood home. I used it twice—$5000 a swim!—then decided it was much more fun to bathe at my Santa Monica place, where one can loll on the beach in the sun afterward.

Next I installed two wonderful tennis courts in back of our town home, but hardly had I learned to wield a tennis racket before golf became my ruling passion. Life is so short to learn and do all the things that attract me. Perhaps that is why I get such joy out of being a hundred different persons on the screen.

Of the eighteen pictures I made for release from April, 1920, to April, 1927, my favorite productions are Love or Hate, Smilin' Through, Secrets, The Lady, and Camille.

In Love or Hate, adapted for the screen by Mary Murillo from Jacinto Benavente's famous play, La Malquerida, known on the American speaking stage as The Passion Flower, the part of Acacia appealed to me because of her primitive nature. This fiery little Castilian peasant was the victim of inherited tendencies and family and racial surroundings. Despite her youth, she knew instinctively the passionate loves and fierce hatreds of her Spanish ancestors, and the impending doom of outside forces, greater than will itself, involved her in a dozen conflicts at once. Conflict is the very bed rock of drama and every emotional actress loves to portray the primeval passions, such as love, hate, jealousy and rage.

Another reason I chose this story was to experiment with the difficult task of interpreting psychology on the screen. It seemed to me that photoplays were becoming too plotty. As a rule, so much action is involved and so many chracters have to be introduced in the seventy-five minutes allotted for the unraveling of the average film story, that there is very little time left for the psychological development of the principals. The canned drama of the initial days showed only what the characters did; then came what they felt, and finally, with the growth of the players' art, what they thought, as well. I wanted to reach out a little farther still, and tell why individuals behaved and felt and thought as they did.

It was in Love or Hate that one of the greatest tributes ever paid me occurred while playing the scene in the cemetery where Acacia, conscience-stricken, prostrates herself reverently on her mother's grave. Intense in the part, I wept profusely. But one of the secrets of good acting on the screen is to remain subconsciously cognizant of the camera, however much one is lost in the rôle. I glanced up through my sobs at Antonio Gaudio, the cameraman, and to my amazement his face was bathed in tears as he ground the machine, and Herbert Brenon, my director, was blowing his nose audibly. Three or four lookers-on were also weeping. To have thus moved a hard-boiled director and cameraman meant infinitely more to me than any money I may have lost by playing this drama as it was originally written. During the course of production many kindly disposed friends had suggested changing the tragic dénouement, insisting that audiences always demand a happy ending. But I remained adamant, notwithstanding box-office arguments, because I have always believed that the consistent, artistic and intelligent conclusion, whether happy or sad, as long as it is true to the character and true to life, must eventually meet with audience approval. Jacinto Benavente once said: "I do not make my plays for the public. I make the public for my plays." To be able to do likewise is one of the chief ambitions of my life.

Herbert Brenon, who directed me in The Wonderful Thing and The Sign on the Door, as well as in Love or Hate, is one of the screen's most colorful and vibrant personalities. He is of a highly nervous and dramatic temperament, quick to become enraged at the extras if they show lack of understanding, but equally quick to praise and encourage those who display promise. Though Herbert went to St. Paul's and King's College in London, where his father was a journalist, when the young Irishman came from Dublin to the United States he tucked away his degrees and literary aspirations behind a bargain counter, where he sold socks with slight imperfections at greatly reduced rates. "Then," says Brenon, with a merry twinkle in his deeply set blue eyes, "I went into the real-estate game and sold land at slightly inflated rates." Next he assumed the managership of a nickelodeon theater, drifted to the stage, became a scenario writer and finally progressed to director.

In Search of Beauty

MY PREFERENCE for Smilin' Through is due to my loving pictures that give me a chance to play a dual rôle and to the spiritual quality of this story, which presents an opportunity for occasionally touching that rare and elusive thing called beauty. To achieve this is the aim of everyone who strives to be an artist in his line. Both the characters, Moonyeen and Kathleen, were women of unusual fineness who got across a message that love is stronger than hate, good greater than evil, kindliness a less expensive gift to offer one's neighbor than revenge; that virtue on the whole is an instinct and meanness of soul alien to our better selves. I don't like motion pictures to be obvious propaganda of any kind, but if they can plant a noble thought or emphasize a beautiful ideal without in any way detracting from the entertainment value of the story, then I'm all for them. As a child I hated fairy tales deliberately to point a moral; when I go to an art gallery I abhor pictures that tell a story—I prefer to make up my own story from the subject—and when I go to a motion picture I attend primarily for recreation.

Wyndham Standing and Harrison Ford were my leading men in Smilin' Through, and Glenn Hunter, then a newcomer, played a young soldier. Glenn, with one suit of clothes, two clean shirts, a five-dollar bill and a photograph of his mother, journeyed to New York to seek his fortune, from the little upstate town of Highland Mills. He learned what it meant to live on crackers and peanuts and to sleep on a park bench beneath the stars before he got a job at ten dollars a week with the Washington Square Players while at the most impecunious stage of their existence. He used to compose poems as he swept out the lobby when he wasn't rehearsing, little dreaming that in the short space of five years he would see his name flashed in electric lights on Broadway. Alec B. Francis, a native of London and a graduate of Uppingham College, who is one of the silent

drama's finest character actors; little Miriam Battista, who came into prominence as the lame child in Humoresque, and Eugene Lockhart, now a composer of popular songs and a playwright, were also in the cast.

In order to wear the narrow, pinching waists of our grandmothers of 1860, I had to reduce ten pounds. Each of the three lace and satin petticoats worn with these hoop-skirt gowns was braced with stout wire bands to make it stand out. The dress and underwear of a single costume weighed as much as I did.

There is a little street in our new studios, comprising twenty acres on Santa Monica Boulevard, which the property boys have christened Bungalow Alley. Here Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, John Barrymore, Constance and I each have a charming, sunny cottage with boudoir, living room, kitchen, dining alcove, baths, deep clothes closets and secretarial offices. Gloria Swanson and Corinne Griffith are soon to build too. In these little cream-colored stucco houses with overhanging roofs and window framework of green, we make up and dress and have our various fittings. But once we are on the sets, instead of going all the way back to the cottages each time we need to rearrange our hair or add fresh powder, Connie and I use the portable dressing rooms. My noon meal is always served in the little bungalow where Anne Brophy, a friend of many years' standing who married Edward Brophy, formerly one of our assistant directors, lunches with me. Anne is my private secretary and attends to my mail, which runs into several hundred letters each day.

From Youth to Old Age

A PRINCIPAL reason I am partial to the rôle of Mary Carlton in Secrets, directed by Frank Borzage, is because of the interesting characterization calling for several difficult age transitions. I love to carry a heroine straight through from youth to old age. Also, as in Smilin' Through, this May Edginton play, acted on the speaking stage by Margaret Lawrence, had an unusual poetic theme. There was a lovely spiritual quality in the thought that whatever the vicissitudes of fate and the ups and downs of marital relationship, a husband and wife are inevitably bound together by ties springing from the innermost secrets of two souls that have known moments of oneness from which no outside circumstances can ever separate them. Though they have a hundred secrets from each other, they also have some few secrets they share together from all the rest of the world. A story with an underlying idea that not only adds to dramatic entertainment but also sends an audience away with something to think about always has a special appeal for me. To project an inspirational or uplifting thought into the minds of millions while they are whiling away a few pleasant hours gives one a sense of having done something worth while. But stories like Secrets and Smilin' Through are not to be found every day.

As Polly Pearl in The Lady, I again had a chance to depict a woman's soul from youth to old age. Polly gave me a wonderful opportunity for contrasts. Life's kaleidoscope shows her a vivacious English soubrette of the Florodora and Gibson Girl period; the abandoned wife of an English gentleman who had promised to make her a grand lady; a servant girl robbed of the money she had been saving to take her little son to America; a song-and-dance woman in a cheap café in Marseilles; a tired, worn, middle-aged woman selling flowers on the streets of London, having given up her son to the care of friends who can give him a good education; an old lady running a café for soldiers and sailors in Havre. Though forced by circumstances to live amidst drab surroundings and low characters, Polly always manages to lead an irreproachable life. With a broken heart she lives on and fights for her two ideals—to be a lady and to have her son become a gentleman.

As in Secrets, here was real life drama in its final analysis, a beautiful, gripping, underlying idea again coupled with opportunities for emotional acting and conflict, with contrasts of wealth and poverty, joy and sorrow, bigness of soul and relative unimportance of the outside veneer which the conventional world too often sets up as a standard of worth.

However, these character rôles which appeal most to the actress as an artist are not always the favorites with the public. Many of our followers prefer us to be just ourselves in straight presentations of young, romantic, present-day personalities.

La Dame aux Camélias—who is there among theater-goers and booklovers whose pulse does not quicken at the mention of this famous heartbreaker of the younger Dumas' immortal masterpiece? All my life Camille has been my favorite love story. I reread the novel every year and it has always been in the back of my mind to play it some day.

Once a rôle seizes my imagination it becomes a regular obsession with me. I've read everything pertaining to Marie Duplessis, the beautiful French girl on whom the novelist based his character of Camille. In Paris last summer I visited the little house near the Church of the Madeleine, where Marie lived. For eighty years Camille has lived as a novel; it has been played in almost every language—even Japanese; its passion and its pain are universal and eternal. That is why I felt no sacrilege in modernizing the story. The heroine is of all time and all periods. Present-day settings merely bring her a little closer and add additional interest.

The Dove, adapted from Willard Mack's play, opens another chapter in my screen career, as it will be the first of the Norma Talmadge productions for my new releasing company. Four days after completing Camille I began The Dove, which will occupy me for three or four months. It was not easy to slide from the consumptive, lovelorn Marguerite Gautier into the healthy flesh of Dolores, a gay Latin-American girl, full of vitality, laughter and rollicking humor. Only a sob sister on a newspaper who is suddenly transferred to the joke column could appreciate my difficulties of adjustment to the new personality. Noah Beery plays the swaggering *caballero* originally created on the speaking stage by Holbrook Blinn. As the scenes are laid on the imaginary Costa Roja where East meets West, we have Spaniards, Mexicans, Chinese, negroes, French, Russians, Americans and several other nationalities in the cast. Working in this colorful melodrama has been a liberal education; I feel as though on a personally conducted tour around the world. Roland West, our director and co-author, with Wallace Smith, of the screen adaptation, has learned to say "excellent" and "terrible" in eleven languages. Two of our players were recruited from The Miracle company—Olga Baklanova, the Russian actress who played the nun, and Fritz Feld, a German, who gave a long-to-be-remembered performance as the jester.

My plan for the future is to make two pictures a year. It is impossible to obtain the best results if stories are ground out mechanically with a time and cost limit suspended over one's head like the proverbial sword of Damocles. I would infinitely rather make a single really great picture in the next five years than twenty average commercial successes.

Roland West and I are contemplating the production of one picture in Europe. I cannot yet divulge the name of the story, but we have been enthusiastic about it for a long time and I shall never rest until it is started. We would make the interiors at the UFA Studios in Berlin, and the exteriors would necessitate scenes in France, England and even Constantinople. This has long been my cherished dream—to do a picture where each exterior is actually made in the locale originally designated in the story.

How well I remember my very first trip to Europe. It was in the summer of 1920, in celebration of Constance's and my initial contract with First National. Almost from childhood, life for the tribe of the Talmadges had been a constant, strenuous grind of hard work. Now, at last, we could afford a real rest and vacation. The whole family booked passage, and Mrs. Gish and Dorothy joined us. Our voyage across was a gay round of festivities and autograph albums. If one of those statistics hounds would add up the number of times Constance and I have signed our names, I'll wager the signatures placed end to end would reach halfway around the world.

So This Is Paris!

LONDON was particularly hospitable to us. Invitations from famous authors, artists, fellow members of our profession and men and women of the nobility were extended for parties, first nights at the theater, dances and sight-seeing. Flowers, bonbons and little gifts of appreciation came almost daily from men and women who had enjoyed Constance and me on the screen, though many times the names on the cards were quite unknown to us. It was pleasant to be enthusiastically welcomed everywhere. We went through Windsor Castle, Westminster Abbey, the museums, galleries and all the usual places of interest. Among our most delightful times in England were the leisurely days along the Thames in a luxurious house boat.

Then came happy, crowded weeks in Paris. Anita Loos and John Emerson joined us on many of our sight-seeing expeditions. Only the Quartier Latin disappointed me. All the jabber-jabber of ultra-Bohemianism, super-realism and nouveau-artism one heard across the tables at quaint outdoor cafés seemed to detract from the historical settings and the sip-at-leisure liqueurs. Babbling dilettanti instead of serious writers and artists—it all reminded me of an old lady who once waltzed beautifully trying to be ridiculously spry in a tango.

Of course we had orgies of shopping on the principal boulevards, but it was still more fun to poke around in curio and antique shops in the more deserted quarters. Constance collected snuffboxes and costume boudoir dolls of every design and country; Natalie went in for odd perfume bottles; Peg had a passion for beaded and petit-point hand bags; while I gathered many odd bits of unique jewelry—not precious stones but inexpensive bracelets, earrings and strings of beads interesting for their workmanship, design, age or novelty. These have often come in handy for my pictures—Kiki, for instance, where I wore bracelets up to the elbow.

As for more valuable jewelry, I have pigeon-blood rubies, square-cut emeralds, pearls and diamonds. But although I own several beautiful diamonds—rings, bar pins, hat ornaments and earrings, a twenty-five carat stone in the center of a diamond necklace, which is supposed to be one of the show pieces of the world; and a large pear-shaped diamond, suspended from the necklace of graduated stones which I wore in Camille—my ruling passion is for black opals. Because of their soft texture, it is very difficult to obtain black opals that are carved, but I was fortunate enough to secure one unusually beautiful cameo from Italy, which I have had set in a wide, heavy, antique gold bracelet. After much searching I found a pair of earrings to match and to complete the set, and I have had my largest black opal, set in a framework of sapphires and diamonds, suspended from a sapphire and diamond chain. It is said that opals are unlucky, but, believe me, I will take all the bad fortune that goes with owning them.

Few picture goers realize the work that goes on for the preparation of a picture in advance of production. Several months are sometimes spent in getting the story ready for shooting, in the making of costumes, in research work, and in gathering the properties and building the sets. For The Song of Love, narrow, twisted streets with yellow, baked mud walls had to be laid out; typical Arab quarters were built, where swarthy, long-robed natives, veiled women, picturesque half-naked children, asses, camels and horses swarmed in heterogeneous confusion, and long rows of bazaars displayed their heaps of rugs, brassware, perfume jars, jewels and pottery.

Blowing Money in Pictures

IT WAS lots of fun learning the wild dances of the Ouled-Nail girls and I was glad I had bought several costumes when in Africa. During my screen career the terpsichorean evolutions of ballet, interpretative, buck-and-wing, ballroom and jazz dancing have fallen to my lot, but this was the first time I had to do a *danse du ventre*. Contrary to the general conception of Arab dancing girls, these daughters of the Sahara desert are generally young women of spotless reputations. Many of them are daughters of sheiks, who come into the big oases and there learn their art, serving an apprenticeship for many months. They are paid well, and always in gold coins which are welded into breastplates by native jewelers. At the end of five years the more beautiful Ouled-Nail girls have acquired enough coins for a handsome dowry and return to their homes for marriage.

In one scene Nooma-Hal had to blow bubbles. These soap bubbles had a way of evaporating at the wrong moment, and as there had to be twelve of them before the camera at one and the same time, we decided to use glass bubbles. This meant engaging some Bohemian glass blowers of Prague, who happened to be appearing in a vaudeville act in Omaha. By the time we figured up the expense of transportation and salaries, the dozen bubbles cost more than $2000 for a flash lasting less than three seconds. Joseph Schildkraut, who played my leading man, remarked, "That's one way of blowing money in on a picture."

In 1922 Constance and I gave up our studios in New York City. Hollywood was fast becoming the center of motion-picture production, and as Mr. Schenck's presentations were growing more and more ambitious, he wanted all his companies to be located in Southern California, where variety of scenery cannot be surpassed. Here one can film outdoor scenes nine months in the year; tropical foliage, mountains, valleys, snow, rivers, deserts and the ocean are always to be had. And because the vast majority of the industry's personnel has settled in Hollywood, players, directors and technical folk are easily reached and interchanged.

Our parents moved to the Coast with us, and Natalie and Buster were overjoyed to have the entire family reunited. But my father had long been in ill health and was soon unable to carry on his duties at the studio. Two years ago he became seriously ill. Natalie and I rushed back from the East, where we were visiting. Night after night we sat at his bedside at the Chase Sanitarium, refusing to believe that the end was hovering near and we would never feel his cheery presence again. He died as he lived, always patient, always smiling. Last year, when I was working on Kiki, every day from the studio street scene I could see the mausoleum in the Hollywood cemetery where dear Fred is laid at rest.

(Continued on Page 46)

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WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

(Continued from Page 44)

The devil-may-care little Kiki, the personification of innocence one minute and a veritable hell-cat the next, who wants a taste of life and gets it with a vengeance, revealed me, for the first time in many years, as a light *comédienne*. This peppy newsgirl of the Paris streets was certainly a great departure from my preceding rôle as the cultured, dignified Princess of Graustark. Although most people think of me as an emotional actress or tragedy queen, David Belasco, who produced and adapted André Picard's play for Lenore Ulric on the speaking stage, pronounced me the ideal screen star for the part and refused to sell the picture rights to anyone else.

Yet, I confess, it was with certain misgivings that I undertook the characterization of a sixteen-year-old gutter-snipe. Once I plunged deep into the part, however, my nervous fears disappeared. All my thoughts and energies were bent upon making the character ring true.

Few persons who picture Hollywood as a gay center of easy money and easy morals realize how greatly exaggerated these reports are. In the first place, a screen star has to guard her looks as carefully as any opera singer coddles her voice. The unmerciful camera reveals the slightest signs of dissipation. Circles under the eyes and the drawn look which results from lack of sleep are fatal. When at work on a picture I rarely attend any parties, however tempting the invitations. My daily routine is as rigorous as a prize fighter's training schedule. I get up every morning at 7:30, have a light breakfast of half a grapefruit or a glass of orange juice, coffee and one slice of whole-wheat toast, and then slip a long sport coat over my nightie and motor to the studio. Usually we have to dress and undress and refresh our make-up so many times during the day that I never bother to dress in the morning until I reach the studio, which is just about a mile from my home. By nine o'clock I have talked over the scenes of the day with my director and have started making up. At ten o'clock I am on the set, and work steadily until 5:30, stopping only for lunch, which is served in my bungalow.

The Social Lid of Hollywood

I NEVER eat red meat at any time, but usually have chicken, turkey or a vegetable luncheon. Not that I diet, but merely because I have never liked meat. Extra avoirdupois has never been one of my worries. With me it is just the opposite—I have to try hard to gain instead of reducing. My tummy has a way of growing more and more concave instead of convex, which is not as an artist would wish, according to Hoyle and Venus. At present I weigh 103 pounds, although my maid, secretary and hairdresser pursue me all day long with tall tumblers of milk or glasses of sherry and egg. I slap thick cream over everything and eat quantities of rich alligator pears, but nothing seems to help me gain, not even sweet desserts.

When the working day is finished for the other players, I go to one of the five projection rooms on our lot and see the rushes, with Mr. Schenck, the director, cameraman and cutters. As each scene is taken several times, we select the best one and discuss photography, lighting, individual performances and everything pertaining to making the production as good as possible. To be able to analyze oneself is extremely helpful. Constance and I often sit together in the projection room watching our own and each other's performances. We criticize as coldly and impersonally as if we were judging the work of a stranger. In this way we learn the power of minute details. Every slightest movement reveals character. The clothes one wears, the shrug of a shoulder, the way a person walks, are reflections of what that person thinks or feels. To an observant onlooker the manner in which a woman rises from a chair almost reveals her age. Thus the more a player analyzes herself the better she will be able to represent others.

Occasionally we work at night, though as a general rule Mr. Schenck and I reach home about 6:30, just in time for a warm bath and a change for dinner. Peg and Constance often join us. Sometimes we go to the early showing of a motion picture or have a few friends drop in for a little chat. But it is an unwritten law that they must leave by ten o'clock, as I always retire early when engaged on a production. Even in between pictures, a star is never altogether a lady of leisure. There are always costumes to be fitted, stories to be read, photographs to be taken, publicity interviews to be arranged, and so on.

Though we celebrate with pleasant parties when a picture is finished, I for one must confess that the wild night life of Hollywood is either a myth or has been kept a dead secret from me. In fact, I would consider quiet home life as one of Southern California's greatest attractions. Even families of very moderate means can afford to build a little stucco house of quaint Spanish or Italian architecture, with palm trees and lovely flowers on their front lawn and orange or lemon trees in their back yard. Almost every mechanic or property man owns an automobile. It always amuses me to see wee cottages with one bath and a double garage.

The palatial homes of the most successful screen players boast ballrooms, miniature theaters or projection rooms, pipe organs, sun parlors, picturesque patios, pillared pergolas, beautiful Japanese gardens, swimming pools and every conceivable comfort and luxury.

One of filmdom's finest mansions is Pickfair, the Beverly Hills estate of Mary and Doug. Mr. and Mrs. Fairbanks also spend much of their time, especially in summer, at their camp north of Laguna Beach. Here we have great times roughing it. We live in little tents in a cove right on the beach. Hot water is brought in enameled basins, but our morning and moonlight dips are in Nature's community bathtub, the ocean. Often we sleep outdoors, rolled Indian fashion in blankets. The dining room is a huge tent with long rustic tables, and somehow food tastes ten times better when one eats in a bathing suit. There is a little golf course on the beach, and javelin throwing, at which Doug excels, is another of our favorite pastimes.

Just now the Fairbankses are all excited about a big Spanish rancho they have just purchased between Escondido and the ocean, which they have christened Nuevo Zorro. Last month they bought 2000 acres to add to their original 900-acre tract. Hundreds of orange, lemon and avocado trees are being planted, also an olive grove, and every evening after dinner Mary and Doug pore over new plans for the beautiful hacienda and the modern dairy which will be filled with full-blooded stock. Quite a large reservoir has already been completed. Besides adding greatly to the appearance of the place, this lake gives the huge ranch its water supply.

Marion Davies is one of our most social hostesses. Her parties are lavish and original and no one has ever been known to have a dull time at her five-acre Tudor home, high on a knoll, in Beverly, with sloping terraced gardens. In July, Marion plans to have a housewarming at her gorgeous new Colonial dwelling on the sea at Santa Monica. This will be the most pretentious of any of the places on the beach. In fact, it is larger than the clubhouses. There are many rooms, including twenty guest suites of bedroom, living room and bath. Twelve garages will enable friends to bring their cars along over the week-end. Marion and I have been close friends for years.

Many of the picture folk prefer Beverly Hills to Hollywood, enjoying the seclusion of mountain-top abodes. Close to Buster Keaton's beautiful Italian villa, perched high on a young Himalaya, is the estate owned by Mr. and Mrs. Tom Mix. Other cliff dwellers, as we call the Beverlyites, are Frances Marion and her husband, Fred Thomson. Frances—who has traveled from a poster artist to one of the highest-salaried scenario writers in the industry—and Fred have a whole hill to themselves. Twenty-seven men are employed to attend the gardens and care for the horses which Fred uses in his popular Westerns. His riding ring is as large as that of any professional academy. The sole heir to all this magnificence is Freddie, Jr., just three months old. Those who think of Hollywood as the home of the unintelligentzia and illiterati would change their views if they could hear the scintillating conversation on any and every topic at Frances' Sunday at-homes, where groups of authors, directors, screen players and distinguished personages in every walk of life are accustomed to congregate.

A Vegetable Patch That Turned Turtle

COLLEEN MOORE and her husband, John McCormick, are about to build in Beverly. Monte Blue, Mabel Normand, Lew Cody, Betty Blythe, Anna Q. Nilsson, Walter Pidgeon, Laura La Plante, Pola Negri, Fred Niblo, Norman Kerry, Patsy Ruth Miller, John Gilbert and Theda Bara are others who have chosen this section. The abode of Gloria Swanson and the Marquis de la Falaise, on Crescent Drive, is a big, comfortable house with open fireplaces, book-lined walls and a real homy atmosphere, despite its elegance. Her children eat in a cozy outdoor dining room and have a charming nursery apartment all their own.

In Benedict Canyon, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Lloyd own an enormous acreage and are building one of the fairy places of the world. A private canoe course winds through the grounds under overhanging eucalyptus trees. A barbecue pit has been erected for outdoor parties, and there are tennis courts, golf courses and a big swimming pool. Tea is served in the afternoon in picturesque little summer houses, and three-year-old baby Mildred Gloria has her own patio playhouse.

Adjoining the Lloyd estate is Carl Laemmle's Spanish home, formerly the residence of the late Thomas H. Ince. One of the original features of this magnificent home site is the garden in the rear of the house, laid out into miniature motion-picture locations of every description.

Cecil B. DeMille divides his time between his Hollywood home and Paradise, his rustic mountain ranch back of San Fernando. Still another beautiful mountain home near Los Angeles is Moreno Highlands, where Tony and his wife overlook the whole city.

My own town house is in the heart of Hollywood, on Hollywood Boulevard. Mr. Schenck and I have eighteen rooms, very charming gardens, and a swimming pool large enough for the Leviathan to sink in. We have enjoyed furnishing it ourselves, without the aid of interior decorators, and I adore pottering around the grounds. Once I tried planting a vegetable patch, but most of the seeds turned turtle and never came up. After getting about eight beans and six stalks of asparagus at the end of two months' coaxing, I decided it was cheaper to buy our vegetables, and took to landscaping instead. I changed the tropical shrubs around so often that they seemed to recede instead of growing taller, so now I only go in for flowers. Otto, our enormous police dog, goes in for flowers too. Sometimes he goes in a foot deep with his two front paws. Otto is a fierce brute, one-eighth human and seven-eighths wolf, who shows his gums like a tooth-paste advertisement and has a pretty little habit of collecting bits of trousers from strangers. But he is always gentle with me.

The Red Queen's Philosophy

WE HAVE big open fireplaces in the living room, library, card room and dining room, with breakfast room adjoining. The sun parlor, furnished with comfortable Japanese wickerwork, is large enough for a ballroom. My boudoir is in pastel shades of orchid and lavender. The carpet is violet, the walls pale green and flesh, the French furniture lavender, inlaid with scrolls and pastel-shaded flowers. The drapes and canopy over the bed are orchid and lavender and the sheets pale lavender silk.

The bed and dressing table used in Camille are from my own bedroom, also the cut-crystal dressing-table set of toilet articles. As my Camille is a strictly modern version, it was quite fitting to use my own instead of rented things, and somehow they made me feel much more at home in the part. I might add that a dash of lavender was not inapropos for La Dame aux Camélias.

Our summer place, next door to Bebe Daniels', who lives close enough to step out of her bedroom window into mine, is just a small, cozy beach house at Santa Monica, where the rollicking Pacific waves break into sea-foam smiles against our shore. When the ocean gets too frisky we have a blue-tiled swimming pool where the water is heated. I have an outdoor sleeping porch and love to be lulled to sleep by the sound of the sea. The boudoir proper is in pale green and Italian yellow brocade, which may sound terrible, but the tones blend perfectly. The bed is canopied and piled with dainty filet and embroidered pillows. The sheets are always pale green silk, monogrammed with the same plain N which I use on all my table linens, personal articles and stationery.

Nothing delights me more at Santa Monica than to laze around in a bathing suit or curl up in the sand with a book. Although I sometimes read the latest best sellers in the hope of finding motion-picture plots, the standard books interest me far more. I love Dumas, De Maupassant, Tolstoy, Victor Hugo, Rudyard Kipling and George Eliot; and whenever I feel at all blue I reread Alice's Adventures in Wonderland and Through the Looking Glass. No one can be unhappy long in the company of Lewis Carroll. I adore pretending that the Gryphon, the Mock Turtle, the Walrus, the Carpenter and the fat oysters are holding their conversation on my own little beach. Through half-closed eyes I can see the Lobster quadrille. With the Cheshire Cat, the White Rabbit and the Dormouse for companions, sometimes I sit for hours dreamily gazing at the sea.

As for the Red Queen, I have adopted her philosophy and applied it to my whole motion-picture career. Alice, running breathlessly up a hill, is told by the Queen, ever shouting "Faster! Faster!" that they have passed "nearly there" a long time ago. After traveling so quickly that they seem to skim through the air, Alice is amazed to discover herself sitting under the very tree from which they started their journey. The Red Queen then explains, "It takes all the running you can do to keep in the same place. If you want to get somewhere else, you must run at least twice as fast as that!" And certainly this is true in the flickering films. One has to keep moving in order to stand still. If Constance and I have been fortunate enough to hold our places on the screen for a longer term of years than many who were stars when we were playing bits, it is because we, too, have kept repeating "Faster! Faster!" and we are still out of breath, but in the running.

Editor's Note—This is the sixth and last of a series of articles by Miss Talmadge.

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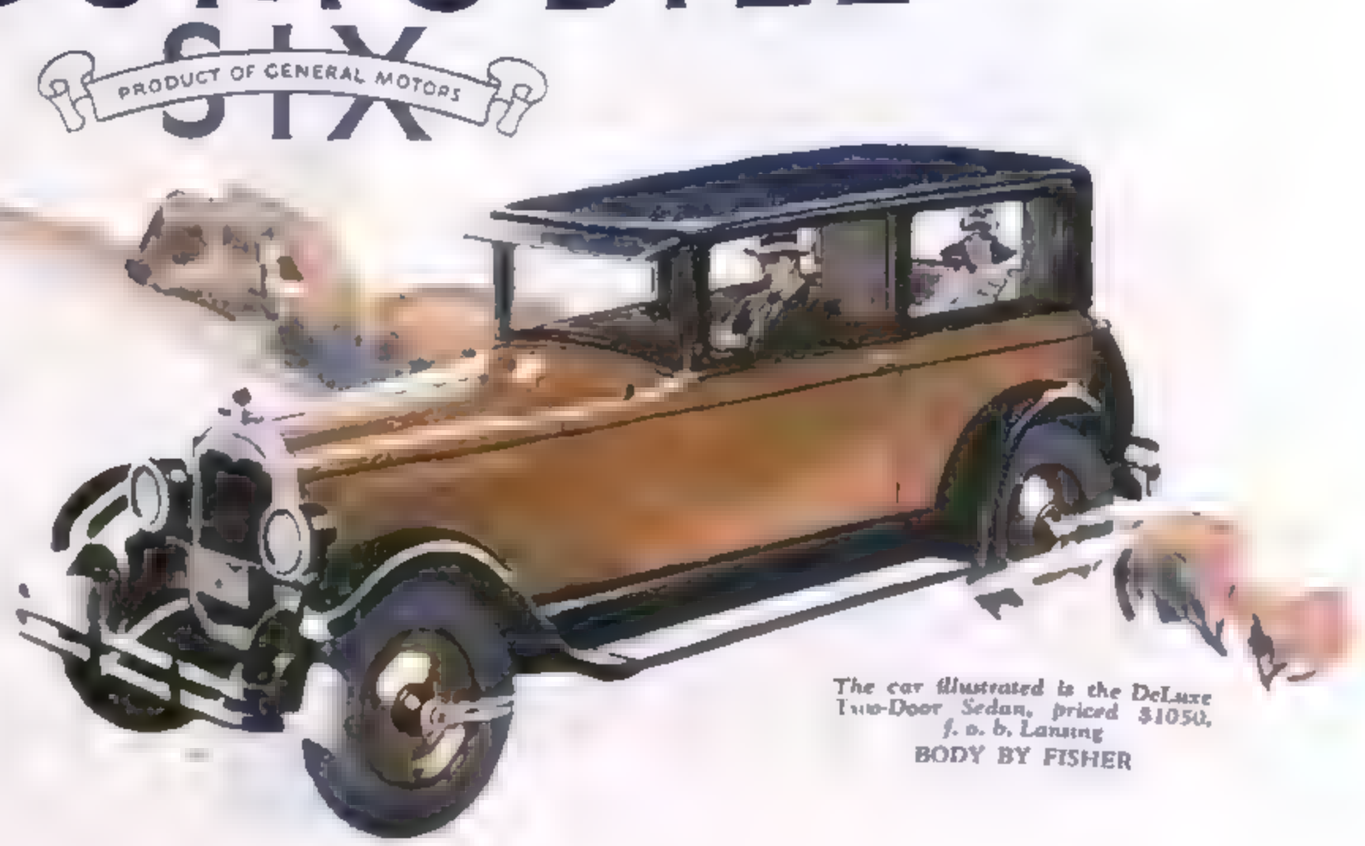

The car illustrated is the DeLuxe Two-Door Sedan, priced $1050, f. o. b. Lansing
BODY BY FISHER

AMERICANA

MORE evidence of the abyss between commerce and art, as noted by the Associated Press in a dispatch from Chicago:

The mystery of a striking landscape canvas called And Then it Rained has been solved by the Chicago Art Institute. Karl Ruble, the records show, painted And Then it Rained. He submitted the canvas to the jury selecting subjects for the annual exhibition of Chicago artists. It was among the favored 269 canvases chosen from the 400 offered. A woman's club bought And Then it Rained for $400. But Karl Ruble could not be found. The address he had given was fictitious, so the Art Institute was left with a check and a mystery. Edward B. Butler, of Chicago, a trustee of the Institute, came to see the paintings. "I believe you had a canvas here," he said to the custodian, "called And Then it Rained." "Yes," replied the attendant excitedly. "We are looking for Mr. Ruble. We have $400 for him." "I am Karl Ruble," said Mr. Butler. He explained he had wanted to do something on his own. Mr. Butler has followed painting as an avocation for years. He presented to the Art Institute the George Inness collection of 22 paintings, said to be the finest collection in America of the works of the great landscape artist.

How to get a high school when ordinary political methods fail, as described in a dispatch from Perkasie, Pennsylvania:

Four times the Rotarians of Perkasie met with the Kiwanians of Sellersville, and each time the two communities came nearer the objective—a consolidated high school. At the last meeting of the two clubs the proposal was unanimously approved and a campaign launched to increase the assessed valuation of Perkasie borough in order to increase its capacity to finance the school. Later the Perkasie Rotarians met with the local Chamber of Commerce and each Rotarian took out membership in the Chamber. The Perkasie Rotary club is only two years old.

Tribute in the Nation's Business to a congressman who did not spend the public's money:

In January, 1926, Nation's Business published an article by Congressman Homer Hoch, of Kansas, suggesting that the Post Office Department might save a lot of money in operating expenses of the rural-free-delivery system without impairment of service by the consolidation and lengthening of free delivering routes. . . . On his own initiative and without fanfare of trumpets, Fourth Assistant Postmaster General Billany set about a bit of consolidation along the lines of the Hoch suggestion. Up to date 457 of these consolidations have been made at a saving of some $590,000. . . . At the current rate of congressional pay, here's one member who has saved the Government the amount of his salary for the next half century.

More about the interest of business men in the finer things of life, as exposed by the organization service clip sheet of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States:

March 10 to 13 the Springfield Chamber of Commerce sponsored the production of William Dodd Chenery's dramatization of Mendelssohn's oratorio, Elijah, in grand-opera form. Three evening performances and a special Sunday matinée for school children were given, to the delight of large audiences. Splendid scenery, beautiful costumes and hundreds of participants on a great stage furnished a spectacle of real splendor. As a means of enlisting all classes and groups of the city in a common enterprise, we are informed Elijah was the greatest vehicle Springfield has yet discovered. Singers of all denominations sat side by side and sang the magnificent choruses. On the stage acting the scenes were Knights of Columbus, Masonic orders, De Molay, dancing groups from public and parochial schools; in fact, every interest in the city was represented.

Light on the widely accepted belief that Americans are too young a people to have established any real culture, as furnished by the Associated Press in a dispatch from Madison, Indiana:

The first public library in the Northwest Territory, established 109 years ago in a wayside inn along the Ohio River, ministers today to the community which has grown up around it. Across the Appalachians and down the river to Southern Indiana, a group of men of learning came soon after 1810. Led by Alexander Meek, attorney, they formed a circulating library. In 1818 the men of the hamlet met at the inn and formed a public library of voluntarily contributed books. Twenty-four subscribers paid $5 each in its first year for borrowing privileges. It outgrew quarters in the inn, moved to a store, and after the Civil War became a county enterprise. It occupies an entire floor of the Masonic Temple. Its shelves still hold most of the worn and rare volumes which started it—notably a French atlas published in Amsterdam in 1733.

The Kansas City Times account of a typically American movement:

A. P. Rothschild yesterday was reëlected president of the Main Street Association at the Westgate Hotel. J. Logan Jones and H. B. Shanberg, vice presidents; Charles G. Haake, treasurer, and Harry S. Davis, manager, also were reëlected. Among the projects to be undertaken are the elimination of shacks and unsightly structures on Main Street, improved store fronts, regulation or elimination of overhanging signs, removal of merchandise from the sidewalks and store fronts, and a campaign to maintain all property in a more attractive condition. Attention also will be given to paving, traffic, transportation and parking matters.

Another slant on what the public wants, as quoted by the Editor and Publisher from an address by Edward Price Bell before the Academy of Political Science:

I give it you as my conviction that many editorial chairs creak under their load of misunderstanding of the public. Occupants of these chairs think the public is shallow. It is deep. They think the public wants trash. It wants the best that is known and thought in the world. Movies are all right in their way. Jazz is all right in its way. Comic strips are all right in their way. In moments of exceptional penetration, even I can see the fun in them. But I say to you that all these are light diet. I say to you that we cannot build up a great and safe democracy on movies and jazz and comic strips. Give us these by all means—for we do not want to draw faces overlong—but give us, also, more of the sentiment and the philosophy and the facts that are pregnant with the fate of human society.

Reaction of a titled foreigner to the treatment accorded him in the United States, as reported by the New York Sun's account of his gift of a sixteenth-century tapestry to the Advertising Club of New York:

A cordial invitation to Americans to visit England during the tourist season now opening was extended today by Sir Charles Higham, English advertising man, in an address delivered before members of the Advertising Club of New York. Sir Charles also presented the club, of which he is a member, with a sixteenth-century tapestry. "The tapestry I have the honor to present to your club today is given as a small token in remembrance of the great kindness and help extended to me over many years by American advertising men and women," he said. "All I know of my profession I learned as a youth in this country. My success is due to the fact that you never asked me, 'What have you done?' but 'What can you do?'"

Relation between fame and philanthropy revealed by the Rotarian in a note from its correspondent at Jackson, Michigan:

Individuals in this community have been waking up to find themselves famous. It is all because of an award the local club established in 1924 of a medal for the resident of Jackson County who had done the greatest service to others out of the line of his active duty and exclusive of bravery or monetary philanthropy. Miss Cora Allen, many years principal of Central High School of the city, received the award the first year for her work among the children in the poorer districts in establishing clothing and milk funds. The next year it went to a Rotarian, George Luther, for his work with rehabilitated soldiers. This year it was awarded to Burton R. Laraway—also a Rotarian—for his work among crippled children.

Comment on corporate citizenship as revealed in a special dispatch to the Christian Science Monitor from Chicago:

Civic daring of two business houses that risked nearly one million dollars' worth of space in a voluntary effort to promote the Chicago Plan is at last rewarded. The La Salle Street widening project, made possible by their willingness to set back their buildings without any assurance of compensation, is soon to be under way, officials state. The city will consequently repay them for their sacrifice. . . . The first good example of civic foresight on the part of the builders was set by Daniel H. Burnham, Jr., and his business associates, in setting back the Burnham Building twenty feet from the old curbstone. The new line thus marked was continued in the Eitel Block by the Metropolitan Building, also set back twenty feet voluntarily.

The New York Times recital of another Chamber of Commerce project:

Organization of a school of practical art in New York City was discussed at a luncheon in the New York State Chamber of Commerce yesterday under auspices of the Committee on Commercial Education, of which F. J. Lisman is chairman. Mr. Lisman was authorized to appoint an organization committee for the project. The proposed school would train artists, designers and instructors on lines followed in the industrial cities of Europe.

Evidence that coöperation between professional and business organizations in the interests of history and art is not altogether in the future, as exhibited by the New Orleans Times-Picayune:

The American Institute of Architects has appointed a committee to give a colonial costume ball in New Orleans annually for the benefit of buildings of outstanding historic value and architectural beauty. . . . This announcement was contained in a letter from General Allison Owen, President of the Association of Commerce and of the Benjamin Memorial Association, which was read at a meeting of the Vieux Carré Million Club at the home of Mrs. Horace Russ. E. A. Parsons, Robert Glenk, curator of the State Museum, Mr. Russ, Louis B. Reuter and R. E. L. Ricketts spoke on the movement to preserve the buildings of New Orleans' historic quarter.

One of the reasons why the young people strive, as outlined by the Kiwanis Magazine:

The Indiana District is backing a movement for larger appropriations for the Indiana and Purdue Universities. The program includes an increase in buildings and a gradual increase in educational facilities covering a period of ten years. Special speakers have addressed many clubs on this subject, and through letters and personal appeal the matter was brought to the attention of the Governor of the State and the members of the State Legislature.

Dispatch to the Philadelphia Public Ledger on the progress of the crime wave in one of the country's 18,000 villages:

The jail here has not housed a prisoner for fifteen months, except for one day, when a man failed to pay a $10 fine for disturbing the peace.

Excerpt, via Kansas City Star, of an article by Gustavus Myers in the Century Magazine on the growth of gloom in Greenwich Village:

A feeling of dismay oppresses radicals in America. Long agitating for the abolition of the profit system, they see it apparently wider and more deeply rooted than ever. They strove to awake society to the injustice of the profit motive, exhorting the men who were used for profit to destroy the foundations upon which the system was based. According to their theory, an awakened proletariat would acquire political power and reorganize society by ending capitalism and with it all class divisions. In vain do radicals now look for anything in America resembling a proletariat. They see in the main a mass of industrial workers gratified with high wages, filling savings-bank coffers, buying homes, disporting themselves in motor cars, regaling themselves with radios, ready to buy corporation stocks, and eager for dividends. The more discouraged radicals bitterly complain that the American worker has become capitalist-minded and relishes his new rôle so well that he yearns for a larger share.

Hartford Courant's version of how strictly business organizations have taken up the business of living:

Mrs. George W. Perry, chairman of the Household Science and Art Department of the Hartford Women's Club, has been appointed by Secretary Herbert Hoover to serve as chairman of a committee to conduct a Better Homes campaign in Hartford. Mr. Hoover is President of Better Homes in America, an organization which each year sponsors a nation-wide educational campaign for better homes. The campaign is sponsored by such organizations

Watch This Column
Our Weekly Letter

MARY PHILBIN

UNIVERSAL is set for the coming season with the most remarkable list of pictures it has produced in all its history. Theatre-owners who are ambitious to please their patrons and build up their receipts, are advised to scan with care the pictures, authors, stars and directors as abundant assurance for splendid entertainment during the Fall and Winter:

"Love Me and the World is Mine"—starring MARY PHILBIN and NORMAN KERRY. Author, Hans Bartsch. Director, E. A. Dupont.

"Back to God's Country"—starring RENEE ADOREE. With Walter Long, Robert Fraser, Mitchell Lewis and others. Author, James Oliver Curwood. Director, Irving Willat.

"The Cat and the Canary" with LAURA LA PLANTE and a perfect cast of stars. Author, John Willard. Director, Paul Leni.

"Alias the Deacon" starring JEAN HERSHOLT. Broadway stage success by J. B. Hymer and Leroy Clements. Director, Edward Sloman.

"Cohens and Kellys in Paris"—The famous fun-makers back again in a bigger laugh getter.

"Cheating Cheaters"—starring BETTY COMPSON and KENNETH HARLAN. Author, Max Marcin. Director, Edward Laemmle.

"Finders Keepers"—starring LAURA LA PLANTE. Author, Mary Roberts Rinehart. Director, Wesley Ruggles.

"The Irresistible Lover"—starring NORMAN KERRY and LOIS MORAN. Director, Wm. Beaudine. Supervised by Carl Laemmle, Jr.

"The Chinese Parrot"—starring HOBART BOSWORTH and MARIAN NIXON. Author, Earl Derr Biggers. Director, Paul Leni.

HOOT GIBSON—in seven startling Wild West pictures—some of them by Peter B. Kyne.

REGINALD DENNY—in four fine Super-comedies. Directors, William Seiter and Fred Newmeyer.

Remember also—that Universal leads the industry in "short subjects."

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next week)

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as chambers of commerce, women's clubs, parent-teacher associations, Boy and Girl Scouts and others.

The age of ambition as revealed in an Associated Press dispatch to the Washington Star from Indianapolis:

Philip A. Randall, junior at Butler University, is no flaming youth. He lately celebrated his seventy-second birthday anniversary, but he plans to earn his degree and become a teacher at Ingalls, Indiana, his home town. Forty-nine years ago Randall was graduated from a normal school. Lately he had an opportunity to teach in his home-town school and found that he must have more collegiate training to qualify. So he came to Butler and is studying history, astronomy and English.

Account in the Kiwanis Magazine of how the business men of one North Carolina town spend their spare time:

The Kiwanis Club of Reidsville, North Carolina, adopted for its major objective during the year 1926 the sponsoring of clinics for the benefit of the underprivileged children of Rockingham, Caswell and Alamance Counties. An orthopedic surgeon of Greensboro offered to donate his services and the state department of rehabilitation also offered its coöperation. With the assurance of capable persons to conduct the clinic, the Kiwanis Club secured suitable rooms and supplies necessary to carry on such work. At the nine clinics held during the year, there were 154 patients examined and treated.

The Rotarian illustrates how the simple-minded American idea of beginning at the beginning is being applied to international affairs:

Kansas City members of this club are corresponding with overseas Rotarians holding their own classifications, on topics pertaining to world business which affect the amity and good will existing between countries. In order that the success of the plan may be assured, President Wittig has appointed a committee to supervise the scheme.

The relation of boosting to the widely quoted scriptural injunction concerning "the least of these," as reported by the Hartford Courant:

The sixteenth birthday of Exchange as a national institution will be observed by the Hartford Exchange Club at the Hotel Bond today. The first Exchange Club was founded by Charles A. Berkey, of Detroit, on April 11, 1911, and grew out of another organization known as the Boosters, which existed in Detroit as far back as 1896. From this nucleus has grown a nation-wide organization, with clubs in every state of the union, each club exemplifying the motto, Unity for Service. The National Exchange Club was incorporated, not for profit, in 1917. Each year on the first Tuesday of August the Exchange Clubs of the United States entertain thousands of underprivileged children by what are known as Sunshine Specials in their communities. The Hartford Exchange Club has done much work at the American School for the Deaf, establishing a dental clinic and installing various equipment in the playground.

Chicago Tribune's report of an extra community dividend in a dispatch from Ashton, Illinois:

The will of Nathan A. Petrie, Ashton banker since 1869, was filed this afternoon. It gives a half million dollars to philanthropy, including $100,000 to churches in Ashton and Parish, Oswego County, New York, which was Mr. Petrie's former home, $100,000 for a Mills and Petrie Memorial Library and gymnasium at Ashton; $100,000 for a library at Parish; $100,000 for a cemetery at Parish; $100,000 for a Parish gymnasium. In his lifetime Mr. Petrie gave to Ashton and Parish public institutions $100,000.

How to Become Famous Though Born at Home—By Richard Connell

MELTON MOWBRAY was born in Ohio or Maine. He never could remember which. His mother said Maine, but she was a Ledbitter, a family notorious for its poor memories. Anyway he became a writer.

Because he had a weak stomach and prominent ears, his stories were all about men with strong stomachs and handsome ears, who had a pretty tough time of it in the first five thousand words, but who bucked up in the next thousand and got the girl and the job as president of the lamp-chimney works.

Soon people with weak stomachs and prominent ears, all over America, were reading his stories and fancying themselves in the hero's boots.

This was not facing life as it is, the critics said. You can't make a silk skirt out of prominent ears, they said. Now that new Lapland writer—Grugg—he had something to say, and how deliciously penetrating and pagan he was in the original Lapp—if you read Lapp.

Melton Mowbray stayed on the family farm in Maine—then his mother was right, after all—and wrote stories and nobody read them—that is, nobody but a lot of people who did not own—or rent—typewriters, and couldn't read Lapp, and were a regrettably uncivilized mess anyhow. His readers were denominated boobs and were drowned every afternoon between four and six in scornful tea cups held in pale hands at studio bun struggles.

II

FEODOR ILYA PYOTR POMYALOV, called Yakov Voroponov by his friends, and Pyetrovich Glyeb by those who did not know him so well, lived in Moscow—Moscow—but had once worked as a sash-weight designer in a factory in Binghamton, New York. His penchant for designing sash weights, with forget-me-nots embossed on them, had cost him his job; and cursing a country where art is not appreciated, he returned to Moscow and set up in business as a droshky driver—cabman—between the depot—railroad station—and the Kremlin—city hall. One bleak day—ah, great white father, how the wind wolf howled on the steppes!—a great Slavic sadness was on him. He needed kopecks—money—to buy a new whip socket and a few nips of vodka—brandy.

He chanced to glance into his cab. He cried out—in Russian, of course—"Oh, boy!"

His most recent fare—Joseph J. Kilmer traveling for Kilmer and Kilmer, skins and pelts, Boston and Albany, if you must know—had left a book behind. It was a book of stories by Melton Mowbray called Greengrocers in Arcady. Pomyalov read it. He had gone to night school in Binghamton one night and knew English. He hurried back to his *isba*—house—got a good *nachistyl*—snootful—of kvass—liquor—and translated the stories into Russian.

As he was modest, he did not claim the stories as his own. Russian writers are not so popular in Russia anyhow. And, as the name Melton Mowbray looked perfectly silly in Russian, he changed it to Meltya Mobravoff, and called the book *Tikhon starosya barski chusasg mokei ossip bortsch*—Little buglike souls caught on the fly paper of Life.

It sold 3,257,893 copies. Pomyalov bought a new droshky, married a fat widow and had children no end.

III

EDWIN WILLUS CLAPPINGTON needed a new spare for his old sedan, his wife wanted a permanent wave, and it was really high time Junior had those polyps in his nose attended to—a situation irksome to a man of letters.

"Reviewing books is all wet," he growled at his wife, "even though they let you keep and sell the damn things—pardon my French."

He picked up a new copy of The Explosion, a Monthly Revue of the Really Good in Art, edited and financed by a young man whose father had made quite a wad in the halibut and cod-packing industry. It contained a long and refreshingly opaque article entitled The New Russia Finds Its Voice and Speaks to the World in no Uncertain Terms, by Felix Mumpson—Class of 1925—who got it from a Frenchman, who got it from a German, who got it from a Russian. In winged phrases it extolled the new literary discovery—Meltya Mobravoff. Lapsing, briefly, into comparative lucidity, Mr. Mumpson called him "this seerlike Slav who writes with a scalpel."

"Oh, boy!" exclaimed Edwin Willus Clappington. "This is my dish!"

He got hold of the Russian book, and aided by Julius Wiss—by day the second Wiss of Wiss and Wiss, We Press Pants—And How!—he rendered it into pulsating and at times intelligible English. He called it Caught Spirits.

It proved a sensation. It was widely acclaimed by those who knew their literary *oignons*. The name of Meltya Mobravoff was whispered with awe at the bun struggles. It was nominated as the book of the season. Clappington was fêted. He was the lion of the salons.

The professors who bestowed the Henry C. Rigney Annual International Award for Distinction in Art voted to give the medal and the twenty-five dollars that year to Meltya Mobravoff, but as none of them could remember what stamps are needed to send a letter to Russia, they decided to place the wreath on the brow of a lady poetess in Mississippi.

"If you have not read Caught Spirits you'd better go live in a tree, where you belong," wrote Walter Tate Culp, in his column in the New York Daily Alarm. Mr. Culp's novel was accepted the following week by the publishers of Caught Spirits. As nobody wanted to go and live in a tree, soon everybody just had to read the book. It sold enormously, and the picture people bought it, had a man named Blatt write an original story to go with the title, and in due course issued the picture, calling it Is Love a Sin?

Edwin Willus Clappington bought a brand-new Hyperion Eight sedan. Mrs. Clappington had her hair waved by an imported barber, and Junior had out not only his nasal polyps but his tonsils and adenoids as well.

A year or so later Melton Mowbray chanced on a copy of Caught Spirits. He read it, and became acutely discouraged because his own work fell so far short of the *contes* of the great Russian Master. So he went home, sold his typewriter, and opened a bicycle-repair shop.

Are your gears *cheating* your engine?

Scientific tests show how gear friction acts like a dragging brake in most cars over 6 months old

Now a new type free-running gear lubricant that gives 1 to 1½ more miles per gallon—by actual test

IF your engine seems to be hitting on all six, your carburetor acting right, and still you are not getting the full gasoline mileage claimed for your car—there is something wrong. It is a condition common to practically all cars after the first 6 months. Most motorists just accept it as inevitable.

Yet you can probably stop this mysterious trouble in 10 minutes, today, and secure 1 to 1½ more miles per gallon of gas. Recent experiments show that the usual trouble is frictional resistance in your gears—transmission and differential.

The effect is like a dragging brake. Due to the fact that old-fashioned gear greases and compounds do not give free-running lubrication. To correct this condition Alemite engineers have perfected a new type lubricant for gears. It is the result of 3 years' research.

Actual driving tests show that this new Alemite Transmission Lubricant will enable your car to deliver 1 to 1½ more miles per gallon. Because it reduces frictional resistance to a new low point. Keeps your gears so much freer running. You will notice a difference in power and "pickup," too. And in winter it makes your gears shift easier.

Alemite Transmission Lubricant contains no foreign substances—no fillers or acids. It is all lubricant. Actual friction heat tests prove that this new lubricant reduces gear friction to a new low point. (See chart.) And it does away with the drag caused by the old sticky gear compound.

Naturally, this new lubricant costs a few cents more than the ordinary kind. It is made from the finest materials obtainable, and sold with the direct guarantee of the world's largest manufacturers of automobile lubricating equipment.

Drive in to your nearest Alemite Service Station and ask for this new lubricant. Have your gears drained and refilled with Alemite Transmission Lubricant—every 2,000 miles. Your gears will never steal power from your engine.

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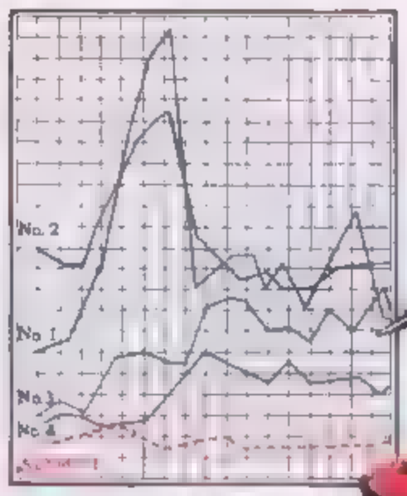

THIS chart shows the results of a friction test of Alemite Transmission Lubricant made in the laboratories of the Armour Institute of Technology. Alemite Transmission Lubricant and four well-known brands of gear grease were submitted to the same tests. Note how, compared with ordinary gear greases, Alemite test by far the lowest friction throughout

Sold only from drums plainly marked

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Transmission Lubricant

Charles Goodyear, from a contemporary portrait

The Greatest

He walked the streets in downpouring rain in a strange garment of rubberized cloth.

He met the jeers of the world with a faith that neither disaster nor seeming disgrace could conquer.

He laid upon the altar of his work all the dear things of life—health, family, friends, fortune, happiness.

He was cast into prison for debt.

He felt himself "appointed of God."

He discovered the vulcanization of rubber.

His name was Charles Goodyear.

IN the immense and far-flung industrial structure that is Goodyear today, an army of workers labors to enlarge Charles Goodyear's discovery.

In cities that he never saw—quite possibly of which he could not even dream—and in an enterprise he did not found, his spirit abides where his name finds greatest honor.

With every passing year, the name of Goodyear rises higher, clearer.

Deservedly the greatest name in rubber in the beginning, through the work of the man, it is today no less deservedly the greatest name in rubber through the work of the institution which followed the path he pioneered.

The name Goodyear is greatest in invention.

Look through the annals of the rubber industry's achievements, and on every important page for a quarter-century you will find record of Goodyear the institution's contribution to the art.

Goodyear invented the present straight-side tire.

Goodyear perfected the principle of cord tire construction underlying the high-mileage performance of automobile tires today.

Goodyear ingenuity fashioned the machines necessary to the production of this new construction.

Goodyear devised the All-Weather Tread, for maximum safety, traction, wear.

Goodyear pioneered the successful pneumatic cord truck tire.

Goodyear originated the Plant Analysis Plan of specifying rubber mechanical goods to the uses of industry.

Goodyear provided the indispensable rubber equipment for aëronautics in America, and itself established record after record in air navigation.

Goodyear developed SUPERTWIST, the extra-elastic, extra-durable cord fabric essential to the modern low-pressure tire.

Goodyear has just now announced the tractive, slow-wearing new Goodyear balloon tire with the new-type All-Weather Tread.

The name Goodyear is greatest in sales.

The measure of value in rubber may accurately be gauged by volume of sales, sustained public demand being the evidence of merit.

More people ride on Goodyear Tires than on any other kind.

More people walk on Goodyear rubber heels than on any other kind.

More Goodyear rubber conveyor belting is used in industry than any other kind.

More Goodyear rubber equipment is supplied to commercial aviation and for national aëronautical defense than any other kind.

Name in Rubber

More Goodyear Tires—many millions more—have been made and placed in the service of motorists than any other kind.

More rubber is used by Goodyear—nearly one-seventh of all the crude rubber produced annually on the earth, almost 50% more than is used by any other manufacturer.

The name Goodyear is greatest in service.

There is in the Goodyear business method a fixed principle of the greatest service to the greatest number.

With the same care that it builds into its products the greatest possible value, Goodyear has provided the means to help users get all that value out.

It has covered the world with a network of branches, depots and dealer service stations for the prompt supply and expert servicing of Goodyear wares.

It has pledged its selected retail outlets to give the skilled assistance to owners that results in the enjoyment of the last ounce of usefulness built into the Goodyear product.

The name Goodyear is greatest in usefulness.

It is a fair statement to say that none of Goodyear's success has come to Goodyear unearned.

This is a young company—eager, alert, forward-looking—one of the youngest although it is the greatest rubber company of the world.

It has come along no royal road in its march to decisive leadership, but often through trial and travail like that which Charles Goodyear himself endured.

But it has had his conquering spirit in its heart.

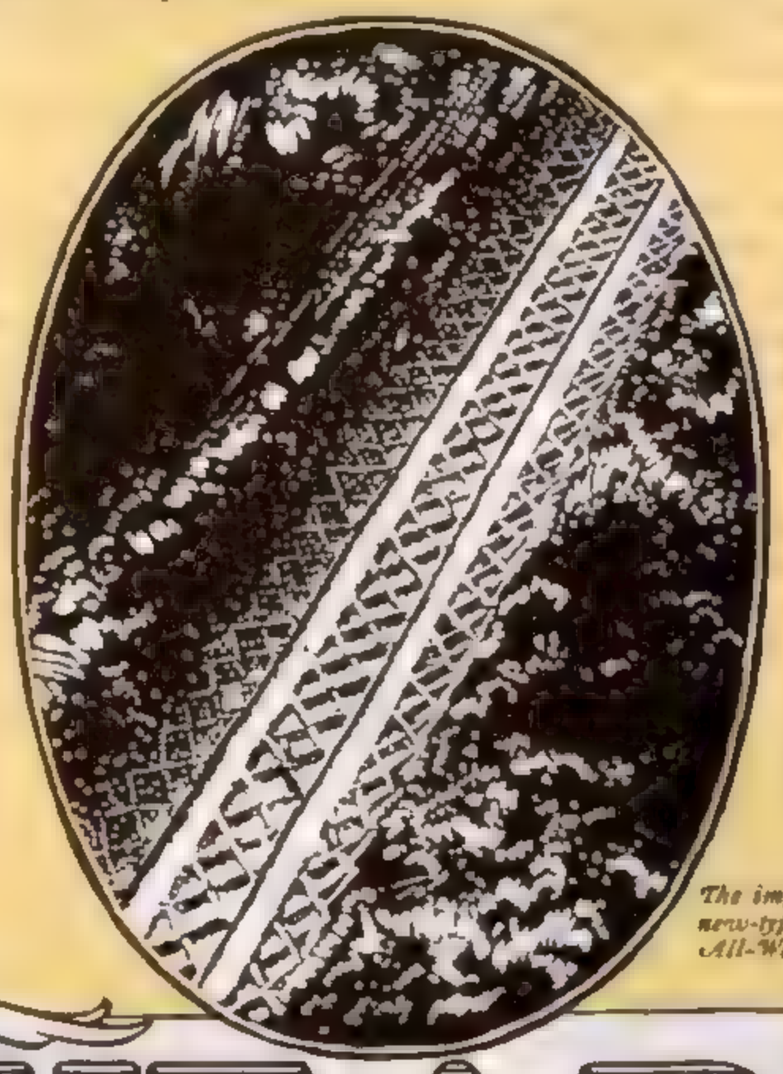
And it has had the devoted service of thousands on thousands of loyal men who respond to that spirit.

And it has had the trust and good-will of the millions of people who have tested its work and word and found them worthy.

It will keep all these, because it knows whereof they spring.

In the beginning, by force of discovery, Goodyear was the greatest name in rubber.

By force of usefulness, to its own and to all people, Goodyear is the greatest name in rubber today.



The imprint of the new-type Goodyear All-Weather Tread

GOODYEAR

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Tens of thousands of motorists already know that AJAX *Hi-Speed* Balloons make driving under modern conditions easier and safer.

A scientifically worked-out design, developing important factors of Balance and Contour, produces results hitherto unobtainable.

Join the AJAX army of satisfied owners and enjoy tire qualities that present-day high-speed cars, hair-trigger acceleration and four-wheel brakes make almost imperative.

Besides greater ease and safety you will also get more miles.

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ORIGINAL EQUIPMENT ON AND MADE EXPRESSLY FOR AMERICA'S FINEST MOTOR CARS

"Made Expressly for" a particular car means that the size and type of AJAX Hi-Speed Balloons for that car have been determined only after the most careful study and analysis of the important factors that cause tire wear—speed, pick-up, length of wheelbase, size of wheels, character of brakes and weight of car.

LETTERS FROM FRATERNITY

EDITOR'S NOTE—The letters which follow were written by A. L. McCorrison of Searsmont, Maine, to Ben Ames Williams, over a period of some four years. Except for the elimination of some personal matters, and except for condensations here and there, they have not been edited.

SEARSMONT, Dec. 28, 1924.

DEAR BEN: How the time gets away. Your letter brought to mind many happy days in my own experience, days when I, too, used to hunt sea birds. Though I never saw a sinkbox. But from your description, it must be uncomfortable shooting in them, but who thinks of comfort when birds are moving. I could almost smell salt air. And when you mentioned old squaws, a bird I had not thought of for many years, how vividly it brought to mind a friend—long since passed on—who gave me my first lessons in sea-bird shooting. His name was Herbert Arey.

He and I were together the first time I ever saw a flock of old squaws, and Herb said, "Hear that, Bert?"

"Yes. What is it?"

"That's old squaws."

"What are old squaws?" said I.

"Well," said Herb, "whenever an old Indian squaw dies her spirit goes into a coot, and that's why they call them old squaws. Hear them laugh and cackle? That's the way a party of old Indian squaws always sound when they dig clams." Many a dark night he took me to the outer ledges. My eyes grew dim when I read his obituary.

I went gunning once since you left. Late in Nov. F. came out one afternoon and took us up to the Pines. We saw 8 partridges and quite a number of ducks in the pond. Coots, I think, though they may have been black duck. I fired twice at 3 whistlers just outside the rushes near G.'s boat landing, and F. fired twice at partridge, but got nothing.

The weather was fine after you left, up to the 20th of Nov.; from the 4th to the 10th the land was full of robins. But I was obliged to pack my apples, as the party I sold to could not get help for love or money. I also helped pack several lots that were bought of my neighbors. In all 220-odd bbls.

Strange, it may seem, but partridges are very plenty. A week ago last Sunday I put up 10 in my hardwood growth and several more over in the Burgess lot. And last night M. R., whose farm is up and across the river from mine, told me he put up 8 partridges in one flock as he went into his woods yesterday morning. They appear not to have broken up as usual, as most everyone reports seeing them in flocks.

Sarah and I have had a slight cold, but a few doses of split knocked it sky-high.

Are having fine winter weather; not snow enough for sleighing, but fine wheeling. But a little too cold for fishing.

There's no live bait in town. But I'm going after pickerel soon. I've caught many a fine string with fresh beef for bait.

Sarah joins me with love to you all, both great and small. Sincerely yours,

BERT MC.

SEARSMONT, ME., Jan. 12, 1925.

DEAR BEN: I was in hopes to have had at least one fishing story to write you before this, but we are now in the grip of one of the grimmest winters for many years. It has snowed all day and is drifting tonight, and the snow was two feet deep on the level when this commenced. The devil only knows what it will be tomorrow.

Sarah and I have had a bad cold for two weeks, but are now in our usual health.

This cold winter must be hard on the partridges; if they go into the snow and a crust forms it's all over. I have often found them in the spring where they had died in the snow.

I have bought a horse, or rather a mare, said to be 12 years old. If you would know how she looks, Shakspere once described such a horse. I paid 50 bucks for the beast. Reck sits here before me with one foot fanning the air and looking supremely foolish, while Frenchy is dreaming under the table. Sarah also sits here by the table mending old clothes. She joins me in the best wishes to you and yours for the new year.

BERT.

SEARSMONT, Mar. 9, 1925, 10:30 A.M.

DEAR BEN: While Sarah was filling the churn with cream, I had to go outdoors to smoke. It is quite pleasant, and I heard the song of the crow in several directions. The snow is nearly all gone in the open land, and the roads are very bad, and growing worse. As I look off over the hills I think what a contrast from two years ago. And this is called a cold winter. But at no time has the ice in the pond been more than 15 inches thick. And up to Jan. 20 we had very little snow. And February has been much like April. I can't understand this cold-weather song we hear so much about. Unless it was the lack of water that made it seem colder than usual. E. H. watered his cattle in the brook, and the water froze solid and he saw small trout in the ice; could see them along the brook in all directions. I have heard they survive such conditions without any harm.

I haven't been moose-horn hunting yet. Though conditions were just right several days last week.

But I took the liberty to squander two dollars of your money for one horn found in the Whicher swamp. It is, as you face Mr. Moose, a right-hand horn. A fine specimen, weight 10.5 lbs., width of palm 11 inches, length of middle front prong 18 in., from tip of middle front prong to outer point of palm 32 inches, with 9 points in all. I'm in hopes to find the other one, as they saw the old fellow still wearing one ornament.

John L. also found a set. They lay about 6 feet apart where the old fellow shook them off. One has 9, the other 8 points. These were found on the plantation, so called, which is just west of the Plaisted cover. There are more moose horns near by, and scattered all over the country. There are moose everywhere. A few days ago, while feeding the dogs in front of the house, I chanced to be looking toward the Lincoln house across the way, just as a doe poked her head around the corner in the path that leads around from the barn. She was slowly walking, and kept on walking slowly past within 25 yards. I spoke to her and invited her up to eat with the dogs. She looked at me and appeared to nod her head, as much as to say, thank you. The dogs were busy and did not see her. I went in front of house and watched her out of sight over the road toward the village.

A man that would deliberately shoot a doe could commit murder. It was the handsomest creature I ever saw.

On my way to Belfast Friday we saw a hen partridge beside the road. There's plenty of partridge, and if the coming season should be favorable and the swamps full of water next Oct., there'll be plenty of birds.

8. P.M. Just come in from the village. A beautiful moonlight night, very calm and still, and quite warm. Can hear the roar of the river to the south and west. And how good it sounds to me. I often listen, when the wind is right, to the song of The Rolling River.

The House by the Rolling River was a poem in the fifth reader; I used to read in when I went to school. And it would apply to many an abandoned house that now stands decaying beside the Georges. "Some are married, some are dead. All are scattered, now, and fled, from the house by the rolling river. The night winds sigh through the vacant hall; the gray rats race through the crumbling wall," and so on. To me, it was sad and beautiful.

J. R.'s boys caught two trout yesterday in the Dyer brook. There's every indication now of an early spring. I shall look for the ice to go out of pond very early in April, if not before. As the stage driver says there's stretches of open water in the Sennebec pond. Owing to the low water in December, when the pond closed, and the high water now, there is a wide space of open water between shore and ice, and to get onto the ice would need a boat. And several fishermen have got wet while getting on and off the pond.

Ben, if you went to a pickerel trap and found a 3 lb. pickerel had run out under the ice with 15 or 20 feet of line, you would need no pole or rod to pull him in with. But with a hand line you would have to be mighty careful not to hurry him, and often give line a little. And when, after what would seem a long time, you finally look down through two feet of ice and see the wide, fierce, open jaws and red gills, writhing and twisting, and fighting as only a big pickerel can, then you finally land him, 6 feet away from the hole, on solid ice. Then, after you get the hook out of his wicked jaws, you push him into a trough 5 or 6 feet long by 2 or 3 feet wide, filled with water and more or less pickerel, and watch the black-backed, gamy-looking fellows fiercely rushing and trying to escape. I believe you would experience a thrill never known on a 5 ounce rod on a hot day in June. But a thrill of blood and iron. Because possibly it comes at a season when one isn't looking for thrills. But there is certainly a pleasure in ice fishing all its own. I hope some time you may try the sport and enjoy it as I have.

Sarah joins me with love to you all.

Sincerely,

BERT MC.

APR. 30, 1925.

DEAR BEN: It's April, and the dryest I ever saw, not a mud hole from here to No. Searsmont, but quite rough in places. There has been no warm rain, not a heavy shower, nothing to flood the brooks, and trout are thin. But we'll have rains, and there'll be worthwhile fishing in Old Ruffingham before the summer is gone.

Sunday was a fine day. I saw no other party on the brooks. The meadow is flowed well up to the point of bushes. It was my first day fishing. I enjoyed every moment. While at the big pines, heard a partridge drumming down brook, and saw him as he left the log—a beech. I heard many other drummers, saw the track of coon and workings of muskrat, borings of woodcock; and walked to within a gunshot of two black duck as I crossed the meadow. I enjoyed the day, if I got no fish.

But last year H. and I got no good trout in the meadow till some time after the 25th of May. Then suddenly there was good trout everywhere. And so it will be again.

10:00 A.M. MAY 1ST.

Rained more or less through the night, wind N. E. and very cold. Was intending to plow today. Sarah has 51 chickens, 2 days old, in a basket in front of the stove in the kitchen. And now and then, one of the hens that hatched them will go by the door, clucking. And that hen's chicks know, and answer. Wonderful is the intelligence of a two-days-old chicken.

Remember us to your father and mother.

With love to all, Sincerely yours,

BERT MC.

P. S. R. P. and S. H. brought home three bbls. alewives from Duck Trap one night this week.

MAY 3RD; continued.

WELL BEN: As to trout fishing, the prospect looks a little brighter. Mr. S. had a friend, who lives over in Auburn, Me., call on him last night. And about 8 o'clock this morning we went down on the

(Continued on Page 56)

the MARMON 8

It takes just fifteen minutes

in the Marmon 8 to find out more than you ever knew existed in any automobile

THIS Marmon 8 has the effect on your pulse of *sudden good news*—the first actual *thrill* you have had out of any new automobile in years—or since your very first car

—a car that unmistakably outstrips the best of them on the get-away

—a car that gets to the top of its speed range with one thrust of the foot

—a car that cares not a rap whether the workmen who laid the paving or built the road did their work well or half-way

—a new, vivacious, fast-footed type of car capable of snapping in and out while the rest of heavy-footed traffic is trying to get set

—the easiest, most modern and thrillful way of getting about so far ever developed.

Its motor is a straight-eight—a new type of straight-eight which appears to be most prophetic of the industry's next big trend.

Its chassis is extremely low-swung with the longest springs in proportion to wheelbase of any car in the world—mounted in rubber and supplemented by hydraulic shock absorbers of the most expensive make—therefore producing a new degree of easy riding.

It has an air of distinction which heretofore has not been found in automobiles of less than $3000. It is every inch a genuine Marmon, built in Marmon factories, and of Marmon quality throughout.

Don't buy any car until you have fully investigated what this Marmon 8 is and the remarkable things it will do. Will you give the nearest Marmon dealer just fifteen minutes of your time some day this week?

PERFORMANCE RESULTS

70 honest miles per hour, with ease and safety.

Lightning acceleration, surpassing that of any car.

Handling, beyond all doubt the easiest you have ever experienced.

An entirely new type of smooth, bounceless riding, without great size or bulk.

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You can keep strong, thick hair

Worrying a little about your hair?

PERHAPS your hair seems thinner, less healthily vigorous—you have wondered whether "anything could be done to help it . . ."

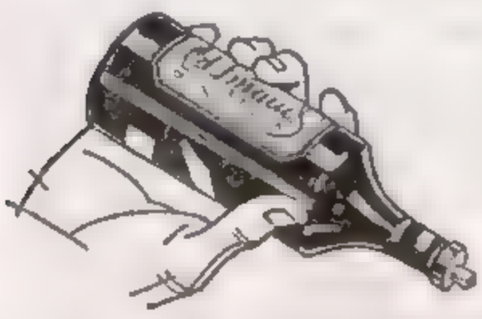
Two common scalp troubles cause thinning hair—dandruff and sluggish scalp circulation. *Both can be remedied.*

This simple treatment, specialists say, corrects quickly both these hair ills:

EVERY MORNING wet your hair and scalp thoroughly with Pinaud's Eau de Quinine. Then, with your fingers pressed down firmly, move the scalp vigorously in every direction, working the tonic into every inch of the scalp. Move the scalp, not the fingers! Brush the hair while still moist. It will lie smoothly just the way you want it.

Give yourself this Pinaud treatment *every* morning—feel the new glow of swift scalp circulation—notice the absence of dandruff—the fact that your hair is thicker, more vigorous! You will soon forget to worry over your hair.

You can buy Pinaud's Eau de Quinine at any drug or department store. Look for the signature of Ed. Pinaud in red on the bottle. Pinaud Incorporated, 220 East 21st Street, New York—sole distributors for Parfumerie Ed. Pinaud, Paris. Canadian distributor, Parfumerie Ed. Pinaud, 204-206 King Street, East, Toronto.



PINAUD'S
Eau de Quinine

(Continued from Page 54)

river below Ghent, sometimes called Robbins Mill, and found four men and several ladies there ahead of us. Mr. S. took his friend's car down to Dunton Brook, and fished upriver to meet us. His friend is a fisherman all right, but of the Pod Auger class. I gave him every chance possible, and he finally caught one trout. We fished the east side of river, because the other parties were on the west side. S. got two small trout in the brook and none in the river. He said, "I believe I've missed much in life by not going trout fishing."

About noon we arrived at the steppingstones and found S. waiting for us. We then came home. I got sixteen—a fine mess of handsome trout. And in fine condition, compared with the brooks. I am quite sure I could have got 25 by fishing back to the mill. I gave the Pod 7 of my largest, which left nine for S. and I—enough for our supper, and four left for breakfast.

The woods are fast changing color, and the maples and Mayflowers are in bloom. It is good to be alive.

Sincerely yours,
BERT.

SEARSMONT, Sunday the 14th, June, 1925.

DEAR BEN: Yours rec'd last night. You must have had a pleasant time in spite of mosquitoes and black flies.

E. arrived in Belfast Friday night, the 5th. The next morning he came here about half-past 8, and I was waiting for him. We fished the further brook in the meadow only part way down and got 18 trout, a mess for him to take in to Belfast for his dinner. That night he came again. It was very dark and threatened rain. And we went up to W. P.'s and put his car under cover and came back with your car. On our way up, as we passed F. M.'s house, just over the rise—out in the swale by the muck hole on the left—we saw moving lights. E. said, "There's a smash-up. Someone has run into a team."

I replied, "No! That's moose; the reflection of the light on their eyes." And so it proved to be. In the darkness they looked just like tail lights on a wagon. The next morning when we came back from fishing, we stopped and found the tracks of at least 3 huge moose, plain to be seen in the grass and beside the road. Such is life in Searsmont.

We got 26 trout—each of us stopped when we had 13; not that we believe there's luck in odd numbers, but I happened to have that number when I quit, and E. did the same.

We left here about 4 o'clock A.M. and quit fishing at point of bushes at 6 o'clock.

We drove down to the pasture where we usually stop, and found the brook very high, and water rily from the wash of the roads, and full of floating sticks and leaves. We fished down below the bridge; E. got one trout, but decided to stick to that brook when I suggested we go over to the other. So I went over the Island to the bridge and from there to the pine stump. Got eleven trout—two from under the stump, 12 and 13 inches. Then decided to go after E. But as I went to cross the brook, saw him coming around the point of the Island. He still had but one trout. I showed him my catch and told him I was done.

The first cast he made, he lost a big one; then caught one 15 inches, and stopped fishing at point of bushes at 6 o'clock. He had caught 12 from bushes to stump; I had caught 11 from stump to bridge and two below the point of bushes, while waiting for E. The largest average I ever saw, except possibly the 17 you caught in one hole in Ring's pasture. The shortest were 9 inches.

The moose horn will leave Belfast tomorrow by express.

Sincerely,
BERT.

SEARSMONT, Sunday the 21st, June, 1925.

WELL, BEN: The best layed plans of men and mice sometimes go wrong. The moose horn was returned. I called the warden, and he said he would see what he could do. I think he will give me authority to ship it soon.

The express agent said I would have to get permission to send it—a sworn statement as to who found it, when, and where, and so on.

It is now 3:30 P.M. Thunder showers all around. Have just closed the barn doors and put down the windows in the house.

Yesterday a flock of 10 young partridges were seen in the road near H. W.'s cottage. And a woodcock is setting on 4 eggs in the old cemetery by the schoolhouse bridge. I guess there'll be birds to shoot in October. Holy Moses, what a crack of thunder! Sarah is having a fit. . . . Well, let her crack. It's all in a summer's day.

There's a shower over Belfast that looks black and angry. At present I've a very promising lot of muskmelons, also watermelons, that I'm making a desperate fight to save from the bugs.

Sarah sends love to you all.

Sincerely yours,
BERT MC.

P. S. Monday 7 P.M. G. was knocked down by lightning yesterday. But didn't hurt him any. He's up to the brooks this afternoon.

SEARSMONT, July 26, 1925.

DEAR BEN: Yours of the 9th rec'd. And I guess you will think I have forgotten to send the moose horn.

I rec'd permission to send it some time ago. But E. was here for several days at that time, and the day after he left, my haying crew came—a week ahead of time. So that I have just got round to try to ship it again.

I had to mount it on a shield, as only a mounted specimen can be transported out of the state. The shield is a work of art, fastened to the horn with a snowshoe string. I thought the snowshoe string might add a little tone to the affair. I hope it's no infringement of the law and it goes this time.

I went up to the meadow several times near the close of the season. Two days we were up against heavy showers; once we went over to the Sheepscot—only to go into an old mill and smoke for several hours waiting for a shower to pass, then came home without catching a trout. This was in afternoon.

A few days after the 4th a stranger called at the garage at No. Searsmont and inquired if there were any trout brooks near by. And was directed to Howes brook—he was a fly fisherman—and fished only in the woods as far as the meadow.

He caught 15 or 20; the largest 16 inches and none under 10.

8:30 MONDAY EVE.

Well, Ben, the moose horn is on its way. And I did all I could—without going to Belfast—to have express charges paid. But they forgot to tell the fellow that took it to Belfast this morning. And he did not pay the freight. And this is the second time they've forgot to pay charges on things I've sent to you, when I've been very particular to tell them to prepay. They won't forget the next time.

Perch are biting.

Regards to you all, from us.

Sincerely,
B. MC.

A Storm on the Nova Scotia Coast

The Restful Car

"The supreme combination of all that is fine in motor cars."

Color. Nature abounds in beautiful and harmonious color combinations. The birds, the flowers, the sunset skies, set perfect examples—and point the way to brilliant color schemes all in perfect taste.

Yet what artistry is required in the selection of shades and tones to satisfy the modern vogue for color in motor cars! Packard has a special Board of Color made up of men of long experience and artistic judgment. These men create the standard color combinations which charm the eye in such wide variety on today's Packard Six. And they advise on the special requirements of those who buy the Packard Eight.

Whether Six or Eight is your choice you may be as sure of the charm and good taste of the Packard's color scheme as you are of its lasting beauty. For Packard lavishes as much care and effort on the unusual processes which preserve the car's color and finish as upon the selection of the shades which will appeal to Packard's discriminating clientele.

Nothing finer is offered anywhere in the world than the enduring brilliance of Packard cars—long in life and long in beauty of lines and finish.

PACKARD

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

CROOKED

(Continued from Page 36

Bertha looked at him for a moment. What her thoughts were it would have been difficult to say.

"Well?" inquired Charley.

"Well, what?" she returned.

"I've asked you to help me," answered Charley; "I want you to decide."

"Decide what? Decide whether to give that money to those people?" Involuntarily a laugh burst from her. "You'd be a fool if you did," said Bertha.

"You think so?"

"Of course!"

"You're sure?"

"Certainly!"

Charley grinned again. "Well," he said, rising slowly to his feet, "that's what I thought you'd think."

He was looking at her fixedly. As his eyes bent themselves on hers the grin went out of them, and in their depths she saw a shadow gather, a veil of darkness like a cloud. Putting a hand into his pocket he drew out his pocketbook again. "Yes, I knew that was the way you'd feel about it," he said slowly; "you'd say, of course, to keep the money; only that's nothing now. There's something else I've got to tell you. If they found out downtown I had all this money they'd take it away from me; so to keep them from doing it I had one of the two checks made out in your name. There it is; you see it's drawn to your order: 'Bertha Maddox, eighty-nine thousand dollars.' As it's certified, too, no one can cash it but you; so you can keep it or pay it over to those people I stole it from, just as you decide." He handed her the check.

"Pay it to them?" Bertha laughed. "Not if I know myself!"

"No," said Charley, "you wouldn't."

He was replacing the other check in his pocketbook.

"This is mine—my share," he announced; "fifty-fifty, you know."

Bertha gave a sudden start. "What?"

Charley grinned again. "I'm giving back my share, you know," he said, and Bertha caught her breath. Again she gave an exclamation, though he didn't seem either to heed or to have heard it; and closing his pocketbook and replacing it in his pocket, he slowly rebuttoned his overcoat. "Well," said Charley, "I guess I'll be going now."

"Going?" Bertha's voice was sharp.

Charley Maddox turned to her, his face terrible. "You called me a thief—I am one; but what do you call yourself? You have your Judas money—you've got it now; but don't forget this little thing about it: That money you have belongs to the people I robbed for you; and the minute you indorse that check and cash it, that will make you, too, a thief. Understand? You, too, will be a thief. You will be a thief just as much as I am, the man you made a thief!"

"Charley!" The cry leaped from her wildly. Aghast, her face all at once white, she took a step toward him. "Where are you going?" she cried.

He was at the door. He halted, looking back at her. Then he spoke: "I don't know where I'm going, but I know where you can go," said Charley Maddox.

She heard the front door bang as he went out.

XXVI

GONE! Midnight struck; then one o'clock, two o'clock and three boomed themselves irrevocably into the limbo of dead eternities. Along toward four Bertha heaved herself up among the hot, comfortless coverings of the bed on which she so long had tossed, and with a fumbling hand she turned up the light on the night table at her side. She felt that dawn, day, never would come.

She had not slept. That grotesque, awkward outburst Charley Maddox had flung at her had hit the mark. Smack! The barbed dart even yet still quivered in the bull's-eye. This time, for a fact, she had been tricked. No getting away now from that. Heretofore she had put little faith in her husband's ability to hoodwink and befuddle even the fools he seemed to have swindled; but in the way he had worked her to a climax, the finish, when the trap was sprung, there was a devilish ingenuity that would have done credit to a Machiavelli.

What should she do? What could she? She might escape the world and the world's wagging finger; but there was one thing she could not escape—it was herself. Never, never could she wriggle out of the clutches of her own conscience, the knowledge of her own greed and guilt; and as the thought again struck home and she saw her face mirrored whitely in the wall glass, she shrank away, her mouth wrung into a convulsion.

She hated Charley Maddox as she never before had hated human being. "Damn!" she cried. "Damn!"

But this road led to madness. As Bertha knew, she must think—think hard. What should she do? The France, of course, was to sail tomorrow; and there were the plans she had made with Fargo. Besides, there was that check, the money she had in her possession now; and at the thought she sprang up hurriedly and went to the bureau drawer, where she had put it for safe keeping.

Clad in her thin sheer silk robin's-egg blue nightdress, for a while she stood there, her eyes intent as she studied the strip of pink watered paper. Eighty-nine thousand dollars! When the raw cold of the early morning drove her back to bed she took the check with her.

What must she do? Part of it was clear enough. Though she had only a vague, hazy notion of the law and its proceedings, she knew enough to rest assured of one thing. She must act quickly if she meant to save that money. If once it were traced to her possession the law would seize it, she was certain. She might never get it back; then, too, there would be the publicity. As Fargo had warned her, people would tax her with complicity—though that was just a detail. What Charley Maddox had said still drummed thunderously in her mind. If she cashed that check, or even tried to cash it, she, too, would be a thief!

Four o'clock struck. At five she rose again and went to the house telephone in the hall. Downstairs a sleepy voice replied; and when Bertha spoke she hardly recognized her own voice. "Have the morning papers come yet?" she asked.

No, not yet. It was too early. They were not delivered until six. At a few minutes past six, however, a curious, round-eyed boy in a page's buttons and a pill-box hat brought them up to her. As she closed the door she glanced swiftly at the paper on top.

There it was—front-page stuff, in glaring type! Her eyes riveted on the sheet, she read it with creeping horror:

DISTRICT ATTORNEY RAIDS
HARNETT, GERSHON & CO.

RECEIVER APPOINTED AND ONE
PARTNER IS ARRESTED AS
THE OTHERS FLEE

She read it through to the bitter end. It was a scathing arraignment, a recital all the more devastating because of its commonplace, unemotional portrayal of the facts. At the end, though, Bertha gasped, her relief audible. Her name was not so much as mentioned; and, white, she was leaning back against the pillows when the telephone beside her rang. Shaking, filled with terror, she took the receiver from the hook. Then, as she recognized the speaker's voice, again her heart leaped, twanging with relief.

It was Fargo who had called her. "All right with you, Bertha?" he inquired.

She managed to laugh, the laugh cheerful. "Yes, Jim."

"Got some sleep, I hope." She hadn't, though she didn't say so. Fargo spoke again: "I rang up for a reason, Bertha. You'd better keep to the house until you sail. Don't see anyone; and above all, don't talk. I'll send my man down for the tickets this morning; and he'll fix it, too, that your name doesn't appear on the passenger list. After you've sailed I'll get it into the papers that you've left that fellow—wiped your hands of him and gone away. That will save you any annoyance."

Plain and practical—genuinely thoughtful too. She realized afresh what it was to have the protection of a powerful man like him; a man, too, who was forceful and determined.

"Need any money, Bertha?" Fargo asked.

Bertha gave a start. The question, that query, with its implication of cold fact, was like a bucket of icy water. Men give money to their women. It as good as signified possession. And Fargo didn't own her—not yet, anyway.

She knew, too, she didn't love him. True, she meant to marry him—take Fargo and what he had to offer; but at the moment she was startled with the thought of how swiftly things had sped.

"Thanks. No, I don't think I need any," she faltered.

"Sure you have plenty?" he inquired.

Yes, she was sure. She did not say why, however. It seemed just as well, at all events, not to mention the check she had. True, she had not settled yet how or in just what way she would dispose of the problem surrounding it; and, her mind alert, she was waiting for what he might next have to say, when all at once Fargo gave a laugh.

"I saw that fellow, your husband, last night, Bertha."

Bertha started perceptibly. "You saw him—Charley Maddox?"

Fargo laughed again.

"When I left you. He was just driving up in a cab, and who do you think was with him?"

Bertha knew instinctively. "She—that girl?"

"Yes, Fanny Harcourt," Fargo laughed again.

"Listen, Jim!" Bertha said abruptly. Her face set, the line of her mouth drawn tautly, she hitched nearer to the telephone. "You have your man be sure to get my steamship ticket this morning. Get it just as soon as possible; and when you've got it call me on the phone. If you can't get it on the France try another boat. I'm not going to wait. I want to make sure of getting away tomorrow."

Another laugh, the laugh reassuring, came to her over the wire.

"Don't worry," Fargo said; "I can fix it for the France."

"And, Jim," added Bertha, "about that money, the money you offered. I may have enough, but I don't know; I'll have to see. To be on the safe side you'd better send me some."

"A couple of thousand, Bertha? You can have all you want."

There was no indecision now in Bertha's mind. She knew exactly what she meant to do. "Send me up two thousand, Jim," she said.

"Want it in a check or bills?" inquired Fargo.

"Bills—money," answered Bertha.

She glanced at the clock as she hung up the receiver. It was half-past seven and she must hurry. Again taking down the receiver she called for the floor service and ordered breakfast. "And after I've breakfasted send up a maid to help me pack," directed Bertha.

She had breakfasted, bathed and dressed hurriedly when the maid rang the bell at half-past eight.

"Madame goes perhaps on a journey?" the maid inquired.

"Paris," answered Bertha—"tomorrow."

XXVII

THE France sailed at noon. Downtown, in one of the city magistrates' courts, the hands of the clock were creeping along toward eleven when the court clerk looked up from a sheaf of papers he was running over, and beckoning to a uniformed policeman lounging at the rail near by, he mumbled something in an undertone. The magistrate in his silk robes had just disposed of one of the day's ordinary cases, a featureless tenement wife beating; and the policeman, the court's de facto crier, yawned cavernously, then he raised his voice. "Chas. Maddox to the bar!" he called.

The "Chas."—that abbreviation—was pronounced as written; but the man involved knew well enough who had been called. Hurriedly Charley Maddox scrambled to his feet. His face was pasty and he was unshorn, and as he mounted the low platform before the magistrate's bench, a faint fire like a fever crept in beneath his skin.

The magistrate automatically dipped his pen into an inkwell set before him. "What's th' case?" he mumbled to his clerk.

The clerk handed him a set of papers. "Bail case, Your Honor—rehearing. The district attorney is appearing in person."

"Well, where is the district attorney? I don't see him," snapped the court.

As he spoke a dapper youth with a red carnation in his lapel stepped up briskly. He was the prosecutor's assistant, it appeared. "If it please Your Honor, the chief says he'll be right over," he announced glibly. Then he added: "The case is important, Your Honor, and the chief wants to handle it himself."

The magistrate gave him a glare. "And he expects to keep me waiting—what?" Under his breath he said something about some people thinking they owned the earth, then he jerked his thumb at his clerk. "Call the next case," he ordered irritably.

"Your Honor, if you please," said Charley Maddox.

Charley wet his lips as he spoke. Moisture dampened his brow and his eyes strained themselves painfully at the court. On the platform were a knot of other men—court attendants, two or three lawyers, among them the lawyer Charley had engaged; and with them a trio of newspaper reporters.

Eagerly Charley bent toward the magistrate. "If you please, sir," said Charley to the magistrate, "I'd like to speak if I may."

His lawyer, a square-set, briskish man with alert eyes, tugged him warningly by the sleeve. "Here, here!" he said guardedly; but Charley shook off his hand. He still was gazing fixedly at the magistrate.

"Well?" inquired the court.

"Your Honor, I've got to get away. I can't stay here. The district attorney wants my bail raised. I know that, but can't my lawyer arrange about the bail? As I've said, I've got to get away," said Charley.

"Have you?" the magistrate remarked dryly.

For a moment Charley choked. The sweat was streaming down his face; and with a soiled, not too dainty handkerchief he dabbed the moisture from his brow. "It's this way, Your Honor: The time is after ten o'clock already and at noon the steamer France is sailing. Someone I know is on the steamer and I want to make sure whether the person sails or not. I've got to know, in fact. Give me an hour, won't you?—that's all I ask. I'll be back. I won't keep you waiting. It's vital, imperative! Can't I make you see it?" said Charley all at once.

(Continued on Page 63)

A LIFETIME OF GREATER COMFORT WHEN YOU CELOTEX YOUR HOME

"—and it was so hot outside we were sure the youngsters would be tossing restfully when we got home . . . but they were asleep, and their Celotexed room was a cool relief after our trip downtown."

Mrs. L. A. Michaels, Brooklyn, N. Y.

No more hot rooms when homes are Celotexed

Every home, new or old, can now enjoy all-year comfort and money saving

by ELIZABETH GARY
HOSTESS, CELOTEX COTTAGE

NEARLY everyone who comes to the Celotex Cottage in Chicago gets a new conception of home comfort. Celotexed, it is refreshingly cool during the hottest summer weather—snug and warm all winter long—restfully quiet in spite of noisy traffic.

Everyone wants these great advantages. But most people think them beyond their reach. "It must cost a lot to Celotex a house," is a frequent comment.

But *every* family can enjoy this new degree of comfort. Whether your home is old or new, large or small, Celotexing it will actually save you money!

In new construction Celotex *replaces* other materials in the walls and roof. When Celotex is properly used, you can plan less radiation and a smaller heating plant. Thus Celotex adds little or nothing to the first cost of building. And when used throughout it will pay for the comfort it brings by saving about one-third your fuel money, year after year.

For old homes, too

In houses already built, Celotex lines attics and basements. It adds an attractive extra room and brings much of the comfort and fuel saving of complete Celotexing. If you are going to live where you are for even one year longer, line your attic with Celotex.

Get all the facts

Only by using Celotex can you secure for your home all these advantages. No wonder that more than 119,000 have Celotexed their homes in five short years. Celotex is also being used to construct garages, summer cabins, and farm buildings—as a base for carpets and linoleums—to redecorate old walls—and in many other ways.

Architects know the importance of using Celotex. If you are building without this professional advice, ask your contractor to include Celotex in his plans. If you are going to buy, see that you get the Celotex bond, your proof that Celotex was used in the house exactly as represented.

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Here is an unprecedented thing to do.

Essex Super-Six is the outstanding success of the year. Its sales have topped all records. Its popularity with thousands and tens of thousands of owners has made it the most brilliant accomplishment the industry has known.

But Essex engineers have now created an even greater and finer Essex Super-Six. So startling are its advantages that at the height of the selling season, with the market stripped of Essex cars and thousands of unfilled orders on hand, we interrupted production to give buyers a greater and finer value.

Dealers are now showing the finest Essex value of all time. Though factory production is the largest in our history and has recently been greatly increased, your promptness in ordering alone can insure delivery ahead of the multiplying thousands who want this new Essex.

Everyone says -
"Riding is like flying"

Super-Six

Why the smallest item is the BIGGEST ITEM

in the cost of running your car . . .

NOT so long ago, a car was a mechanical toy. If it ran, everybody was happy. But what it *cost* to run, nobody knew and nobody cared.

Today, a car is a family necessity and, next to the home itself, it is the family's biggest investment. Naturally its operating cost is of vital importance to the household budget.

Yet, we believe few people have any clear idea of what it ought to cost to run a car. Therefore, we offer car-owners an accurate table of complete car upkeep costs—and some sound advice on how to reduce them.

What it costs to run a car

At Iowa State College, careful tests were made to determine detailed operating costs of a car. Nine different models were used, ranging in price from $400 to $1800, and finally cost figures were arrived at for the average car. Making allowance for the size and weight of your own car, you can check your upkeep against the following table:

Average car costs

Items	Percent Total Operating Cost
Oil (Lubrication)	3.0
Gasoline	15.7
Maintenance	12.1
Depreciation	30.8
Tires	9.5
Interest	12.1
Insurance	3.0
Garage	8.1
License	5.7
	100.0

The smallest but most important item

You will notice in the table that oil—*lubrication*—is the smallest actual *operating* item, representing only 3% of the total upkeep cost. Yet the first four items in the table, or 62% of the *total* upkeep cost, are largely dependent on that small item—lubrication. If lubrication is incorrect, gasoline mileage falls off, oil is wasted, maintenance costs leap, depreciation is hastened.

That is why families who have had long experience with cars consider correct lubrication the most important factor in car-care. That is why, in increasing thousands, they turn to the oil that gives the "film of protection".

A "film of protection" that safeguards your motor

The whole problem of correct motor lubrication lies in a *film* of oil. That film must shield all vital parts from deadly heat and friction. Therefore, Tide Water technologists spent years in study, experiment and tests, not with oils alone but with oil *films*. The result of their work is Veedol, the oil that gives the "film of protection", *thin as tissue, smooth as silk, tough as steel*—a film that masters deadly heat and friction.

The surest way of turning the smallest operating item—oil—into the biggest economy item is to—

1. Drive to a dealer who displays the orange and black Veedol sign
2. Have the old oil drained from your crankcase
3. Refill with Veedol
4. Continue to use Veedol
5. Then trust the "film of protection" to safeguard your motor

Always ask for Veedol Lubricants by name. Ford Owners should ask for Veedol Forzol.

Tide Water Oil Sales Corporation, 11 Broadway, New York. Branches or warehouses in all principal cities. ©T W O.S.C. 1927

(Continued from Page 58

The magistrate was peering at him. Used as he was, no doubt, to feverish, impulsive emotionalism, at the moment even he seemed astonished. So did the others in earshot.

Edging nearer, the trio of newspaper reporters all at once were filled with animation; and as for Charley's lawyer, he was open-mouthed.

"The France, eh? Why the France?" inquired the court.

Charley's face lit as if at a ray of hope. "Someone is aboard her, sir—someone, as I've told you."

"Who?" repeated the court. "Why, too, do you wish to see him?"

Charley gave his collar a tug. "It's not a him, sir; it's a her."

"A woman?"

"Yes, Your Honor."

"What woman?" inquired the magistrate.

Again Charley dabbed the sweat from his face. Anxiously, his mouth dry, he looked about him desperately. "I'd rather not say that, sir," he faltered. "I'm in trouble disgraced. I don't wish to drag anyone else into it—smirch them, yes; and I'd rather not say aloud who the person is. If you like, though," Charley added hastily, his eyes again roaming to the clock, then returning to the robed figure watching him, "I'll tell you privately who is aboard the steamer. I think then you will understand."

The magistrate smiled obscurely. "Clear the platform," he abruptly directed.

Attendants, reporters, lawyers—Charley's among them—edged down out of hearing. Manifestly they were piqued, if not irritated, at this anticlimax, and the reporters openly scowled. Then when they were out of hearing Charley Maddox leaned over close to the magistrate and spoke. Briefly, he told the court who was aboard the France. As briefly he told his reason for wishing to make sure the person sailed. "It's my wife, sir," said Charley; and his voice breaking he added: "I've been told, Your Honor, she is going away with another man, and I'd like to make sure if it is true."

"What?" said the court.

"Yes, Your Honor," said Charley; and glancing at the clock the magistrate looked sharply at the district attorney's young assistant. "Mr. Peeble!" he barked.

Mr. Peeble, the young man with the red carnation, returned briskly to the bench. Briefly the court addressed him. "You get word to your chief," the magistrate said sharply, "that unless he's here in ten minutes I'll dismiss the case."

The assistant flushed. "We're asking that bail be set in one hundred thousand dollars," he returned.

It seemed to make no difference. "You can ask bail for a million," the court retorted; "I'll give you ten minutes—just!"

Uptown, at that moment, Bertha Maddox was hurrying.

The day had been hectic—feverish. There had been all the packing—she had resolved, in fact, to take with her all her personal possessions—and added to this, there was her passport. That alone was something to be remembered; and never would she forget her frantic hotfooted journey downtown to the passport bureau, only to be told that it took from four to five days to procure a passport.

Wild, Bertha again rang up Fargo. "Four days, eh. You sit tight, where you are," Fargo directed.

She still was in the passport bureau. Hanging up the receiver she seated herself and prepared to wait. Not more than five minutes later an agreeable, highly cultivated young gentleman stepped out from an inner office. "Mrs. Maddox?" he inquired.

"Yes," replied Bertha.

He smiled agreeably at the slim, graceful figure in the modish walking dress. "Your passport will be ready in a few minutes," he announced.

Bertha wondered whether there were any limits to Fargo's far-reaching influence.

The passport, then the rest of it. Some of the things, a few, were to be put in storage. She abandoned the furniture—let the creditors take it if they liked; she hated the sight of it and the memories it evoked. The other things, belongings she would need, were to go aboard the steamer; and though she and the maid were at it all day and until late into the night, the packing was only just finished when the time came to send the bags and boxes aboard. She and Fargo were to be married just as soon as she had obtained her decree; and because of this, she regretted more than once the fatigue and annoyance the packing had involved. Much better to have left the things for others to pack. It might have been well to have left most of them altogether. It would have been fascinating, anyway, to shop in Paris for a new, much more choice trousseau. However, it was all finished now. At eleven, prompt to the minute, Fargo's car was to take her to the steamer.

In passing Bertha had hurriedly sold her own car, taking for it what she could get. She had also dismissed her own chauffeur.

"Mind now," said Fargo—he had rung up to give her last instructions—"don't go to your own stateroom; go to the captain's suite beneath the bridge. You don't care to see anyone, and you can't tell who might be hanging around. I'll see you on the ship before she sails."

"Thank you, Jim," Bertha said earnestly. "I can't tell you how much all you've done means to me. You're very dear."

"All right," Fargo returned laconically. He laughed briefly. "I'll have thanks enough -in Paris."

She had just hung up when the telephone rang again. The bell buzzed, its clamor insistent. Bertha frowned. There was no one to whom she wished to speak; Fargo, too, had warned her not to talk to anyone. But perhaps it was Fargo himself. Perhaps he had forgotten something he had to say.

Hurriedly, she took the receiver from the hook. "Yes?"

For a moment Bertha listened. It was the hotel people at the desk who had rung, and surprise for an instant leaped into her face. Then it gave way to a frown. "What name did you say?" she questioned. The name was repeated, and Bertha's eyes narrowed. "Say that I am not at home," she directed sharply.

For a moment after she had risen she stood by the table on which stood the telephone. Her eyes snapped, a glint of anger in them like sparks struck from a flint. She did not stand there long, however. The clock struck half-past ten and she picked up her jewel case and was fastening the catch when the doorbell rang. Ah, Fargo's car! Bertha hurriedly opened the door.

It was not the car though. She might have remembered that when the car came it would be announced from downstairs. At the door stood Fanny Harcourt. Bertha gaped, her amazement for a moment overwhelming.

"What do you want?" she demanded harshly.

Fanny Harcourt pushed her way into the room. It was done before Bertha could make a move to stop her. Once inside, the Harcourt girl turned and closed the door behind her. "I'm glad I found you," she said, her tone quiet, though the impudence of it was not the less manifest. "I was afraid I'd be too late to catch you."

Bertha drew herself up rigidly. "How did you get up here, please?" she demanded icily. "I gave word that I was not at home."

"I know you did. I came up just the same," was the answer. Then before Bertha could utter the scathing retort that leaped swiftly to her lips, Fanny Harcourt raised her hand. "I've come to plead with you, Mrs. Maddox. Your husband is in trouble, in disgrace. I want to ask you, aren't you going to help him?"

"How dare you?" said Bertha, flinging back her head. It was impudent, insulting. How, indeed, dared this woman come to her with anything like that? Her scorn withering, she curled her lip, a corner of her teeth showing. "Are you shameless?" she inquired.

"No, Mrs. Maddox." Smiling, the smile wistful, Fanny Harcourt shook her head. "Not shameless—just desperate."

Bertha eyed her for an instant, her contempt more than ever visible. "You've changed your mind, I suppose," remarked Bertha; "you're sorry you have lost Fargo, so you wish to get him back. That's why you have come here, isn't it—trying to get me to go back to my husband?"

Fanny Harcourt shook her head again. "No, that is not why, Mrs. Maddox. It is not Fargo I want. The man I'd give my soul to get is Charley."

Bertha could only give a laugh. The laugh, though, almost instantly gave way to a flash of anger. The girl was utterly shameless and brazen, she saw; and in her wrath, a rage whose venom was curious if all were considered, she lashed out furiously. "Then why don't you go to him?" she demanded.

Fanny Harcourt did not even wince. Instead, she looked back at Bertha with a twisted, wistful smile. "Charley won't have me," she replied.

"You mean you've asked him?" inquired Bertha. Never in her life, in fact, had she heard an admission so shameful, so profligate. But Fanny Harcourt didn't seem to comprehend all that.

"Yes, I've asked him, Mrs. Maddox. It was last night, when you turned him out."

"My word!" said Bertha, her scorn and her contempt overmastering her. "So he told you then all of what went on here?"

Fanny shook her head. "No, Mrs. Maddox. I guessed it, though. That's why I came here to see you."

Bertha was somehow startled. She wondered whether he had been fool enough to let out everything. It would be like him. And what if he had blabbed about that check? For an instant she felt a chill steal through her.

"Just what did he say to you?" Bertha demanded sharply.

"Little, Mrs. Maddox." She smiled. "Charley is too loyal—you ought to know. Then again, it may be that he still is in love with you."

Bertha still was watching narrowly. "In love with me, eh?"

"Yes. You're his wife, aren't you?"

That was so, Bertha was. Her lip curled itself a little higher. "And yet, knowing that," she inquired, "you still would take him?"

"Yes."

"Take him—when you know, too, what he is?"

She saw Fanny Harcourt flinch at this. Her face painful, Fanny's eyes dropped away. "Do you mean what he has done, Mrs. Maddox?"

It was exactly what Bertha meant. There was no need now in mincing words, and Bertha didn't mince them. "You know he is a thief, don't you?" she asked.

Fanny Harcourt looked up swiftly. Her head tilted back and she looked at Bertha fixedly. "I know this about your husband, Mrs. Maddox: I know that he is a stricken, broken man. I know, too, that he has been a misguided, blinded one; and that because of it, he now is walking the hell that is paved for misguided, blinded souls such as his. But make no mistake, I did not come here to preach. I know, too, as well as you, the shame and the sorrow of what he stooped to do. Just the same, I ask you this: Is it all his fault? Was he alone to blame? . . . No, don't stop me!" she cried, as Bertha made a forceful movement, a passionate gesture of resentment. "I make no accusations. I say nothing of the ones to blame. All I ask of you is to think—think. Charley, I think, loves you even yet; and Charley needs you! He loves you, needs you; and here am I! I love

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him—I wish I could help him; and it's because I love him that I am here like a fool, begging and beseeching you to go to him. Oh, can't you see it, Mrs. Maddox? Isn't it all before your eyes? He isn't all you say he is not just. He is, instead, just a poor, misled, miserable stray –a man, perhaps; but to me, to you, I beg you to see it a little boy who has done wrong!"

A little boy? Charley Maddox that? "Oh, don't laugh!" begged Fanny Harcourt. "That's all he is—just a little boy!" She was weeping now. The tears were streaming down her face. Bertha stopped laughing long enough to eye her contemptuously. "At any rate," said Fanny, "that's how I look at him. Help is what he needs, not destruction. You'll help him, won't you, Mrs. Maddox?"

Very pretty, very affecting; yes, and very grotesque and ridiculous as well. As a matter of fact, the absurdity of the situation might have been apparent almost to anyone; and dashing the tears from her face, Fanny Harcourt glanced anxiously at the clock.

"What time does your steamer sail?" she asked.

Bertha smiled briefly. "What's that to you?" she asked.

Fanny was gazing at her earnestly. "A good deal, Mrs. Maddox. It's as much to you, if you would only see it. I beg of you before it's too late that you'll stop to think."

"You think so?"

"I know."

But at this point Bertha seemed to have stood enough. What right, at all events, had this girl to talk to her like this? Opening the door, with a jerk of her head she indicated the hall outside. "Go," she directed briefly.

Fanny Harcourt, however, still lingered. "Then you won't?" she asked.

Bertha's foot restlessly tapped the floor. It was the first time she had ever done that with anyone. She had read about doing it with people, though, and the time now seemed fitting.

"Go! Do you hear?" she directed.

Fanny took a step toward the door, then she halted. "I want to make one last appeal, Mrs. Maddox. I know what may be thought of me for doing what I've done, but I can't help that. If I had married Charley when he asked me all that's happened to him never would have occurred, and that's another reason why I did it. I love him, yes; and besides that I feel responsible—though never mind that now. While we are standing here Charley is downtown in that police court. It's not too late to save him. If you won't go back to him, at least you can help him in his trouble. One thing you can do is to help him save the shreds of his honor; still another is that you can keep him from going to jail. Won't you do that, Mrs. Maddox? At least remember he's your husband."

Bertha started. She had the door open, but now she closed it. "What?" she said.

Fanny smiled at her. "You have that money, haven't you?" she asked quietly.

Bertha felt her heart jump. "What money? What are you talking about?" she demanded harshly; and Fanny Harcourt still smiled at her appealingly.

"The money he gave you, Mrs. Maddox. I mean the check you got from him last night. It's for eighty-nine thousand dollars, you know."

So! In spite of herself Bertha gave a gasp. White, though, and frightened, her wrath still had the upper hand. Still, it was what she might have expected from the man. Naturally, as she had suspected, anyone like him would be sure to blab; and for a moment she shook. "Then he told you, did he?" she rasped.

Fanny shook her head. "No, Mrs. Maddox. Charley told me nothing."

But Bertha was not to be deluded. "If he didn't tell you, then how do you know?" she demanded.

"It was Mr. Reade—Ben Reade, Mrs. Maddox. He told me. This morning, when I went to him for help, he said he didn't think Charley needed help. Not money help, at any rate. The check Charley gave you was on Reade's bank. That's how Reade knew about it, though he didn't know the truth. As the check was in your name, Reade thought Charley was trying to get away with the money by putting it in your name—his wife's."

Bertha's heart throbbed again. This time it was with relief.

"How do you know he wasn't? How do you know he gave me the check?" she demanded swiftly.

"How? Why, because I know Charley," answered Fanny Harcourt, and she smiled. "He would save you, no matter what happened to himself." It was true. There was no denying it. Bertha made no effort to do so. "So," said Fanny, "if you give back that money, return it to the people to whom it belongs, it may save your husband." Appealingly, she laid a hand on Bertha's arm. "You will, won't you, Mrs. Maddox?" Fanny asked.

Bertha's answer was to open the door. As she did so she again jerked her head toward the hall.

"You won't?" asked Fanny.

This time Bertha stamped her foot. "Go! You hear?" she said.

Fanny made one last attempt: "Mrs. Maddox, please!"

Bertha flung the door still wider. "Do you hear me? Go!" she cried.

This time Fanny Harcourt went. Then, as Bertha slammed the door behind the visitor's retreating figure, the telephone rang again. It was the door man downstairs. Eleven o'clock was striking.

"Your car is waiting, madam," the door man announced.

XXVIII

"CHAS. MADDOX to the bar!" The stentorian voice of the crier mumbled the name again, and once more Charley lurched to his feet. He had been sitting there for fifteen minutes—hours, rather, it had seemed—his eyes on the clock and waiting. Care had laid a heavy hand on him in those few months of guilt and of shame and unsteady terror, yet in the brief few minutes he had been waiting, watching, in that court room, his lips dry, his mouth dusty, there had been reserved for him, he'd found, a separate, special hell.

The France would sail at noon. Now only a little more than a scant hour remained.

The district attorney, it appeared, had not come, after all. In his place, however, had arrived one of his more important aids. Lounging in with an affectation of ease and indifference—this for the benefit of the court, a mere magistrate—he draped himself negligently against the bench. "Yeah, this case is important, Your Honor," he announced; "we're trying to make a clean-up of these bucket-shoppers and blue-sky fakes; and this one, as you've seen, is pretty raw—the limit."

Charley's lawyer raised his voice. "Raw, nothing, Your Honor! The case is all cooked up—cooked to death." As he spoke he jerked a thumb at the assistant prosecutor. "It's nothing at all, this case. The district attorney is trying to make a sensation out of just an everyday, two-by-four small business failure. What they're trying to do is to get a little extra publicity."

"Is that so?" drawled the assistant prosecutor sweetly. He looked briefly at Charley's lawyer, then he turned back to the magistrate. "We ask, if it please the court, that bail be fixed at one hundred thousand dollars."

Charley's lawyer gave a cry. It was incensed as well as derisive. "Say, why don't you ask us to put up the Subtreasury?" he inquired.

Charley touched him on the arm. "Please, please!" begged Charley. He gave the clock another hurried glance; and scowling, the magistrate at that instant rapped the desk before him with his gavel.

"Silence in the co-o-ort!" roared the crier.

The magistrate looked up over his glasses. "Is the receiver for the firm in court?" he asked; and a bald man wearing glasses and a pepper-and-salt suit spoke up. "I'm the receiver, Your Honor."

The court inspected him. "What's the shortage in this failure?" asked the magistrate.

"Around half a million, Your Honor."

"Any assets?"

"None that we can find, sir." Clearing his throat he was saying that the safe had been opened and that his accountants were now verifying the books –"Thoroughly, Your Honor. I hope you will agree I know my duties"—when the magistrate cut him short.

"Who are the complaining witnesses?" he demanded.

The assistant prosecutor told him. There were about two hundred of them, it seemed. He, too, cleared his throat. He began as well a speech about the complainants, the unhappy dupes who had lost their money; and naming their status in life, most of them wage earners who had been robbed of their all, the assistant prosecutor was turning tearful when the magistrate cut him short as well. "Guilty or not guilty?" he barked at Charley.

Charley blinked, then gulped. "I don't know, sir. I haven't found out yet exactly what I've done. Before I do I've got to talk to someone."

"You sold worthless stock, didn't you?"

"No, sir; not I."

"Your partners did, didn't they?"

"That's what I'm told, Your Honor. If they did I suppose, too, I'm as much to blame as they," he was saying, when his lawyer interposed: "My client doesn't have to enter plea, Your Honor. This hearing has only to do with his bail."

"Huh!" said the court. The magistrate picked up his pen. "What amount is he held in now?" he grunted. The amount was ten thousand dollars. The clerk named the figure and the magistrate penned something on the papers before him. Then he emitted another grunt. "Bail fixed at fifty thousand dollars," he said.

"For God's sake!" cried Charley Maddox.

He had not dreamed it could be anything like this. Even in the deepest depths of his despair, he had not imagined that anything he had done could be deemed criminal enough to warrant bail in an amount like that. But it was only for an instant that he dwelt on that staggering thought. Again his eyes sped to the clock upon the wall. It was eleven now—four minutes past, in fact; and as he stood there, staring at the fat, ugly timepiece chugging away the minutes one by one, all he could think of was that other fact—a single unforgettable fact: At noon sharp the France would sail!

He could not have told why that one fact meant so much to him. He could not have explained, either, to save himself, why he felt so inexorably and irresistibly drawn to the steamship's wharf. All he did know was that the France and the sailing of the France imaged itself before him like the culminating, sweating climax of a dream, a nightmare. He could not believe it yet. As yet, he could not force himself to think it true. How could he and his life be wrecked like that? Why, she was his wife! Why, he had married her! It was for better and for worse, too, that he had married her—in sickness and in death. That was what they had sworn; and that this could happen, that they could be torn apart like this—no, it could not be believed.

Then, as he stared at the clock again, Charley Maddox gasped. Coming down the aisle of the crowded court room was a figure Charley knew. It was Fanny Harcourt.

The court room hummed and buzzed. After each case had been disposed of it always buzzed like that. It was like flies. Flies buzz and hum. The fly caught in the net buzzes; and the flies stretching their legs while they look on and watch the victim buzzing, they buzz too. Insects. Lower forms of life. Fanny Harcourt, in fact, never would forget the array of mean, loathly faces that looked up from the benches while she passed. Jailbird faces. Faces with all the nobility and courage battered out of them by the fierce primal fight for food, shelter, things. A court official sought to bar her way as she came to the gate of the inner inclosure, but Fanny brushed his arm aside.

"Hey, are you a witness?" the officer demanded.

Yes, she was a witness. There was no doubt of that. At all events, Fanny felt she knew as much as there was to be known in the case of this prisoner at the bar.

The court room still was buzzing. On the bench, the magistrate was mumbling in a perfunctory monotone his perfunctory instructions to his clerk. In default of bail in the amount of fifty thousand dollars, the defendant would be remanded to the Tombs Prison to await trial.

"May I speak to you, Your Honor?" interrupted Fanny.

A court attendant made a movement to interpose. "Here, here!" he ordered, and bustled toward her officiously. The other attendant, too, awakened hastily. "Order in the co-o-ort!" he bawled.

"What is it, madam?" inquired the magistrate.

Fanny knew exactly what she meant to say. On the way down in the Subway, she had thought it out. Now she said it. Out of the corner of her eye she could see Charley Maddox. His face haggard, he was bending forward, his eyes on her. Once he made an effort as if to speak, but Fanny stilled him with a brief movement of her hand.

"Your Honor," she said quietly, "if the money this man is accused of swindling out of his clients is returned to them, would that end the case against him?"

Charley Maddox gave a start. "Fanny!" he ejaculated.

Fanny gave no heed to it. She gave no heed, either, to the stir that all at once ran through the group of men standing there beside her. She was looking intently at the magistrate, waiting for an answer to her query.

Over his glasses, the magistrate peered at her intently. His air was for a moment perplexed. Then of a sudden he seemed to divine something, and he smiled. "I see," he said; "you are the young lady who was on the France—the defendant's wife."

Fanny shook her head. No, she was not the defendant's wife; and as she said it the magistrate again looked puzzled. "No? Well, who are you then?" he inquired.

"Does it matter?" Fanny asked.

She gave the magistrate no time to frame another question. The point, after all, was the question she had put pointedly to the court. If the money the defendant was charged with taking was returned, would that end the case? "You see," said Fanny, "in the first place he didn't get the money he was charged with stealing. In the second place, little if any of it was spent on himself. Those are the facts, Your Honor," said Fanny; and as she said it Charley Maddox started, then gave another exclamation. It was a cry of protest, an effort of restraint. "Fanny!" Charley Maddox cried; but Fanny went on speaking resolutely.

"He didn't spend a cent of it, Your Honor."

"You mean others got it?"

"Yes, Your Honor."

"His partners?"

Fanny shook her head. "No, not they. What they got was what they took themselves."

After another moment's perplexity, a light again seemed to dawn in the magistrate's mind. "Was it the defendant's wife?" asked the court.

Fanny didn't answer that. From her glove she had taken a folded strip of paper. Quietly, she handed it across the desk to the magistrate. "There is a check, Your Honor," said Fanny; "it is for one hundred and fourteen thousand six hundred and fifty dollars; and, as you can see, it is certified. If you have any doubts, you may ring up

the bank." Then, still quiet, Fanny added: "Whether you let this man go or not, I'd like to have that money turned over to his clients, the ones he is charged with robbing."

There was another stir. The throng on the platform gaped. Among them was Charley Maddox.

The magistrate turned the check over in his hand. He grinned. "Is this part of the money the defendant is charged with taking?" he inquired, and a quick flush spread itself over Fanny's face.

"It is not!" she snapped.

"No?" The magistrate gave another glance at the check. He grinned once more.

"By any chance," he inquired, "did you get it away from the defendant's wife?"

"Get it away from her?" Fanny's voice rose slightly.

"Yes," nodded the court, "his wife."

Fanny looked him in the eye. "That is my money," she replied; "it is the fortune left me by my father—or, rather, what he had to leave. I sold the securities yesterday that the money represents and put them into cash."

"And now you wish to turn it over to the defendant's creditors?"

"Yes."

The magistrate looked at the district attorney's aid; then he glanced at the bald-headed, spectacled man in the pepper-and-salt suit, the receiver for Harnett, Gershon & Co. The two conferred busily for a moment, the receiver earnest and animated. Money, real money, always is a stirring sight to any receiver, but the district attorney's aid did not seem so impressed.

He looked back at the magistrate. "This man is accused of taking half a million, Your Honor, from his clients," he remarked; and as he said it Fanny Harcourt gave a gasp. It was like a cry. The amount, in its magnitude, seemed to overwhelm her. Half a million! White and for a moment dumb, she was staring at the magistrate, when Charley Maddox interposed.

"Your Honor, there is no need of all this," said Charley; "if it's only a question of the money I can settle that. Those clients of mine won't lose anything—they won't lose a cent. The fact is," said Charley steadily, "the money I gave my wife cuts no figure, nothing. She has eighty-nine thousand dollars I turned over to her last night; but that wasn't all I had—I didn't tell her the truth. I didn't dare, Your Honor. I was afraid she'd tell me to keep it—hide it."

Then, after he had moistened his lips, Charley said something else: "This is how it is, Your Honor: I've been dabbling in Wall Street—playing the market, you know; and besides the eighty-nine thousand dollars I gave my wife, I have left five hundred and seventy thousand two hundred and twenty and some odd cents."

Speaking, he reached his hand into his pocket and drew out his pocketbook. From the pocketbook he drew out a check.

"There you are, sir," said Charley; and as he handed the check to the magistrate the clock on the wall whirred for a moment, gave a click, then struck.

It was noon—twelve o'clock.

XXIX

NOON. Midday. With a final stentorian blast from her whistle the huge liner slowly, steadily and irrevocably edged out from her pier. As she did so down below in her cabin Bertha stared whitely at her image in the glass.

A sheaf of roses, their long stems set in a vase, nodded at her from across the dainty cabin. The trimmings of the cabin were white and gold. On the floor was a rug, itself rich and alluring; while the other decorations were equally of the same expensive order. The cabin—the suite, rather, with its sitting room and bath—was the one Fargo had taken for her, and Fargo had paid for it. She had never before traveled in luxury like that.

Fargo was gone now. The last to leave the ship, Bertha had watched him as he hurried down the gangplank to the wharf. Now that he was gone she had sought her cabin, its richness, its smartness, its costly luxury for the first time seen by her. At the moment, though, Bertha was not thinking either of its daintiness or costly refinements, nor did her eye dwell on the sheaf of extravagant blossoms nodding at her from their vase. Her mouth painful, her face lined and drawn, she went on staring at her image in the glass.

Then all at once Bertha sucked a breath into her lungs. "Oh!" she said.

The breath, in its significance, was like the look graven on her face. The look had come there when she had said good-by to Fargo. She would not soon forget that parting. She was as unlikely, besides, to forget Fargo's face at the moment—forget the dark, steady fixity of his eyes—that or the curl of his upper lip. "It's no go, Bertha," Fargo had said slowly; "I came down here to tell you so myself." Then he had shrugged. "I'm pretty rough, I know. In my time, too, I've got away with what you might call murder. Just the same," Fargo added solemnly, "this business seems a bit too raw even for me. I can stand a good deal, Bertha; but there are some things I could never stand, and this is one of them. You can see that, can't you?"

She could see nothing. She was too dazed, as a matter of fact, even dimly to comprehend. Now, as she stood there before the mirror, one by one she went on revolving the details of that morning in her mind.

It was eleven sharp when Fargo's car arrived. The moment was the one when she had just slammed the door behind the girl—that woman, Fanny Harcourt. A lot Fanny Harcourt mattered though; and a minute or so later, dressed and hatted, she hurried down the stairs. All the last details of her leaving had been arranged, she found, by Fargo, the man she was to marry—even her bill at the Fair Lane, in passing, had been paid by him; and at the curb was his private car. Her hand baggage already stowed away, she stepped in smilingly. Though the car still was Fargo's, in six months, maybe less, it would be hers!

She still was smiling as she reached the pier. Her smile was gay as she went aboard the France. "This way, madam, if you please," bade an attendant as she gave her name. Obsequiously the man led her to the officers' room beneath the bridge. There she composed herself to wait for Fargo.

One may imagine how she felt. One may, in fact, picture the sensations all that moment of triumph and realization meant. In six months—that or less—she would be Fargo's wife. As his wife, too—with Fargo and his money hers—the world would spread itself like a dream before her!

She was still thinking of it, her face radiant with her smile, when the door opened. "Jim!" she exclaimed. Fargo stood there; and gliding toward him, Bertha had raised her face to his when she stopped. "Why, what is it, Jim?" asked Bertha.

Fargo's mouth was set. He had made no effort to kiss her, as she had expected. "Well, Bertha," said Fargo grimly. Bertha stared at him. Then she felt her heart surge with a sudden throb of fright. "I'll be brief," said Fargo. "Your husband was brought up again in court this morning, so I had a couple of my men down there to find out what went on." Grinning dryly as he spoke, he motioned to a chair. "You'd better take a seat, Bertha," said Fargo, and he added: "That court-room stuff wasn't very pleasant."

She didn't take a seat. Her mouth dry, she wet her lips. She was shaking too; and she could feel a chill creep through her. "Well?" she asked, and even then she knew what was coming.

Said Fargo slowly: "It's like this, Bertha: If the muss between you and your husband was just that—a muss, nothing but a divorce—it would amount to little. As I've told you, people might talk, and still the talk would do no damage. This is different, though; and the news is public now. In fact, unless I'm mistaken, it's already in the newspapers; though that's neither here nor there. It is what has happened—did happen—that counts. You see it, don't you?" inquired Fargo.

A muffled cry, an exclamation of fright, came from Bertha. She saw nothing, she had yet to understand. All that was clear to her as yet was the inexplicable fear and dread tugging at her heartstrings. "Whatever do you mean?" she cried.

Fargo looked at her. Though he was smiling, she did not miss the curl of his upper lip. He never had looked at her before like that; and she gave another muffled murmur, a gasp.

"I mean this," answered Fargo: "Your husband is accused of swindling money from his clients; and a few minutes ago it was told that you had eighty-nine thousand dollars of that money in your possession."

Then, after a pause, Fargo spoke again. "Is that so, Bertha?" he inquired.

It was so. No good would be done if she denied it. She knew that Fargo knew, and she uttered another mumbled gasp. "But, Jim," she said—"Jim, what has that to do with it? I didn't take the money—steal it, I mean. It was that fellow, my husband, who stole it. You know that, don't you?"

"Yes," said Fargo slowly; "but just the same, you kept it."

She made another effort to right things, the effort wild. "But, Jim, I—I ——"

Fargo didn't wait to hear her. "The truth is this, Bertha: Since your husband stole that money, and you took the money from him, though you knew it was stolen, it seems to me you are just as guilty as he is." Then he added: "Worse than that, you got found out."

Bertha made no reply. She had none to make. Turning from him, she groped her way to a chair. Then, a long while afterward—hours, years, an eternity—she heard him speak again. "Well, good-by, Bertha," said Fargo.

"Jim!" she shrilled.

Fargo was gone, however; and though she shook herself together and sped along the deck in pursuit of him, it was too late then. It would have been too late even if she had caught him. The last glimpse she had of the man she had meant to marry was as he left the gangplank and walked off stolidly down the wharf.

He was gone. She had lost him—yes, but though she had failed, and though, too, in the moment of failure all its bitterness dripped like venom through her veins, there still was one thing in which she had not failed. Out of the wreck she still had saved something; and with an abrupt, eager movement she ripped open the front of her blouse. In it was a thick, flat package—the money from the check she had cashed. There was eighty-nine thousand dollars in that packet—bills. It was enough money, in fact, to keep her all her days; but Bertha Maddox did not seem to think of that. Her eyes lit with another sudden gleam, a ray of fright, it seemed; and glancing at her wrist watch, in a sudden, swift panic she thrust back the bills inside her waist and snatched up a hand bag lying on the bed.

Too late, though! As she reached the door the whistle of the France gave another blast; and glancing back over her shoulder, through the opened port she saw the wharf slipping past. The France, she realized now, had sailed—she was sailing with it; and flinging the hand bag away from her, Bertha Maddox faced her figure in the glass.

"Damn!" she said.

"Look up, Charley." It was Fanny who spoke. The cab, a taxi, was lurching on its way uptown; and as Fanny spoke, then touched his hand, Charley raised his head. "Do you hear that?" Fanny asked.

Charley Maddox listened. Far in the distance, from the river across the town, a dull bellow, a heavy mutter came to them. It was a steamer's whistle; and as it came again and he heard it, Charley smiled, the smile thin.

"You hear it, don't you?" Fanny asked.

"Yes, Fanny."

For a moment she glanced wistfully at the man beside her. "Do you care?" asked Fanny.

Charley didn't answer. A moment later, though, she felt his hand reach out and take hers. So they sat while the cab rocked on its way north, uptown, into another world

(THE END)

Mohammed (on Discovering That the Mountain Would Not Come to Him): "Oh, Well! Let It Stay There! I Wouldn't Have Known What to Do With the Darn Thing if It Had Come!"

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You actually can *feel* the difference at the wheel. You cannot mistake it, in any car, on any hill. The difference is evident in the plain figures that record your distances. The difference is clear as daylight when you contend with the turbulence of traffic.

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Not WET • • • • but DRY

A wet gas is an atomized mixture of gasoline vapor with liquid drops of raw gasoline. These drops, separating at every manifold bend, result in uneven distribution and flooded cylinders.

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PRINCE ALBERT

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THE ZEPPELINS

(Continued from Page 23)

The navy made good use of the remaining Zeppelins, however, and ordered new and better craft as rapidly as they could be produced. The L-59 was sent out on mine-searching trips, and late in February, following a thorough overhauling in the factory at Friedrichshafen, she was returned to Bulgaria for a series of raids against southern objectives. On March tenth she raided Naples.

Taking a course by way of Scutari, the big ship cruised 6000 feet high until she arrived off the Italian coast at ten o'clock at night. Then she climbed to an altitude of between 12,000 and 16,000 feet. At one o'clock in the morning Naples was sighted, brilliantly lighted and without any apparent knowledge of the approaching attack.

Since the war I have talked with an American officer who was in Naples that night. He described the effect of the raid as terrible. People had their first warning when they heard the throbbing of the engines and the steady firing of the machine guns and very few anti-aircraft batteries. Everybody made for the cellars. He told me one story which will illustrate the psychologic influence of raids.

Two Americans were riding in an open carriage. At the explosion of the first bombs from the L-59 their driver stopped his horse, jumped to the pavement and crawled under the carriage. Despite the exhortations of his fares, he refused to move. The Americans had been in other raids in London and Paris. Raiding to them was a part of the war. They had no desire to walk home; so they drove off, leaving the owner of the vehicle with his face still pressed against the pavement.

The L-59 found her principal targets quite easily and placed bombs on the gas works, arsenal and the Bagnoli industrial plants, dropping altogether about six and a half tons of explosives before she turned about and headed for Jamboli, where she arrived late that night. The flight had taken her about twenty-six hours.

But the L-59 was doomed. On April seventh, she took aboard a bomb load of more than six tons and set out to raid the British naval base at Malta in the Mediterranean. The German submarine U-53, then cruising in the Adriatic Sea, sighted the Zeppelin passing overhead toward the Strait of Otranto at eight o'clock that night, and some thirty minutes later the watch officer saw two large balls of fire high on the horizon in the direction taken by the L-59. That was the end of her. She had burned in the air near Brindisi, Italy.

The cause was most probably an explosion on board, and it is generally thought that it resulted from poor handling of the bomb fuses, which were always kept apart from the bombs until they were about to be used. There were no enemy reports, no thunderstorms to account for the loss of the L-59, so it was attributed to some such accident on board.

A Hairbreadth Escape

A similar occurrence was the loss of the L-62, which burned in the air near Helgoland on the afternoon of May 10, 1918. Though the accident was witnessed by surface craft, no authentic explanation was forthcoming, as there were no survivors. On a visit to Nordholz a few weeks later I was told that the L-62 had been out on a patrol flight and was returning home. She had been in a fight with an English flying boat about an hour before, but it is improbable that this had anything to do with the accident, as she had easily outclimbed and shaken off the enemy machine, which, surface vessels observed, had at no time succeeded in getting within effective range. Had the English pilot scored a hit, the L-62 would have burned at once.

Instead, she was well past Helgoland and was again down to a low altitude, when to those on the surface an explosion seemed to occur amidships. The official explanation at the time was that a member of the crew must have made a mistake with the bomb fuses, which were always unscrewed and stored away again before reaching land. Again, an incendiary bullet from the flying boat might have reached a fuel or oil tank, thus starting a local fire which the crew could not control, but that would hardly account for the explosion. And in that case the airship would be, or should have been, brought to the surface immediately and help summoned.

Incidentally, the Britisher performed a remarkably fine feat, aside from daring to approach Helgoland so closely. He had been under fire from both the airship and destroyers, and a lucky hit had forced the flying boat down to the surface. The German destroyers went at it full speed, but the Britisher was too quick and fortunate in making repairs.

One of the aviators, despite a heavy sea which threatened to jolt him into the water, climbed out on top of the engine and mended the damage within perhaps fifteen minutes—a gallant deed. As the first of our destroyers raced up, the flying boat got into the air again and was soon out of sight on her homeward flight.

British Reprisals

The L-62 was one of four new ships delivered to the navy early in 1918. They were maintaining regular patrols over the mine fields and occasionally raiding England. Two of them attacked Hull on March twelfth and the next night another ship was over Hartlepool. The first warning of the raid reached the garrison when the Zeppelin commenced dropping her bombs. Immediately a flock of airplanes darted up in pursuit, but the raider was too high for them. They could not reach her. On April twelfth five of the newer Zeppelins went out against England, with Captain Strasser himself aboard one of the leaders. The chief of the naval-airship service was not content with receiving reports from the commanders. He insisted upon sharing with them both the danger and the opportunities for new ideas with which to improve the effectiveness of the airship attacks.

One of the Zeppelins placed about three tons of explosives on Birmingham and another dropped a like quantity on Wigan. Both those manufacturing towns sustained considerable damage. Defending airplanes were sent up at each point where the Zeppelins were reported, but again the raiders were flying too high and the airplanes did not even succeed in finding them.

The British soon avenged themselves for that raid, however. Their object really was to destroy as many Zeppelin stations as possible and thereby hamper their patrol activities in the North Sea.

The British altered one of their new vessels, the cruiser Furious, so that light planes could be landed on the deck instead of simply flying off it as formerly. On the nineteenth of July a British light-cruiser squadron accompanied the Furious to within about eighty miles of the Zeppelin station at Tondern. Shortly after three o'clock in the morning three planes took off, each carrying two fifty-pound bombs, followed immediately by another flight of four machines similarly equipped.

The first three machines found Tondern and made direct hits on one of the two big double sheds. In the face of heavy machine gun and rifle fire, the leader of the second flight dived at the second shed and hit it with his second bomb. He was Captain B. A. Smart, one of the most successful of the enemy aviators and the pilot credited with having brought down the L-23 in August, 1917. He seems to have been most lucky too. For after his attack on Tondern he had just enough fuel left to carry him back to his mother ship. Some of the others were not so fortunate. One was drowned, another was wrecked in the sea, and three lost their way and were forced to land in Denmark. But their venture had been successful, for they had not only damaged the two sheds at Tondern but burned the Zeppelins L-54 and L-60.

The loss was partly balanced by a new-type Zeppelin which had been commissioned that June. She was the L-70, another product of the bitter experience when four Zeppelins were lost in a gale. That disaster had shown us the need for greater speed, particularly in higher altitudes, and the L-70 was the fastest of all the wartime ships. She made eighty miles an hour easily, and on one test flight attained nearly eighty-five miles an hour. She was slightly larger than her predecessors, having 2,200,000 cubic feet of hydrogen, against the 2,050,000 of the former ships. To offset this she was equipped with seven engines of the new supercompressed type and the air resistance was reduced by smaller power cars and numerous other refinements.

The accumulated experience of four years of war indicated that eighty miles an hour as then attained for the first time with airships was quite sufficient for all normal requirements, with some speed to spare. Our studies in meteorology had shown that weather conditions by and large would not require much further increase in speed. Since the war, observations made throughout the world have confirmed that conclusion, so that a normal speed of eighty miles has now been adopted for the most recent designs of commercial and military Zeppelins. It is fast enough.

The L-70 was assigned to Captain Lossnitzer, my successor in command of the LZ-120 when I was transferred to shore duty with the Zeppelin Company. It was on the last airship raid of the war. The weather was not the best when five Zeppelins took off toward England on the afternoon of August 5, 1918. Their objectives included the great ammunition stores in Middle England, and Captain Strasser was accompanying Lossnitzer on the L-70. With the L-65 and L-53 on either side, she arrived shortly before darkness near Cromer. Of course the raiders did not know that airplanes had been flying about trying to find them. The L-70 was only about 17,000 feet high when she was sighted by one of the English planes—a new type known as a DH-4, which, incidentally, had then been adopted by the American Government as the most modern fighting machine.

The pilot managed to gain the same level as the L-70 and he then attacked her head-on. His observer sent a full burst of machine-gun incendiary bullets straight into the nose of the Zeppelin, which was soon enveloped in flames. The wreckage fell into the sea near Wells.

Theory Turned to Practice

The death of Captain Strasser was a severe blow to the naval-airship service. He had been its guiding genius. Throughout Germany officials and civilians alike mourned the loss of the leader who had courageously declined to send his ships or subordinates on any mission that he himself dared not undertake.

Admiral Scheer, as commander of the fleet, issued a statement in which he explained how valuable were the services of Strasser and his airships. In fact, the admiral's oft-repeated opinion had been conveyed to us by Strasser on former occasions, when he asserted that at least twice Zeppelins brought reports of such importance for the High Seas Fleet that all the losses and the cost of all the Zeppelins were more than justified by those two reports only. He was referring to their work in the Battle of Jutland.

Later we learned that the British had sent up a total of thirty-three airplanes to

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LOCKS AND HARDWARE

attack the L-70 and her companion ships, the L-53 and the L-65. It indicated the extensive protective measures which had been developed against the Zeppelins. Every possible device was being employed against the raiders. The L-53, for example, six days after the destruction of the L-70, was to go down before something entirely new.

The British had constructed a number of special lighters, each equipped with a flying-off platform. These lighters carrying planes were to be towed across the North Sea to within striking distance of the German airship stations. To facilitate the ascent of the planes, the destroyers were to speed head-on into the wind. Within a few weeks after the inauguration of the plan, and while tests were still being conducted by British craft off the Frisian coast, the officer commanding the squadron was informed that a Zeppelin had been observed heading his way. It was the L-53, commanded by Captain Proelss.

When Proelss found the British vessels they were steaming out to sea and throwing out smoke screens. His curiosity thus excited, Proelss followed at a safe distance. But he did not see a tiny airplane which shortly before his arrival had taken off from a lighter and, climbing rapidly until it had reached a height of about 19,000 feet, had maneuvered some miles off to a position between the Zeppelin and the sun. That, of course, prevented the lookouts catching sight of the plane until it swooped down upon them, and then it was too late. The fire bullets from the aviator's machine gun quickly ignited the L-53, which dropped into the sea.

Atmosphere for the Engine

It was apparent that naval airships in the future should be capable of operating with normal efficiency at far greater heights than in the past. Briefly, aerial warfare starting a few hundred feet off the surface had developed during the conflict, reaching successive levels until, late in the summer of 1918, it was officially recognized both in Germany and Great Britain as occupying a sphere at least four miles above the earth. Both airplanes and airships, to be effective, must adopt that four-mile altitude as a normal operating level. And they must be capable of attaining far greater heights if they were to cope with the enemy during the following periods, when new and further improved devices were to be employed. What vast engineering reorganization that conclusion demanded!

Our experiences in the past two years had indicated the immensity of the task that confronted us. It meant that engines must be further improved. Then the high-speed supercharger was well developed and tested, the principle of which, incidentally, had been invented as far back as 1904 by a Swiss engineer. By means of the supercharger an engine was to function in the highest altitudes under the same conditions as those prevailing at sea level. As far as the engine was concerned, the supercharger was to create for it the same atmospheric density as that below.

The Curtain Drops

We had to make further refinements in the structural design of the Zeppelins. Both the framework and the hull would have to be altered. Immediately experiments were begun on new types of girders and extensive tests were conducted at Friedrichshafen. A more efficient and streamlined shape of the hull was necessary. This was being developed in the wind tunnels and research laboratories. The resistance to the air offered by the outside cars was to be further reduced, and to solve that problem we were beginning to work on retractable power plants. Engines were to be housed inside the hull and the propellers geared outside. Those were only a few of the engineering details incident to making the Zeppelin fit for the new and higher sphere in which aerial warfare had arrived.

Simultaneously the development of all auxiliary apparatus received new impetus. Radio and navigational facilities were subjected to closer scrutiny and improvements demanded in practically everything having to do with airships. Though the British and French believed that the Zeppelin had been decisively whipped and was therefore out of the reckoning in future raiding operations, we were doing everything to enable the crews to operate in higher altitudes with the same efficiency that they had formerly attained in the more comfortable regions of the aerial ocean. But even in the very beginning of this new development we recognized a serious problem. Having attained greater heights we would find the visibility so poor that operations would be badly hampered. It would be far more difficult for a Zeppelin observer to see the earth, to find his targets and to watch the enemy. Even in the clear air the five-mile blanket of atmosphere very often serves as a protective shield for those on the surface. The slightest mist would obliterate everything. Of course the navigational difficulties would be greater under the majority of possible conditions, because the Zeppelin would generally have to keep above clouds unless they reached her own level.

Yet the Zeppelin would frequently be shut off from sight of the ground by haze and mist or intervening layers of lower clouds which her commander would not dare to penetrate. Here, I thought the observation car might be used to advantage. An observer in the car lowered below the Zeppelin might have excellent views of the surface at 12,000 feet, while his companions in the ship 20,000 feet or more above would be unable to penetrate the mist with their best field glasses. Patrols or raids could be carried out with the Zeppelin completely hidden, with negligible chances of the small observation car being detected by enemy planes, even in daylight. My plan had been developing since the outset of the war. It included armoring the car with two double machine guns, which might protect the airship from below, in case she was attacked. With the higher-altitude climbing ability there were few planes likely to get above a Zeppelin for some time to come.

These special problems were receiving considerable attention when the curtain dropped. The Armistice came to me at any rate as a surprise.

It was clear to us in Friedrichshafen that there would be no more military airships for Germany. The Armistice terms involved the surrender of large sections of the fleet and disarmament of the rest. This latter included the airships on hand. Therefore we knew that the naval Zeppelin service would come to an end.

Post-Armistice Interest

We were surprised at the character of the interest displayed by representatives of the Allied governments arriving in Germany immediately after the Armistice. What had Germany accomplished with military and naval airships? Were they successful? And why? What could the Allies gain from Germany's experience, in a military sense? Those were questions put up to officials of the Zeppelin Company; rather than the commercial possibilities, not the

(Continued on Page 75)

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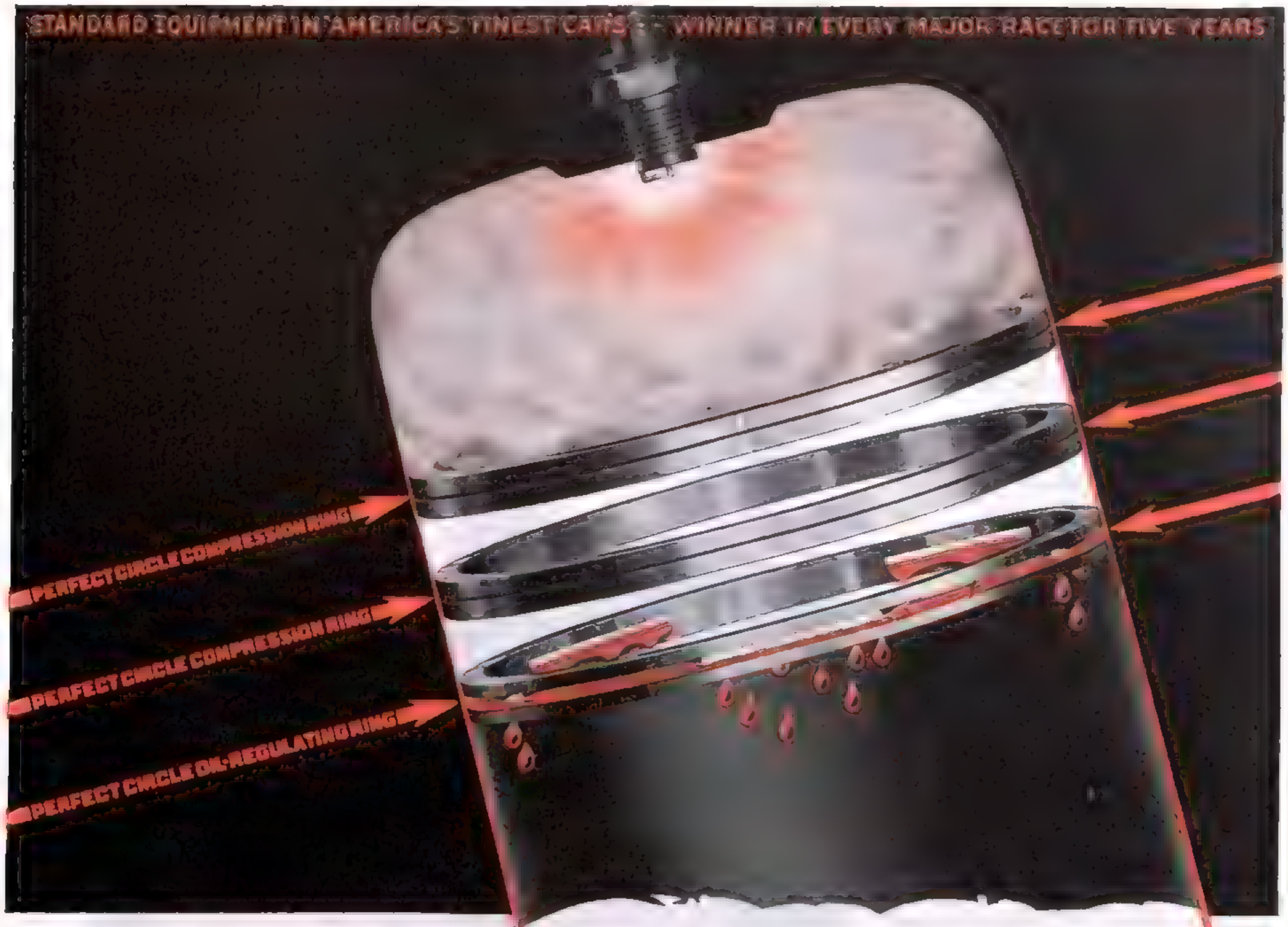
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PERFECT CIRCLE
PISTON RINGS

BETTER MADE FOR BETTER PERFORMANCE

(Continued from Page 72)

best means of making the Zeppelin a servant of all mankind. The questions involved some research, considerable argument and in some quarters controversies which have not yet ended. Since the war there have been innumerable discussions concerning the practical value of airships. Every accident has bred varied opinions, not always expert but so vociferously voiced that they have been strong enough to impress upon the public consciousness the question of vulnerability and actual usefulness of this type. In many instances the critics have not possessed the actual figures showing the performance of the Zeppelins during the war—a period when they proved their ability in several directions, especially their inherent strength to withstand practically any weather disturbance.

In passing on his opinion, the critic of lighter-than-air has often not been at pains to explain that he lacked the intimate touch with his subject which a first-hand knowledge would create. Yet in any other branch of human endeavor claims to success or failure would be founded largely on the records of past performances. The world at large gained an idea of the Zeppelins from the reports of the raids, and few raids were reported.

At the Zeppelin plant in Friedrichshafen, where, after the Armistice, I had remained as assistant manager, we had a comprehensive record of what had occurred in lighter-than-air; and it was with a view toward important peacetime developments in airship operations that we commenced studying that record, at the same time making available to other governments whatever seemed appropriate in the history of operations. If a flight had failed through bad weather conditions, we knew the details and could judge with fair accuracy whether it could be attributed to a weakness in the ship or was really due to bad judgment on the part of the commander or some member of his crew.

There were some interesting facts relative to the naval operations which passed unsung during the reconstruction period following the war. The navy had never possessed more than nineteen airships in commission at any one time, and that number only for brief periods in 1916 and 1917. The year that America entered the war saw a total of thirty-nine airships commissioned, but losses and the constant development which rendered many ships obsolete, thereby forcing their retirement from the service, kept the naval-airship strength reduced numerically.

The Zeppelin Roster

When the investigators arrived in Germany to check up her lighter-than-air activities, they learned that the navy alone had placed sixty-five Zeppelins in commission. All save three, which were used as training ships, had been active in the war. The navy had also placed in commission eight Schütte-Lanz rigid ships of wooden construction, three Parseval semirigid and one nonrigid which had been available in 1914. All told, seventy-two airships had been active in the naval war operations. To avoid confusion I will use that figure as a basis for the following statements. Not all the raids were made by Zeppelins. The Schütte-Lanz ships made a few raids and patrol flights, but for the most part they were used on the patrols in the Baltic.

The seventy-two ships—among them the sixty-two naval Zeppelins—made a total of 1148 long-distance patrol flights during the war. They made 200 raids, principally against England. They averaged sixteen patrols and three raids each, which is not a small average when you reflect that one Zeppelin alone in a single raid on London destroyed property valued at more than $7,500,000, according to official British postwar reports.

In London it was officially stated that the Zeppelins had managed to do Britain "grievous harm." They had forced her to maintain a home defense. At least twelve flying squadrons, including several thousand soldiers and possibly a hundred pilots, were kept at home, and hundreds of guns—approximately 500—were used in anti-aircraft work when they were badly needed at the Front. Flying boats and trained personnel were withdrawn from duty with the fleet to protect the coast line; all told, 500,000 men in uniform were maintained in England to repel invasion by way of the air.

The entire population was kept in a state of nervous tension for months at a time. This reduced the output of munitions. False alarms slowed down the war work as often as the actual raids. Vast industrial districts went on an enforced period of idleness during a raid. Keeping England dark was as depressing as the explosion of a bomb would have been. Possibly it was because of these influences, aside from the proved value of the Zeppelins as the "eyes of the fleet," that the London government took an active interest in acquiring an airship fleet. During the last years of the war England was building airships modeled after captured Zeppelins.

Performance Trailing Demand

I have explained at some length the activities of the airships in the struggle to keep the seas free of mines. Of course the battle fleet and, more particularly, the cruisers and destroyers bore the brunt of this burden of supporting the mine-searching vessels, but the extent to which the surface fleet was relieved by the airships is indicated by the fact that on all occasions when adequate airship reconnaissance was assured, only half the customary number of surface vessels went out to protect the mine sweepers. In bad weather, when the air patrol was limited, the maximum strength of the surface scouting fleet was employed.

It was rather generally known, in Germany at least, that there had once existed a significant difference of opinion between the Kaiser and Admiral Scheer. In February, 1917, the commander of the naval forces had issued preliminary orders to his subordinates that the fleet would advance into the waters between England and Holland, even if airship reconnaissance were prohibited by the weather. When he submitted his plan to the Kaiser, according to the rules, the latter immediately issued direct personal instructions to Scheer that he was not to attempt the operation without the aid of the airships. Though Scheer made a personal appeal to his superior and explained his reasons, he was unable to convince the Kaiser, who insisted that his order should stand.

We knew, of course, that the Zeppelins could not be a cure-all for the ills incident to the peculiar difficulties under which the German Navy had operated, mainly in the North Sea. There was some talk in the navy that airship reconnaissance was imperfect because it depended for success upon the state of the weather. That is true in all sea operations. The weather always has determined the extent of activities on the water. Naval battles can be fought only in good weather, whether between battleships or sailing vessels. That is because in rough weather the lighter vessels, such as cruisers and destroyers, find their usefulness quickly reduced. Even a little wind or a rough sea prevents the use of their weapons to such an extent that seldom would an admiral in command of a valuable battle fleet seek an engagement with equal or superior forces under such conditions. I might add that very often the North Sea was in such condition that it precluded all possibility of a successful venture on the part of the British Navy, and that was frequently an excellent reason for keeping the Zeppelins at home.

Throughout the war the British had dwelt on the fact that unfavorable weather, especially during the winter months, prevented the Zeppelins being sent out. Sometimes long periods would elapse before the North Sea patrol was resumed. But it was only on very rare occasions that it was a matter of inability of the airship to leave its hangar or remain aloft. Generally it was due to reduced visibility over the water. The North Sea in a fog or thick haze made reconnaissance impossible, so it was not considered worth while to undergo unnecessary risks.

Then again, we knew that during the war the development of the Zeppelin always lagged just behind the demands placed upon it by war strategy and military tactics. As a result, the naval Zeppelin activities were not so fruitful as they might have been had Germany possessed ships sufficiently modern to meet the demands. We believed heartily that the Zeppelins would function with maximum efficiency if preparations were made in advance.

Nevertheless, the fact that the naval Zeppelin was developed from little or nothing as the war progressed does not alter the opinion of commanders throughout the world that the Zeppelins were of vast importance to the German Navy, more important to our reconnaissance, because nearly all the natural advantages of geographical position lay with the British.

For example, whenever the German fleet went out toward England it had to be safeguarded in all directions against flanking attacks. The extensive British coast line made it almost impossible to maintain under efficient control or to ascertain beforehand on which of their numerous bases the enemy had located stronger forces or from which side the British would come forth. On the other hand, the British had been able to watch the activities of the German fleet because it had only one corner of the North Sea in which to play. A few enemy submarines had been sufficient to menace all movements of our ships past our innermost mine barrages. Further, the position of the Dutch frontier within ordinary view of our most important German base had made it extremely simple for the British intelligence service to procure valuable information.

In December, 1918, Gemmingen and I resumed work on a project that we had been discussing at intervals throughout the war. It was to bring about a transatlantic service between Germany and the United States—the dream of old Count Zeppelin and part of the legacy he had passed on to Gemmingen. The idea, of course, was first to make a pathfinding flight, to blaze the trail. We knew we had the experience. We knew we could do it immediately and we believed that we had a ship right at hand.

Plans for a Long Flight

At the time of the Armistice the latest Zeppelin under construction for the navy was the L-72, not completed. Legally she was still the property of the Zeppelin Company. By releasing the navy from the contract we could be free to use the ship for any peaceful purpose, or so we thought. We would fly the L-72 to New York. The idea had been in our minds ever since Gemmingen and I had made the 101 hours' flight together. Now it was taking definite form. We would give the Americans a demonstration—a real one—by flying the L-72 to New York and back to Germany, without refueling or attempting to land, if arrangements for our reception were lacking.

We did not expect to be shot down on appearing in the United States, though we were not sure of receiving the admittance which we meant to request by radio the day before our arrival, while still about 1000 miles off the coast. We could not make public the plan in advance of the flight because we feared that the French and British would prevent it. Nor dared we risk flying low over either France or England.

With all those circumstances to be considered the flight became as much of a problem as a war raid. For example, we would have either to slip through at night over the English Channel or else go far north around the British Isles. We could expect no weather data except those culled by our own observations. It would require plenty of luck. Yet it was not a daredevil trick. The L-72 was as big as the Los Angeles and not so heavy, because she was

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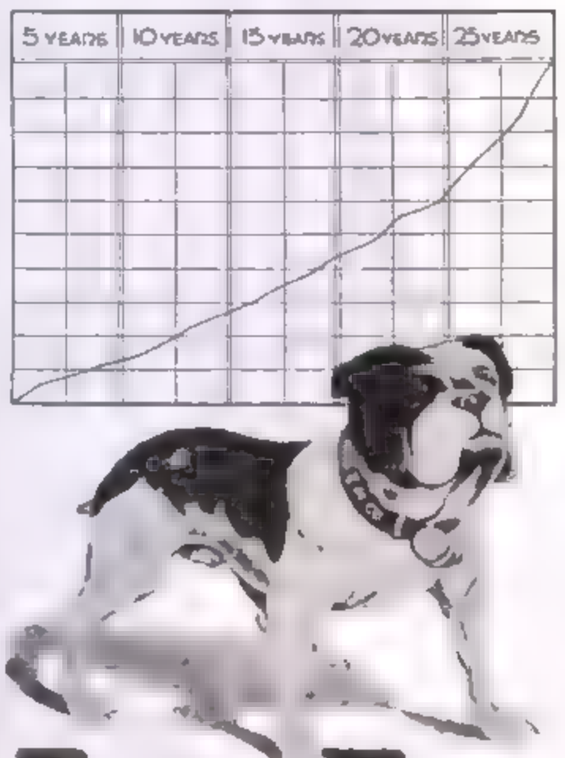

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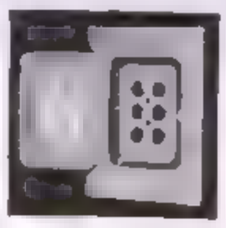
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a warship and not a commercial type. The L-72 could carry fuel sufficient to send us across and back under normal weather conditions. Therefore we could always turn back toward home, even halfway or three-quarters of the way over. If we should meet opposing storms we could ride back on the west winds. But surely we could reach America.

After long and serious deliberation the Zeppelin Company decided to make the attempt. I was put in charge of the enterprise and immediately commenced preparing the L-72. It was early in March, 1919, and we would have to hurry if we were to take advantage of the first good weather that season. The ensuing delay was beyond our control. We had to consider not only our own interests but those of Germany and the German people. While we were making contacts and discussing the flight with members of the government the entire project became more confusing and involved. No official was willing to assume the responsibility for giving us approval. It was anticipated that there might be reprisals by the Allies, unless the reaction of the Americans upon our arrival in the United States should be so strongly favorable that it would prevent the European governments from taking reprisal measures.

The Navy Department and other government branches were proceeding with the necessary negotiations and settlements which would release to us all rights in the L-72. We had decided to go ahead, making it a private venture at our risk. Within a few weeks the big ship stood ready to take off for America. She required only inflation.

We filled her inside keel throughout with gasoline tanks, no water ballast figuring in the plan of operations. We had a nice little workshop in the corridor, fitted with vise, bench and drills. There were comfortable mess rooms for the officers and crew. The side walls of the engine gondolas had been altered so that they would fold out, if required, thus making room for complicated motor repairs. So far as we were concerned the L-72 was ready to fly to the United States in April, 1919. We were waiting for the word that it would be officially proper and legal for us to do it, but I am afraid that we would not have waited long. All of us were impatient to be off.

The Old and the New

One morning, arriving at the factory early, we learned the sad news. A telegram had arrived from the government containing strict orders for us not to move the ship. The Berlin officials had sent it to Friedrichshafen at the demand of the Inter-Allied Control Commission, which in some unaccountable manner had obtained full details of our plan.

From then on we anticipated some difficulty in using the Zeppelins left over from the wartime operations. But nevertheless we were already operating a new commercial Zeppelin transport line. Doctor Eckener, who had returned to Friedrichshafen from the naval station at Nordholz, bent his energies toward reorganizing the Delag and putting it on a working basis.

The first route lay between Friedrichshafen and Berlin, a distance of 373 miles. We planned to extend it later to Spain, Italy and Egypt on one side, and to Stockholm, Sweden, on the other. The Zeppelin Company built two small strictly commercial Zeppelins for the Delag. They were the Bodensee and the Nordstern. It was part of my duties to conduct negotiations between the manufacturing company and the operating branch, just as I had been acting between the company and the navy during the last year of the war. This was again extremely interesting, for the new ships were to be the same size as the last prewar commercial Zeppelin, Sachsen, which I had commanded in peacetime and with which I had entered the war. All of us were curious as to what progress the new commercial Zeppelins would show

The Bodensee, the first postwar ship, though the same size as the Sachsen, could carry twice the usual load, with at least twice the comfort for passengers and twice the speed. She was ready late in August, 1919. Actually she used only half the engine power required on the old Sachsen for the same speed, and she could cruise at seventy-five to eighty miles an hour. She could carry thirty passengers as contrasted with the Sachsen's twenty-four.

The Surrender of the Navy

Work on the Nordstern, her sister ship, was not rushed, because we desired to have the benefit of the practical experience with the Bodensee. She was practically complete, however, on December first, when the Inter-Allied Control Commission through the Berlin authorities ordered us to keep the ships in their hangars until further notice. The two new ships were taken from us. The Bodensee went to Italy and the Nordstern, after she was completed, to France.

We were ordered, furthermore, to refrain from building airships of more than 1,000,000 cubic feet capacity. Though the Bodensee and Nordstern were not quite 800,000 cubic feet, it was obviously foolish to build new ships of that capacity, for their construction had been justified simply because they offered opportunities for experiments in commercial design and construction.

Briefly, the Inter-Allied policy was to curtail all airship development in Germany. It is important to remember that in view of what actually occurred. The result was that all commercial airship development was curtailed for seven years. This policy had a direct bearing on aerial transport throughout the world, and it answers the oft-heard question, generally put in this manner: "If the Zeppelins were so good, why don't we see them operating today?"

To explain more fully I must revert for a moment to the period immediately following the Armistice. The German Navy possessed fourteen Zeppelins at the end of the war. What was to be done with them was problematical. We had, of course, discussed the means whereby the Zeppelin Company might buy them back from the government and remodel them for commercial use. But there were only five of these ships which were fairly up-to-date, and in fact the L-71 and L-72 were the only ones capable of long-distance work.

(Continued on Page 78)

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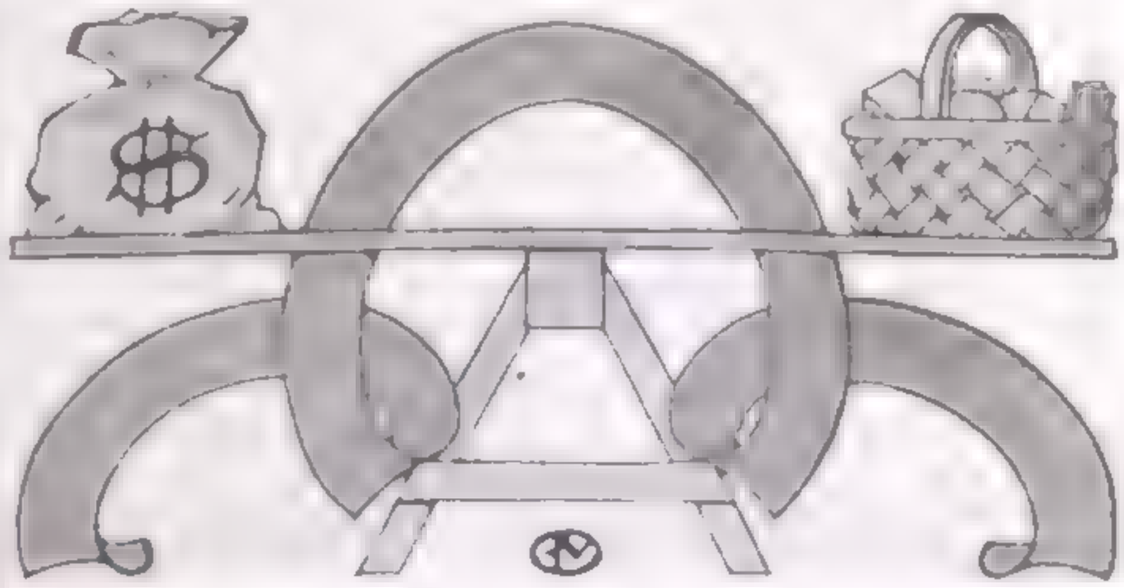

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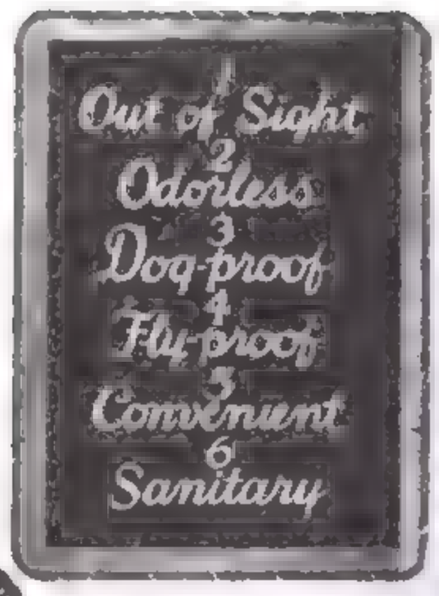

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(Continued from Page 76)

While we were trying to find a way to take them over during those first few months after the Armistice, and while I was preparing the L-72 for her New York hop, the crew of the L-71, then at the naval station at Nordholz, conceived a similar idea independently of all others. They planned to make a secret flight to the United States to show the world what could be done with a Zeppelin. It was rather more sensational than ours, this plan as I received it from the captain—Dietrich.

Instead of attempting a round trip, the L-71 would be flown over to New York and then, without stopping even for fuel, she was to continue on across the country, just as far as she could go. When her fuel was exhausted the crew would bring her down to earth and tie her to a tree, or if an emergency mooring was impossible, why, then she could be abandoned. The object was simply to make the longest kind of a flight and thus sell the Zeppelin idea to the whole world.

The officers and men of the L-71 were ready to start when they decided to ask the government for permission. The result was inevitable. It was explained that the new government had enough trouble on its hands and, further, the flight might result in everything in the German lighter-than-air service being so demolished that it could never recuperate.

Though the Zeppelins were mentioned in the Armistice terms only as parts of the naval establishment which must be disarmed, it was evident that they were naval units and therefore could not be taken out of the country. Early in 1919 it was stipulated that all the surface vessels of the former German High Seas Fleet should be surrendered and brought to the British naval base at Scapa Flow, the anchorage near Kirkwall in the Orkney Islands. The story of how the German crews surrendered their ships in a sinking condition, so that some of them still rest at the bottom at Scapa Flow, does not belong here, nor is it a matter for me to argue.

With that in mind, and knowing that the Zeppelins were rated as naval units, it was not surprising that the airship crews should have a similar idea. I say crews, and here I mean both the officers and men. The subject of destroying the naval Zeppelins came up at Nordholz and Wittmund. It became so general that the commanders of the ships held an informal meeting to confer on the problem of whether they should destroy their craft or leave them for the Allies to claim, as seemed inevitable. That meeting was held the night before the official surrender of the surface fleet at Scapa Flow. It broke up in a mild disagreement, some of the commanders holding that the Zeppelins should be destroyed, others that it would be bad politics.

The next day, while the surface craft were sinking at Scapa Flow, seven of the naval Zeppelins—the L-14, 41, 42, 62 and 65 at Nordholz and the L-52 and 56 at Wittmund—were sent crashing to their doom. These ships, along with the others, had been out of commission since the Armistice and there was no gas in them. Only a few fire guards remained on duty at the hangars. Those crews who had decided on destruction simply walked into the hangars as if on routine duty. The empty ships were hung in mid-air by an ingenious system of suspending them from the roofs. These supporting tackles were disconnected and the ships crashed to the floors, a twisted mass of girder work, damaged beyond repair and unfit for further use.

Of course reprisals followed. Delivery of the other ships was demanded. The remaining seven naval Zeppelins, which had been preserved by the political insight of their commanders, were surrendered in 1920, along with our two new commercial ships, the Bodensee and Nordstern. The L-64 and L-71 went to England. The L-72, LZ-113 and the Nordstern went to France. The L-61 and my last command, the LZ-120, to Italy. Belgium got the L-30 and Japan the L-37 in parts. Only the Bodensee and Nordstern remain intact today. The French named the L-72 the Dixmude and with that ship made the official world's record endurance flight over the Mediterranean in the fall of 1923. A few weeks later she was lost with her crew and many prominent observers while on a similar flight over the Mediterranean. The LZ-113 was dismantled

The Italians lost both of their Zeppelins; the LZ-120 was ruined during inflation in her hangar and the L-61 was damaged beyond repair in the first landing they attempted. The British disposed of the L-64 by demolishing her in order to provide hangar space for their own R-34. The L-71 was used for a number of hangar tests and is probably now unfit for flying.

Today the Bodensee and Nordstern remain intact, good but useless in hands unfamiliar with the intricacies of operation. To all intents and purposes the story of the Zeppelins ended with the delivery of the ships to the Allied countries. Germany was to have no Zeppelin industry. Had we desired to build more ships within the prescribed limitations of 1,000,000 cubic feet, it would have been impossible during the hectic period which ensued at home that combined with the generally adverse policies of the victor governments.

The English tried to launch their postwar airship program by starting two giant ships, R-37 and R-38. When they were nearly completed it was found that the government economy policy could not provide for the maintenance of two such ships, so one, the R-38, was offered to the United States Navy for $1,000,000. The tragedy by which forty-four officers and men, representing the flower of both the American and British airship branches, lost their lives when the R-38 collapsed and then burned in the air during a trial flight over the Humber is one of the accidents which have served to stifle public enthusiasm.

But, although our plan was not then feasible, the idea of bringing a Zeppelin to America, and subsequently the whole German Zeppelin experience as represented by our engineering staff, did not come to an

(Continued on Page 81)

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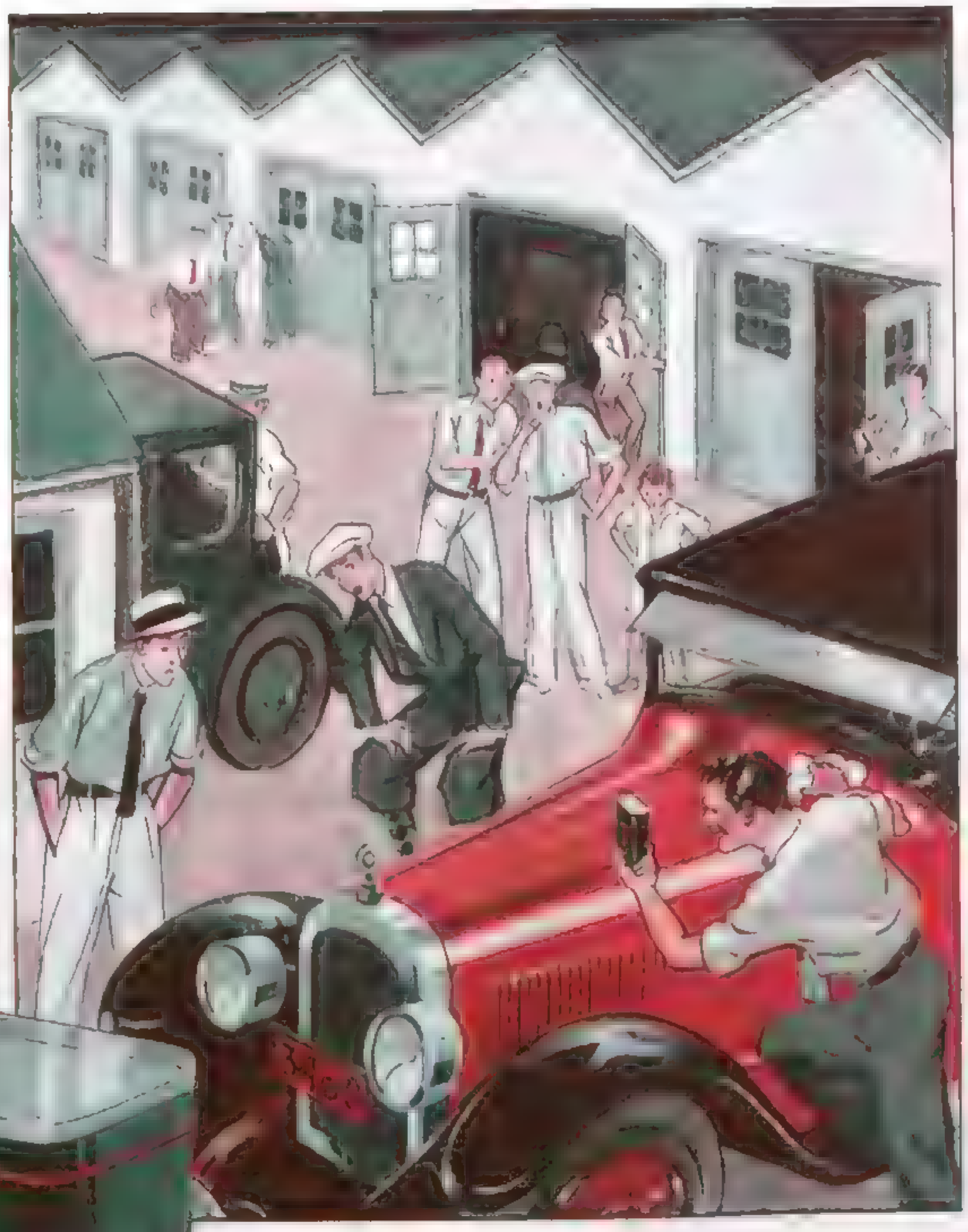

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(Continued from Page 78)

end. The credit for the ultimate success is due primarily to an American, who, until he visited Friedrichshafen in 1919, had never given a thought to airships. He is Harry Vissering, who has recently retired from the railway-supply business in Chicago. Mr. Vissering had been in Germany on matters for his firm and had made a flight in the Bodensee. His interest once aroused, it has never diminished. We became close friends and he returned to America in 1920 with the idea of starting a New York-Chicago airship line.

The Zeppelin Company was to coöperate in the enterprise, as it had a right to do, for under the charter by which the foundation was first created with the financial support of the German people, it was organized for the "propagation of aerial navigation throughout the world" regardless of nationalities, wars or other considerations. That object, incidentally, was the subject of Count Zeppelin's last remarks to his assistants when, in the spring of 1917, he lay dying in Berlin. Despite the pain, he passed on to his coworkers the thought that the airship is primarily a servant of mankind and not a destroyer.

Gemmingen and Doctor Eckener had the idea that we could do no better than help the United States get under way. In the summer of 1921, with Captain Hans Curt Fleming, who had captained the Bodensee during her short active career, I came to this country to make a survey of the climatic conditions which would necessarily govern the operation of the proposed route. After three months, during which we searched into weather statistics from the beginning of the records, we concluded that though the route between the two cities was probably the worst and most difficult in the world—in point of weather—still it was possible. With adequate equipment and skilled personnel a regularity of almost 100 per cent in summer and from 80 to 90 per cent in winter, or an average performance of from 93 to 96 per cent the year round, could be maintained.

The Transatlantic Flight

But meanwhile the final distribution of the war Zeppelins and reparations ships had been made. The European governments, having acquired the ships, were making little use of them, and none commercially. The loss of the R-38 in England in 1921, was followed within a few months—in February, 1922—by the destruction here of the Italian-built semirigid military ship Roma, which had been purchased by the United States Army. The ship, while on a trial flight following her inflation at Langley Field, Virginia, was flying low when she struck a high-tension electric cable near Hampton Roads and the hydrogen gas in her was soon blazing. These two accidents were discouraging because of their influence on popular thought.

The American Navy went ahead with the construction of its own Shenandoah and justified its policy by pointing to the official report of the R-38 disaster, which proved that she was an engineering experiment on the part of British engineers who had tried to build a huge craft before they had learned how to construct small ones successfully. Their R-33 and R-34 had been copied from Zeppelins. It is one thing to make a copy and quite another problem to jump into larger sizes involving new types and formulas.

Doctor Eckener was in command of the Los Angeles on her trip to America, and I was first officer. Only one thing marred the flight for me. It was the absence of Gemmingen. He had died in the spring of 1924 from a complication of diseases partly induced, I believe, by the strain of war life. Throughout our service together he had dwelt constantly on his ambition one day to participate in a transatlantic flight. Doctor Eckener had succeeded Gemmingen as president of the Zeppelin Company.

Airship Possibilities

In itself the trip was excellent. We left Friedrichshafen at six o'clock on the morning of October 12, 1924, and arrived at Lakehurst, New Jersey, at 9:55 on the morning of October fifteenth—having traversed the 5000 miles in seventy-five hours of flying time and eighty-one hours actually in the air, allowing for the six hours difference in time between the two points. Our speed had averaged sixty-two miles an hour.

In constructing the Shenandoah the Americans wisely resorted to every possible test, also availing themselves of expert advice of the foremost American scientists. As she was finally built she represented a fair military rigid airship of the class of 1916.

Her round-trip flight between Lakehurst, New Jersey, and Seattle in 1924 was as creditable as one might desire. In fact, she proved of stout heart and staunch build when, in January, 1924, she was torn loose from her mooring mast at Lakehurst and, with a broken nose and two empty gas cells, fought a successful battle for seven hours with a vicious winter gale. She was proving an excellent training ship for the nucleus of the American airship service when she went to destruction during a storm over Ohio in the fall of 1925.

There had been another accident about a year before. Our old L-72, the French Dixmude, while attempting another endurance flight in December, 1923, disappeared somewhere over the Mediterranean. Days later the body of her young commander was found in the sea. From the known facts it is believed that comparative inexperience, lack of adequate weather information and other ground preparations, also an attempt at a flight which was too ambitious for the Dixmude, were responsible for her loss.

But still the efforts to start an airship industry in this country were not abandoned. Through Vissering's ceaseless missionary work he was able to interest P. W. Litchfield, now president of the Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co. of Akron, Ohio. In September, 1923, the Goodyear-Zeppelin Corporation was established at Akron, having acquired the North American rights to the Zeppelin patents. At present it commands the services of a number of the most experienced special experts of the German Zeppelin staff, headed by Dr. Karl Arnstein, the engineer who designed the Los Angeles, as well as several dozen previous Zeppelins. In the past two years these men have completed improved designs for future American Zeppelins including both commercial and military types.

Recognizing that the Los Angeles, because of her size and in the light of present knowledge, is an experimental ship, the new designs provide for airships almost thrice her size. As the load that a ship can carry into the air increases approximately as the cube of her dimensions, it follows that the modern Zeppelin will be much more efficient and able to carry relatively more fuel, more passengers or cargo. It would be about 800 feet long, 140 feet in diameter and would hold between 6,000,000 and 7,000,000 cubic feet of buoyant gas. Its nonstop flying range, with, say, 100 passengers, baggage, fuel and supplies, would be about 8000 miles, if inflated with noninflammable helium gas, at a speed of seventy-five miles an hour. With hydrogen, which possesses greater lifting power than helium, more fuel could be carried, thus bringing a nonstop, round-the-world flight within the range of possibility.

Zeppelin's Plans Carried On

As this is written, early in 1927, two airships are being built in England, each of 5,000,000 cubic feet capacity. They may be employed on a mail and passenger service between England, Egypt and India. As yet there is no visible evidence of such an enterprise in the United States, though many projects for commercial operations with airships have been announced in recent years. One may materialize eventually.

As a result of the Locarno Treaty in 1925 many restrictions relating to airships were removed. The Zeppelin Company, which had managed to remain intact during the interim, is now building another experimental commercial Zeppelin of slightly more than 3,500,000 cubic feet capacity. She is designed to carry on where the Bodensee and Nordstern left off. The funds with which to build the new Zeppelin were acquired by popular subscription. A committee was formed under supervision of the government. Doctor Eckener traveled for months lecturing on the subject. The newspapers supported the cause. The German people again came forth with finances with which to build the one hundred and twenty-fourth Zeppelin, just as in 1908 they had made up the fund to establish the Zeppelin Foundation. This ship marks the renewal of the old count's original program to establish lighter-than-air transport among the nations of the world

Editor's Note—This is the last of a series of articles by Mr Lehmann and Mr Mingos

Near the Atlantic Entrance to the Panama Canal, Cristobal, C. Z.

Keep Unguentine ready wherever you go

Kill-joy sunburn

conquered—

INSTANTLY

with the surgeon's dressing

SUMMER calls, "Come out in the sun!" Swimming, romping, or basking lazily on the sand—there is no joy like summer under cloudless skies . . .

But what a price so many pay! Nights, as on a bed of needles, skin that flames and stings . . . Sunburn!

There is no need to suffer from sunburn today. Simply spread on the famous surgical dressing hospitals use for *all* burns—at the first sign of redness, Unguentine, quick!

Unguentine stops the pain of the most severe sunburn *immediately*—the tender skin heals, infection, all too common, is prevented. You tan normally.

Save whole days outdoors!

Spread Unguentine on thick. You are protected at once. This dressing halts the formation of the sickening poisons that are created in any burned tissue. Better still, ward off sunburn; rub Unguentine on *before* exposure. At your druggist's—50 cents. The Norwich Pharmacal Company, Norwich, N. Y.

ACTION

(Continued from Page 13)

even at noon the weakening sun hangs lazily low above the main chain of the Alps. You feel, all about you, a big closing-in, the rustle of a heavy curtain falling upon a good time that is played out at last.

As Bell walked the six miles up from Vissoye to Zinal, he breasted that jovial current of waiters and chambermaids thawed and rehumanized. Jove! They were good to see and to hear, with their jokes and catches and bold, friendly, unobsequious looks at every man and brother they met. But everything was good in this place. Even the smell of Vissoye and its pigs, as he passed, had been the smell of the best holiday of his boyhood. How he had liked life—every bit of it, colored or plain, the high lights and the low! Even the jars had been part of the makings of the incomparable adventure. He wondered whether the mere feel of things—common things, all sorts of things—could ever have given anyone else such raptures of secret contentment as they had given to him.

He had made sure of a room at Zinal. He dined by the light of one lamp in a corner of the hotel's dining room, now empty and shadowy. An elderly woman waited upon him. Everyone else in the house had gone down the valley; she had been left for a week or two more, to cook, wait, make a bed and draw out a bill for anyone mad enough to turn up so belatedly. Bell had known her for thirty years—ever since her marriage to an old guide of his, recently killed on the Meije. She told him how their son Pierre was now a guide, too, rather to her alarm. She seemed amazingly glad to see Bell, as if he were a bit of some good old world that had been slipping away. And he? she asked. Was he making a *grande course*, as always? Surely not, at this time of year.

He fenced with her apt, friendly questions. He felt like a liar. Indeed, he was one, pretty well; for he fully meant to deceive. He would go for a walk by himself, he said, after breakfast tomorrow—perhaps to the Arpitetta Alp only, perhaps farther.

She looked at him sadly, with peasant directness. "All alone now," she said simply. "And once it was you and madame—and Gaspard and me. Ah, the good times!" She had all humanity's fate in her face, like an old woman drawn by Rembrandt—hopes and happy love and then the dust of the day, dimming the roses, and then the great loneliness and inconsolable tears. Would monsieur have coffee, she asked.

Bell could face her no longer. It was too treacherous. No, he said, he would want nothing more. Let her go to bed early, like all the good marmots. So would he, too, when he had smoked a little end of tobacco.

When she was gone, he sat by a fire of logs she had lit for him in the small smoking room. To his surprise he found he had nothing to do. There could be no saying good-by, no specious last letter to write, no will to be made, no manifesto of any sort to be left. People do not do such things just before unforeseen accidents, for the wood must look raw at the break. A real good tip for the widow of Gaspard would have to be left in an obvious place, that was all.

It went beyond having nothing to do. There was nothing to think. He had no fears of post-mortem torture to busy his brain, for the God of his faith was no fiend. He was equally void of covetous hopes of a sensational good time when the breath should be out of his body. So far he might have expected his mind to be free. The strange thing was to find how much of one's usual matter for thought is taken away if, in twenty hours or so, one will have nothing whatever to fix up or to see to, no house or business to run, no special beat to patrol, no arts or letters to care for or public duties to mind. It was a release. But it was a queer one—a kind of vacuous and disquieting freedom, such as a man might attain who was suddenly let off the pressure of gravitation, so that he needn't keep his feet down to the earth any more; in fact, couldn't press on it hard if he tried, and so couldn't get any purchase for putting forth his strength upon anything at all. Bell's released mind did its best to think firmly of what he was going to do the next day. But no firmness came; the levers of thought could not find any fulcrum; they worked at a loss, feebly and fumblingly.

He brought over the lamp to review the inn's tiny library—two shelves freakishly peopled with the printed leavings of guests lettered, half lettered, unlettered, conventional, independent and odd. There was the common aphrodisiac novel of commerce; there was the Vicar of Wakefield, all golden sunshine and wit; there were Nat Gould and the wise, humane book of the great William James on the incessant endeavors of men to find or to imagine some larger life on which to rest the frail and soon-tired figure of their own. Yes, that was it—something to lean against; something sure not to give when you put your whole weight on it, in any state of yourself; that was where peace and strength were to be had; nowhere else. So he fancied, at least; he could not be sure. He was still in that vacuum where his thoughts had no pivot to work on. The wheels did not bite on the road; the cogs would not engage. He thought and he felt, but gropingly, not with the sure and eager drive of a mind and heart that have found themselves by forgetting themselves.

The place that Bell had picked for his purpose was on the west side of the Schallijoch. The Schallijoch, as you may know, is a dip in the ridge that joins the Weisshorn to the Schallihorn. Even the lowest point of the dip is more than 12,000 feet high. The last part of the rise to the ridge from the west is up one of the steepest slopes of ice that are climbed—that is, if you mount it where it is least steep. At some other points it is steeper than any slope that is climbed or thought to be climbable. The surface of this wall of ice undulates like a sheet of hammered copper, here a concave patch and there a convex one. Though the wall, at its steepest, leans back from the straight, as a whole, it has parts—the upper halves of these hollows and lower halves of these bulges—at which it is vertical for some feet at a time; and at two or three parts it even overhangs slightly.

These last, avoided by climbers happily wedded to life, were what Bell had in mind. He would start up the wall at the steepest part he could find; as he went on he would make, at each stage, for the point where there seemed to be most of an overhang. He would do the thing honestly—try all that was in him to bring the climb off, reach the ridge and prove that, in this small matter, man could do more than he knew. With careful timing he would be up, if up at all, about dusk. In that unlikely event he would carry the test a step farther and try to come down his ice ladder by feel, in the dark, instead of descending the gentle snow slopes on the eastern side.

He worked out a time-table. Three hours' walk up to the Arpitetta Alp from Zinal. Three more up from the Alp to the foot of the final ice wall. Half an hour for eating; another half hour for sundries, and four for the ultimate work on the wall. Eleven hours in all. Tomorrow's evening dusk would be over by seven. He would push off at eight in the morning.

Probably you would have thought him rather a pleasant sight as he quitted Zinal—the outward figure of a hale, fit mountaineer; just a little stricken with years, but vigorous, brindled, but not at all bald, leanly and brownly good-looking; turning out by himself, with his ax under his arm and a little luncheon in his pocket, for a walk among the feet of old sporting friends like the Weisshorn and Rothhorn. How can you tell by the looks of a man that he would not feel the point of a pin if you ran it into his thigh, or that this exemption from pain is causing any disturbance of his spirits?

Nobody was to be seen at the emerald Alp of Arpitetta. Like the almost-deserted Zinal, like yesterday's valley path streaming with walkers carrying bundles, the empty hovels on the Alp recalled the sight of a whole countryside in flight before the army of an invader. The ashes left from the cheese maker's fire were wet with drippings from the roof; the rough wooden crane used for swinging the caldron over the flames flapped in a draft from the door. Outside the intoxicant beauty of gentian and orchis was over for the year; the rich grass had spread back over the trodden mud of the milking place; but snow was lying a few hundred feet higher up. The invader was near.

Bell's legs were liking the work. The numb one was numb, but it did not give out; it would not let him down. By one o'clock he had reached the tail end—some would call it the snout—of the big Weisshorn Glacier, eaten his rations and set a first foot on the rough convex swell of honeycombed ice, with water flushing out its millions of cells, for the sun was on it. He pawed the stuff tenderly with his ax. Perdition catch his soul, but he did love it—strong as iron, carvable as cheese! What genius could have conceived so delicious a union of opposites if, by some disaster, no glaciers had been made?

By three o'clock he was through the freak shapes of the ice fall, across the snow field above it and close to the wall that he sought. Yes, its great width and height had the wavy surface that he remembered. It showed like a vast relief map of some low rolling downland, modeled in ice and then set up to stand on its edge. Off to his right, as he looked up, the general angle was easiest. That was the regular way—very steep but quite practicable. That was of no use for his purpose. Far away, to his left, the slope looked ferocious enough. But down it an almost continuous fall of stones of all sizes, broken away from the sun-warmed rocks of the Weisshorn, came sliding and hissing, or bounding and smashing explosively. That was no use either. That way would be suicide, not experiment.

He soon saw what he wanted—almost directly above him. There, nearly all the way up to the ridge, the ice was steep and bare and blue, and the face of it waved more at this place than anywhere else. Several broad bosses of rocks must have underlain the smooth surface. Over these the close-fitting ice swelled like a stocking upon a bent knee. Up to the center of each of these bosses the ice bulged out overhangingly. Just above each center it would recede at a more merciful angle, but nowhere in the whole thousand feet of ascent would a man have a foothold to stand on unless he made it.

Bell conscientiously tightened each boot lace and putty string. Then he set off for the point where he had descried the best overhang. It was halfway, as he judged, to the top of the wall. If he should conquer that one, then he would look for another, more bulgy.

He cut his steps with almost fanatical care. He had a disagreeable sense of doing something furtive. He couldn't help asking himself, against his own will, "What if somebody saw?" "Damn somebody," another part of him said. Still he cut every step as if he defied the whole solar system to say that it was not the work of a good craftsman bent upon keeping alive. So he rose slowly. It took a good two hours' work to mount a third of the way to the ridge. But then he was close to what mattered more—the great bulge that he was making for.

The bulge stood out like a gigantic blister upon the face of the ice. It must have been forty feet in diameter, and it jutted so much that a stone dropped from its outermost point would only have touched the slope again some fifty feet lower. So the climax had come. To reach that outermost point he would have to climb up for about twenty feet as you climb up the underside of a ladder that leans against a wall. And he would have to make the ladder, rung by rung, as he climbed it, fashion each rung out of the ice with his ax, held in one hand, while with the other hand and both feet he clung to three of the rungs made already, and held up the body against the drag of its weight. Every rung would have to be made like a letter box in a door, big enough for the toe of a boot to go in, but so shaped that, when a hand entered, the fingers could bend down inside and grip as you grip the top of a fence. The grand, the crucial, question was how long one hand and one arm could hold the body in to the projecting ice wall. For what part of the two hours or so that the other laboring hand might require to cut that fantastical staircase. Of course if his ax should slip out of his hand, or if one step should break, that would end the affair. But away with the thought of any such bungling!

The moment the overhang started Bell discovered the theory of gravitation to be exceedingly true. The work was amazingly hard. When he had carved five letter boxes and used them, an hour had gone. He carved five more and observed that daylight was failing. Behind his back an unsensational sunset was going on at its ease. His left hand was chilled almost dead with all the ice it had gripped; his right wrist was swollen and sore with the intensity of the ax work; his right knee had begun to shake as uncontrollably as chattering teeth; he heard his breath as if it were somebody else's; it made a dry rustling noise, like a bird struggling silently in the hand.

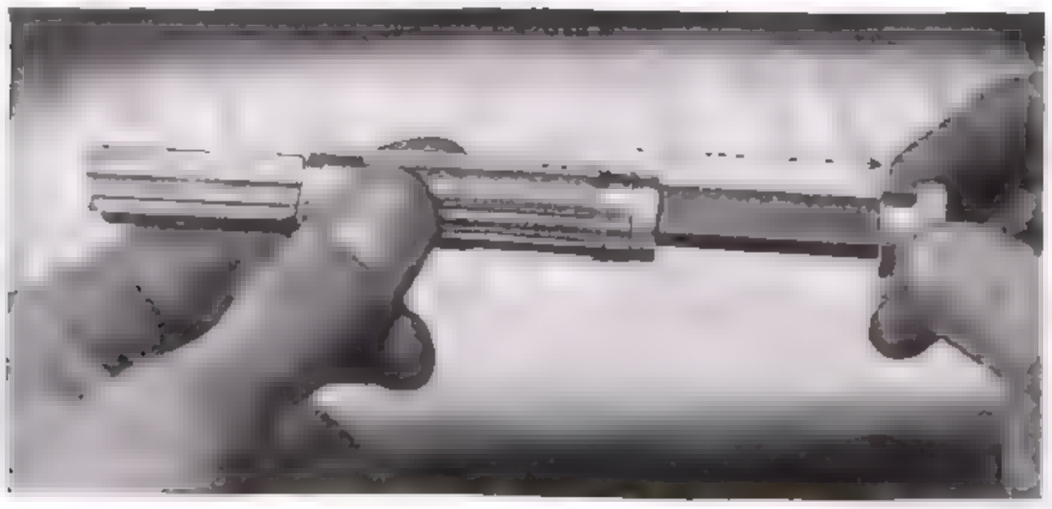
The center of the boss was now, he reckoned, some eight feet above his head. Beyond it he could see nothing, as yet, but tranquil sky with a rose-colored flush dying out of it. Five letter boxes more, he thought, might take him up to the nipple of this frozen breast and bring the receding slope of its upper half into his sight. It was just at this point that it struck him as a clear, sober matter of fact that he could not get up those eight feet. His strength was running out fast; one more good letter box was all that he could conceive himself able to make. He made it, hacking away with slow, painful strokes, his ax handle slippery with his sweat. He reached up his left hand to grab the new hold and dragged a foot up to its new place below. Then, just to go down fighting, he went through the movement of starting to chip out yet another step. Second by second the effort held out. His strokes were the taps of a child; his wrist felt like breaking; yet somehow he finished the hole and forced his left hand to rise up to it. Then he even hauled up in its turn a right foot of infinite weight. The poor quivering knee had to straighten out next, and did it, after a long, doubtful struggle. But that was the end, he felt, of all possible effort.

By this time all his senses had the morbid exaltation that will sometimes come of fierce physical effort. His mind was at leisure, after a fashion. He was fully aware of the sunset. He did not miss the charm of its sabbatical calm. The majesty and mystery of mountains were still there, all right. A verse he had liked as a boy came into his head, as beautiful things that have built themselves into your mind are apt to do at a crisis—as people who once went to church will cry out "Oh, God!" when a smash comes:

And here, indeed, might death be fair,
If death be dying into air,

(Continued on Page 57)

Pull —— Push



In slides a New Blade!

THIS new razor carries its own super-sharp blades—each ready to shave without the loss of a second. They are stored in the razor handle. To put a new blade in the razor head—simply pull and push the plunger. Nothing to unwrap—ever. No lost time. You can do it in the middle of a shave.

And you have nothing to put together or take apart before or after you use a Schick. Just tilt the razor head and shave. You don't even remove the blade to dry it.

All Schick blades are uniformly keen and sharp. Yet sharp as they are, they hold a still greater advantage over your beard.

The Schick razor head is built so the blade slips along parallel to the surface of your skin. The keen Schick edge meets each hair squarely at its base. Without a sign of razor drag or pull, it shaves your face clean—*right at the skin line.*

Men by the thousands have bought the Schick because they could see how convenient it was. They are using it every day because they have learned what a joy a clean, cool shave at the skin line really is.

Tilt the razor head and you are ready to shave. Nothing to put together!

Ask your dealer to show you a Schick. If he has not yet received his supply — send us his name and five dollars with the coupon below. We will send you a Schick complete with twenty blades. Extra clip of twenty blades, 75 cents. Magazine Repeating Razor Company, 285 Madison Avenue, New York City.

Magazine Repeating Razor Co.
285 Madison Avenue, New York City

I enclose five dollars. Please send me a Schick Repeating Razor complete with twenty blades.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

Dealer's Name_____

In Canada, Razor with 20 blades, $6.50. Extra clips of 20 blades, $1.00

SCHICK REPEATING RAZOR

Tire prices the Now more than ever you can afford

lowest in 15 years
the pleasure of riding on Generals

NEVER BEFORE HAVE CAR OWNERS TAKEN ADVANTAGE OF SUCH AN OPPORTUNITY IN SUCH VOLUME!

REALIZING the extremely low level of tire prices today, car owners everywhere who have possibly thought Generals beyond reach are now taking advantage of the opportunity to enjoy General's quality at prices even lower than they paid last year for tires of ordinary value.

As tire prices have come down, the percentage of extra cost for Generals has meant less and less in dollars and cents. With the present price situation, the difference in the more popular sizes is only a dollar or so.

Even in the largest balloons your selection of Generals today in preference to any other brand won't tax you as much as an evening's entertainment at the theatre. In fact, while prices remain at this level, you can equip with Generals at even less cost than you formerly put into tires of half the mileage.

That hundreds of thousands have seen the economy of this idea is shown by the fact that they are carrying General's sales this year millions ahead of last year's great record—eclipsing even the notable gains of a year ago, when the public responded like magic to General's announcement of the policy of never tampering with quality.

Top quality has always been the first essential to tire economy. With General's quality at its topmost peak and prices low to the other extreme, now, more than ever, you can afford the pleasure of riding on Generals.

The General Tire and Rubber Co., Akron, Ohio.

The Mark of Leading Tire Stores Everywhere

The GENERAL TIRE

—goes a long way to make friends

All the King's horses and all the King's men can not hurt

"61"

FLOOR VARNISH

MANY attacks in childhood's imaginary wars result in ruined floors —but not when an armor of "61" Floor Varnish protects them. "61" is made to withstand the romping of children, the daily pounding of heels and the constant grueling grind which every floor receives. It is heelproof, marproof and waterproof. So tough, elastic and wear-resistant is "61" Floor Varnish that you can "Test it with a hammer! You may dent the wood but the varnish won't crack."

"61" Floor Varnish requires little care or attention except the usual cleaning with a dust mop, or soap and water if you prefer. Furniture and other articles about the house can be easily finished with "61" and are thus not only beautified but fortified against maximum wear and tear. A coat of "61" rejuvenates linoleum and if renewed occasionally, will make it seem to last almost forever.

"61" Floor Varnish brushes on easily without showing laps or streaks, whether you use the Clear Gloss, one of the six beautiful woodstain colors or the attractive Dull Finish. Wherever the most extreme durability is required, "61" will serve the purpose.

FREE SAMPLE PANEL finished with "61" Floor Varnish will be sent on request. Try the "hammer test" on the panel! Color Card and names of local dealers will also be sent you.

GUARANTEE: If any Pratt & Lambert Varnish Product fails to give satisfaction you may have your money back.

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"61" LACQUER ENAMEL

Wherever a quick, durable, opaque enamel finish is desired, use "61" Lacquer Enamel, the most recent development of the Pratt & Lambert laboratories. It dries in thirty minutes! Brushes and flows easily. Will not crack, chip or peel and is waterproof. Sold in a variety of beautiful colors in all size cans.

(Continued from Page 82)

And souls evanished mix with the
Illumined sky, eternal sea.

But no pretty dying for him, if death could be still headed off. He started desperately to try again, sweating and straining. No good; the feeble strokes of his ax scarcely scratched the bare ice; his left hand was frostbitten now, past feeling anything. Only five feet to relative safety, but five more than any spur worn by his will could drive the spent body. "I'm done," he said, and ceased to struggle upward.

Some innate impulse to take the thing well, and not to let human dignity down at a pinch, kept him resolved to hold on, foot and hand, to the last moment possible.

While he clung so the sun left him. A high Alpine sunset is sudden, like tropical ones. A cold, sharp-edged shadow raced up from the valley, chasing the sunlight before it. Pursuer and fugitive scudded up over the tops of the firs and across the bright green of the Alp that Bell had passed, and then up the ice fall and on up the wall till the shadow came down like a great frigid hand on the sweaty back of his neck. Next moment the last warmth and light fleeted up out of sight, over the bulge. As his gaze followed his cheeks felt the sting of a few falling granules of ice; little chips of it, rather; even a few rather big ones. A trickle of icy scraps seemed to be sliding down the upper half of the bulge, to dive into space on reaching its center, most of them clear of his back.

Queer! Was an ice avalanche coming? No need to suppose it though. Glaciers, crushed and huddled things, always heaving and cracking, played curious tricks and ground out all sorts of freak rubbish. Oh, let the ice do what it liked; all his business with it was done; all that he could now attend to was a kind of dream noise, big, muted and almost asleep, that the torrent was making, enormously far off, down in the blackening trench of the valley—that and a kind of emotional dream of himself, the dying man doing his best to take leave as was meet—a figure at which he could look, as it were, from outside, and dreamily feel it to be rather touching.

Into this semidream there managed to enter, also, a sound more abrupt—a little noise like the low startled cry that some women give when they see a horse fall or a big window is smashed. The cry worked itself into his dream, but also it roused him. "Getting light-headed," he thought. But he wasn't. Almost as quick as that thought, a new sound, a light hissing rub, rushed down to his ears and an ice ax slid over the bulge overhead and out into the air; it whizzed past the back of his head.

To anyone versed in high mountains an ice ax loose and falling in any such place is a portent of horror, like a child's pony galloping riderless home, or a boat adrift, bottom uppermost, in a Thames lasher. It means that somebody may have just lost the power to move, without help, at a place where a man unable to move will soon be unable to live. Suddenly Bell's mind took eyes to itself. It saw a party of some sort above him, trying to cut its way down the ice wall, straight toward the deadly bulge that now beetled over himself. At this hour! And by such a route! They must be mad—so he thought, forgetting himself. And now one of them was disabled; perhaps had disabled the whole of his party—had tethered it to the ice wall. The idea was frightful to Bell.

Another sound came. From somewhere not far overhead there broke, like an explosion, the singular cry that Swiss peasants and some mountaineers employ as a long-distance hail. No other noise of purely human production will carry so far. Harsh, wild and long, it starts, as the noise of a rocket does, at its maximum loudness, and then wails itself out in a dying fall that has an effect of collapse into despair. Though commonly uttered on quite cheerful occasions, it might be the passionate scream of some wretched animal terrified by the solitude of a desolate place and trying to empty into one impetuous lamentation all its burden of loneliness and desire.

Bell held his breath as the sinking shriek thinned away into silence. Then he counted off the seconds half aloud, by guesswork, as bomb throwers learned how to do in the war. The count ran to seven—eight—nine, and just as Bell was muttering "Ten," the great yell smashed into the silence again. Yes, he had expected that. Someone above was in the last extremity of danger, was trying the last shift of all, the most all but hopeless of all—was sending out the Alpine signal of distress into this stone-and-snow desert where autumn and night had joined to make it utterly certain that no answer could come. It was like praying to God, for dear life, that a well of fresh water might open itself in the dry middle of the Sahara.

Up to that point of time, as you have seen, Bell had been the kind of dual creature that most of us are for nearly the whole of our days. Part of him had toiled, sweated and ached, and another part of him had been sorry for that one. But from the moment the second yell came, this twofold arrangement was somehow abolished. All craving or need for any part of himself to be troubled about any other was over; now there was nothing at all to work out any more, no next move to be consciously planned, nor hesitant will to be coaxed or hustled, nor any plaguy choice to be made. All the man was one unit at last, and it lived intently and intensely, moved by some force which it had no more desire to question than flames have to ask, "Why burn upward?"

The next mystery was that out of the mind so suddenly lightened there seemed, as it were, to overflow lightness into Bell's body of lead. Strangely empowered his left foot was rising already to thrust itself into the next letter box; almost gayly, his right arm, freed from its preoccupation with pain, was beginning to hack a new handhold above. How long it took him to make it he could not have told, then or after. For time, too, was abolished; long trains of executive, practical thought could run on to their end instantaneously; courses, whole courses, of study of relevant things the state of the ice, minute changes of gradient, the swift regelation following sundown—were carried out without any sense of duration. One of the revelatory trances had come, in which even a plain man sees for once that an eternity need not be long and that in a single moment he may have everlasting life.

A minor, but still a piquant discovery was that he had never really known till now what it was to cut a good sizable strip off that old margin of safety which he had imagined himself to have all but used up. His new letter boxes now were marvels of sketchy adequacy; they were high art in the skimpiness of the means that they took to their end; triumphs of confident cheek to Nature; they bluffed that august power quite wittily. Almost before the vocalist overhead had completed the long S O S of the mountains—it takes three minutes in all—Bell had his chest up to the dead center of the bulge and saw what he had come for.

Some thirty feet higher up a woman in mountain kit, with no ax and no hold for hand or foot, was dangling at a long rope's end. Her body revolved a little as it hung against the steep ice, but she was making no voluntary movement. The rope constricting her chest was held with one straining hand by a man perched eighty feet higher up. He was clearly unable to move, hand or foot, without being dragged off his stance by the weight of the woman. He stood on one foot—his right. It seemed to be firmly placed on a tiny step; and a little above his head he had the pick of his ax driven well into the ice. To the steep bracket thus formed by the ax head the man was holding on stoutly with his right hand.

The sorry sight explained itself. The woman must have been cutting steps down the slope; she must have slipped from a step and dropped her ax with the shock. The man had checked her fall well, but both were hung up as immovably as a couple of stoats nailed to a gamekeeper's door. And now the rope must be slowly killing the woman. Just as Bell's head topped the bulge she called out in a strangled voice to the man, "Can you cut the rope, Teddy? I'm done anyhow. Think of the kiddies. You must!" The man held on.

Bell gave tongue as loudly as the dry brown fur lining his mouth would allow him to. "Well held, sir!" he roared. "It's all right! I'm coming!"

Not once in a long and respectable Alpine career had Bell thought he would ever intrust his person to ledges quite so narrow as those on which he made the rest of his way up to that pendent woman. And yet he had never, in any hard place, felt such absolute freedom from any uneasiness. As he romped up he sang out, at intervals, "There in three minutes! . . . Just two minutes more! . . . Only one minute now! . . . Half a shake—I'm just there!" Then he arrived. He cut a big step close to where the woman's feet hung, planted his own firmly on it, and then stooping and straightening up again, took the weight of her, sitting, on his right shoulder. Lest she be fainting he put up his right hand behind her to hold her in place.

She was none of your fainters, though she was white, yellow, greenish—all the bad colors that beauty itself may have to put on in bad times. "She's a good 'un," Bell thought, as she sat quiet, panting.

"You're a great sportaman!" she gasped, when she had breath enough.

Feeling all the weight off the rope of a sudden the man above shouted down thickly, "Sure you have got her, sir?"

"Right as rain!" she called up.

Bell added, "Leave the rope slack and dig in. We'll come up when you're comfy."

The man gave a tuneless yodel of joy and was plying his ax the same instant; chips and wedges of ice came pelting down from the great step that he must be cutting, from which to make the whole caravan fast. In five minutes he ceased hacking, braced himself, drew in the slack of the rope and announced that now he could hold up a cow for a day.

Bell let the woman cannily down till her feet found a trim ledge that he had managed to scratch out while holding her up. But some four or five feet of smooth ledgeless ice intervened between this and the lowest step the woman had cut, coming down, before she slipped off. Some new ones had to be made. "Care to cut 'em?" Bell asked. "Or shall I?"

She ruefully opened the hands in which no ax was now held. "I dropped it," she said, "like a mug. I feel sick with shame."

"Have mine," he said, holding it out.

Her open boy face shone with joyous relief, as if at a gift of free absolution from sin. Even now their lives hung on this ax that he was intrusting to her, the convicted ax dropper. She took it. "You're a very generous person," she said. "Now I'll unrope and go up by myself, and you shall tie on."

He shook his head firmly. "You mustn't unrope."

Her eyes broke out in a quick sparkle of anger. "You've got to rope up," she said, flushing. "I know that I've done a dud thing and can't preach. But what about you? Climbing alone! Coming up out of nowhere, almost at night! Up a worse slope than this beast! Think it bears looking into, eh? Well, do you mean to rope up or shall both of us climb in this way that you seem to think right?"

Bell fairly funked the scrutiny of the young woman's fiery simplicity. When once simplicity sets out to inquire, what else is so penetrating? "Well, you tie on in the middle," he said, "and I at the end."

"That's fair," she agreed. A few feet of spare rope was let down by her husband. In two or three minutes, at most, the man who would have shuffled off the mortal coil

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The last daylight was gone when the three stood safe on the level roof of the ridge, scrunching its gritty, granular snow somewhat shyly, though partly kept in countenance by the dark, which is itself a shy, friendly thing. Bell, now a mere dual creature again, had been wondering, all the way up the last flight of ice stairs, how he should give these married lovers a chance to reassert their lately threatened right to possession of each other's lips. Best, he thought, just to turn his back on them when he got up and try to look busy coiling the rope.

But they also seemed to have some sort of plan. The man was waiting above the last step, to shake Bell by the hand—really to shake him—and mumble something which Bell did not desire to make out more clearly. The cup of his consternation was filled when the lady raised his disengaged hand to her lips, a gesture for which he had not been prepared by her vivacity lower down.

Then, with one silent consent, they all stampeded away from the key of emotion. "You travel light, sir," said Bell, just to say something trivial. The two others seemed to carry not so much as a prune or a biscuit between them.

"Well ——" said the man, and then Bell imagined the two must be having a quiet laugh in the dark.

"Oh, I know I can't talk," Bell admitted. "The fact is, I didn't expect to be coming right over the pass."

"Same here," said the man. "We just walked up from Randa—meant to go only as far as the hut for the Weisshorn, eat our sandwiches there and go back to dinner. Then—it was rather mad, but the snow was so toppingly good—we thought we might just rush the Schallijoch before dark, sleep at Zinal and come back tomorrow."

"Gosh! It was rash!" exclaimed Bell, off his guard. He felt sure, the next instant, the man was quite seeing the humor of such a rebuke from such a sinner. Hastily trying to cover the slip, Bell made another. He asked, "How on earth did you miss the way down?"

The man didn't exactly say "How did you miss the way up?" but he did say, "Yes, it was stupid; but—well, you know how it isn't so easy to see a way down from above as it is from below."

"Hadn't we better push off?" said Bell rather hurriedly. "We'll be getting friz up here." But it was not the cold that he minded. It was the heat. It felt as if he couldn't move his tongue without burning his fingers.

The three truants had luck. Just such a full moon as they needed, not having a lantern, was on the point of rising from behind the snowy mass of the Muschabel, beyond the forest glen of the Visp. The mounting light could no longer contain itself. Its bright animation was pulsing up the dark violet of the sky in tremulous waves. It would be easy, by such a light as was coming, to follow the downward track left by the couple on their way up, almost to the door of the old Weisshorn hut, a refuge squat, squalid, flea-haunted and cramped, but divinely rich in raw materials for manufacturing heat against a long night of hard frost.

At any time it is rather exciting to walk in the dark, and in silence, with anyone whom you like but don't yet know very well. What is he thinking about? You? And if so, in what way? Barring you? Liking you? Wanting to throw down the conventional fence and talk frankly? An hour or two of this blindfold contact between mind and mind may so work on them both that when their eyes meet under a lamp at the end of the walk it may feel as if they had had a long and intimate conversation, leaving each of them just slightly anxious to know that the other has taken nothing amiss. Even thus, with friendly and deprecating looks, did they regard each other by candlelight two hours later, among the strong shadows and smells of the hut.

In ten minutes more the man's wife, who had walked like a true Joan of Arc, was exercising the blessed privilege of healthy, tired young people of thirty or so. While she slept like a prosperous babe her man and Bell smoked as they lay in the hay at the big sleeping shelf's other end. Smoking helps to keep talk good. A man can puff at his pipe between each thing he really wants to say and the next. No gap-filling rubble is required.

Bell ascertained first that the man's name was Gollen and that he was a doctor—the Harley Street species of doctor. Bell gave in return his own name and description. Then they enjoyed one of those unembarrassing pauses. Then Bell said, somewhat brusquely, "There's one thing we have to get straight."

"Go it," said Gollen.

"You seem to imagine you're under some sort of obligation to me."

"Well, you see, we're alive. And before you appeared our number was up."

"So was mine."

"Oh, everyone's is, in a sense. 'All condemned to death,' doesn't somebody say, 'with an indefinite reprieve?' But ours wasn't indefinite. We were booked to go west in five minutes."

"I was to do it in one—in less. I should have dropped off my holds in ten seconds if you people hadn't blown in."

"Hullo!"

"Sure thing. I was done. I had never known until then how far doneness could go. That's how it felt anyhow. Then your wife's ax came along. That by itself held me on for a jiffy or two. And then you hollered—gad, you can holler!—and everything changed. There was something new in me, or round me, at work on me, somehow. Every bit of soreness and worry and funk was taken right off me, nothing was left in the world but one energy—just an enveloping, mastering sort of a push. It went up like a flame and it took me along; it made everything easy and light. And it wasn't only a thing in the mind. Old Brother Body himself was roped into the movement; some of the waft of this impulse seemed to get itself into my muscles D'you follow these ravings?"

"Rather! Physicians aren't the fools that they were. We don't go on missing out what the mind—or the soul, if you like—has to say to all the dynamic affairs of the body."

Bell puffed his pipe for a while. Then he said, "See? That's how you two preserved me. So if thanking is what we're about, thanky kindly."

Gollen, too, smoked in silence for the next minute or two before asking, "The ice overhung where you were when I first caterwauled?"

"Can't tell you the angle. Hadn't got a clinometer thing. Of course it wasn't a motoring road."

Gollen laughed. Bell liked Gollen's face when he laughed, so far as it could be seen among the tangle of wry shadows thrown about the hut by a small flame that still leaped in the stove. Gollen's face made Bell think of a trade term—"good ordinary."

He had blunt, goodish features, strong and good-tempered. A straight, friendly man, you would say, and easily amused; a good man to be in a hole with. Bell enjoyed such men. They made the world go round.

As he was thinking so Gollen suddenly asked, "I say, why did you do it?" As Bell did not answer at once, Gollen added: "Of course it's cheek, asking. Tell me to go to hell if you like, and I'll warmly approve. Only—well, I'm a doctor."

Bell cut the thing short. He answered at once what Gollen might go on to ask in another few minutes: "Yes, the spring's running dry; the salt losing its savor, you know; the wine going flat—and worse coming."

Again Gollen did the bold thing. "Any particular evil?" he said.

Bell liked the man. And when two men would both have been dead a few hours ago if either had failed at a pinch, they may soon get on terms. Bell avowed the whole business—his symptoms, his surmises and disgusts, and his specious experiment.

Gollen listened as wise doctors do. "Did that numbness cramp you today?" he asked at the end.

"No. But it was there all the day, except just the time—ten minutes or so, I suppose—when ——" Bell hesitated for a moment.

"—— when you were in action?" said Gollen.

"Action?"

"Oh, I don't mean just doing violent things out-of-doors, pressing triggers or lassoing cows. I mean getting every jack fiber there is in your nature alive and utterly turned onto something outside you—absorbed in it, lost in it—every bit of your consciousness taken up into some ecstasy of endeavor that's passion and peace."

Bell nodded and Gollen went on: "I guess the great artists—all sorts of 'em—know how to bring the fit on, or it comes when they're at the top of their form. They seem to get farther and farther above 'emselves, hold the note out in a way that we can't, bring every tissue they have in their being to bear on the effort to get a wee touch to come right. Saints, too, I suppose—the pukka ones, like Francis, the man at Assisi. They have the knack too; they can get more alive; they've found how to exist at a sort of top pressure. I fancy all of us get just a glimpse of the thing now and then—of what living might be, you know—at a great turn in a game, or when we're in love, or if some beautiful thing in a book bowls us over. Only we can't hold the note, or we can't do it yet; the pitch is too high for our reach, so we flop back into flatness. But we shall get there, I do believe that. What we've done since we started as jellyfish is to get more and more of ourselves into action, and we shall go on till we are as much more in action—real, true action—as we are now than when we were jellyfish. Why, in a few thousand years we may all be able to live half our time as you lived today for ten minutes."

"Something in that," Bell assented

Gollen apologized meekly: "Sorry to verge upon uplift. Still one can't always bother about the convention that talk has got to be pessimist piffle."

Bell nodded. Reigning conventions had few less dutiful followers than he.

They smoked again for a while. Presently Gollen said, "How goes the weather?" He rose and opened the door of the hut very quietly. Bell followed him out to the hut's tiny terrace.

Nothing at all was wrong with the night. Beyond the queenly white shape of Mont Rose the moon rode gloriously high, burnished and flashing with frost, above sleeping Lombardy. Crowned in new snow and bejeweled with sparkles of light, the Weisshorn, the greatest great lady in Nature, looked as lovely to Bell as when the first sight of her pale supreme grace had taken his breath away in his youth. At the height where they stood the frost had silenced every trickle of water, leaving all space to be filled with subtler challenges to the ear. The air almost crackled with crispness; it was alive with the massed animation of millions of infinitesimal crystallizations. The Schalliberg Glacier, a little away to their right, had its own living whisper, the sum of the innumerable tiny creaks and fractures of its jostling molecules of ice. Up here, where the quiet of night was suffused with this audible stir of the forces fashioning the earth, it felt as if some murmurous joint voice of all existence were abroad and life itself were trying to make its high urgency felt.

"Pretty good," Gollen said presently.

"Yes, it's all right," answered Bell.

Gollen waited a minute or two. Then he asked, "Is it all right—enough?"

"Oh, yes," said Bell; "I'm sticking on."

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MY DEAR

(Continued from Page 5)

Feet ran sharply up the stairs, and very sharply someone knocked on the door. Heiner did not hear it—he was trying to reach her lips—but she heard and called, "Come in! Come in!"

Matthew Hamilton stood on the threshold, rigid, dead black and dead white.

They fell apart as Heiner's arms suddenly loosened. And he seemed to cringe, and very sulkily he showed his teeth in a slight laugh, and said, "Well, Mr. Hamilton. You're just as late as I am calling on Jenny."

The curate in charge stood there without entering. He addressed Jenny leaning back breathless against the table. "I was in the room opposite; had been sent for by a sick person. I ran over at once; Mrs. Leave let me in."

"Thank you," she panted.

"Jenny and I were having a bit of a rough and tumble, Mr. Hamilton. You mustn't take it seriously; no murder done here," said Heiner facetiously.

The curate did not reply. He looked Heiner over. He drew slightly aside and ordered him silently, with this look, to go.

Smiling, Heiner picked up his hat, which had been kicked about the floor, fawned, "Night-night, Jenny," and walked out.

"No harm done," he added more propitiatingly from the landing. "No harm done, eh?"

The Rev. Matthew Hamilton turned his back upon him, as if blocking him out into the darkness of the stairs. He looked at Jenny; he stood in the doorway holding his hat against his breast in that gesture of obeisance, looking as if without words. And while he looked, with the disappearance of Heiner, his face changed as from darkness to light. His eyes, on Heiner, had been—in spite of all the magnificent humilities of the creed he tried so hard to teach and to live—hard with the hate and contempt of the gentleman for the cad, a hate that had flashed out of hiding, out of control, and burned in his eyes. But now they were humble again, and, as they rested on the girl leaning against the table, adoring. He was adoring her as a flower, as a miracle, as she leaned there, her breathing still stormy, her mouth trembling and passionate, her short tawny hair tumbled in confusion. In every line of her young figure was that fierce virgin grace, that untamed fighting strength that here, in Greengrove Alley, Matthew Hamilton thought of as a sign direct from heaven.

A sign, he thought, that even here, in the reek and the garbage and the destruction of all life spiritual, the warrior shall fight on. But he was afraid for her; he had seen so much; he had seen such weakness, such surrenders, such defeats, such dyings. While he looked on Jenny Croft as a man looks on a torch flaming in darkness, he could not but be afraid for her continually.

"I—I should lock your door, Jenny."

"Yes, Mr. Hamilton. I always do. Only tonight I'd been very busy—I had the Leave baby up here—and then I was thinking. I forgot it."

"Shall I speak to the landlord about this?"

"No, don't, Mr. Hamilton. Heiner pays a better rent than I do."

"I can speak to the police; get him warned."

"It's not necessary," she said, tossing back the tawny hair from her eyes. "I'd rather not. Live and let live. It's all in the day's work. There's nothing so extraordinary in it, Mr. Hamilton."

"I know." He did know.

"Don't you worry."

"I'll speak to him myself as I go down anyway."

He looked unutterably tired, though spiritually fierce. Spiritually he was a lion as he stood there still looking at Jenny. But she saw, first of all, his tiredness.

"Shall I make you a cup of tea, Mr. Hamilton?"

"No, no. It's too late for me to come in."

"Then you go home to bed, Mr. Hamilton, and don't worry about that Heiner. Good night, and thank you."

"Good night."

He turned away with a smile, giving her another of his queer, wondering, worshiping looks. But he meant to worry about that Heiner. On his way downstairs he knocked sharply at the man's door, and when it was opened he spoke to him brusquely and plainly, as man to man. The mantle of the priest fell from him as he spoke to Heiner. But he could get nothing more than smiling and derisive protestations out of him.

Jenny locked her door and folded her scattered work away and covered up the sewing machine. But before she drew her curtains across the window the only curtained upper window in Greengrove Alley—she leaned again upon the broad sill to look out. She breathed the spring. The Rose and Lily was shuttered and dark; lights in high windows here and there disclosed sordid secrets, but why look through? The moon still rode high up in the sky and stars were bright. Below, she saw the curate emerge and go walking up the alley in the direction of the vicarage given over to his habitation.

Then, walking slowly by, aimlessly, shoulders humped, hands deep in pockets, feet scarce lifting from the pavement they trod, came someone else. She knew the sleek cut of that battered and soiled suit of clothes, the lapels turned up over the shirtless chest; she knew the thin, rangy silhouette. He looked desolate there in the moonlight, very desolate. She thought: "I wonder if they've done as Mrs. Leave said, and turned him out. They'd never!" But landladies did; landladies had to; landladies were human, hungry, struggling, like everyone else. "Where's he going?" she thought, leaning out. While she looked he turned the corner of the alley and was swallowed up by the wider street beyond. She turned back, looking into her own room that she toiled for; for whose preservation she was single-heartedly jealous; where her door was locked and her curtains were drawn; where, even in the midst of desperation and turmoil, was peace. The room took her to it as in a sisterly embrace. She belonged to it, and it was hers. A possession. Home that she had made; a place quiet and clean—Jenny Croft's.

Never, never would she let weakness enter, despoiling hands rob the room of any of the qualities that furnished it. So she undressed and lay down in the narrow bed behind the tall old screen—"pretends she've got a reg'lar flat; bed and sitting; wiv that screen arrangement. Screen! It makes me larf!" said Mrs. Leave rancorously to neighbors, but in her eyes was the housewife hunger all the same—and dreamed not of Lewis Heiner, nor of the fair, parched, ascetic parson; but of a tall, rangy, defiant boy, with his flannel coat buttoned up over a shirtless chest when the spring nights were cold—very cold—and yet sweetly bitter with the hint of young delights that such a boy had forfeited.

II

SHE was at the ready-made Gents' Clothing Store in Whitechapel Road with her work at ten o'clock the next morning. That was the appointed hour when they would have two dozen pajamas cut out and ready for stitching. She did the buttonholes, too, of the pajamas. Pajamas were light clean work—no dark fluff to come off on the fingers, soiling them; no weight to make the hands ache. She liked them. Moreover, it was a ravishing morning, very nearly April, and even in Whitechapel were a basket or two of flowers to be seen.

She passed through the store to the close-smelling workrooms at the back, and the proprietor followed her.

"Hello, Jenny; we got the pajamas all ready. Want 'em back tomorrow night at latest. And there's a gentleman inquiring for you agine, my dear. Left his card this time, and my old lady says his nime's always in the pipers. She says he's a real nob—an artist what's famous—and she says to tell you from her that you're nothing more nor less than a born fool—not that I want to lose your work, my dear. You're a good worker. I don't ask a better. . . . Eight shillings and tenpence; there y'are."

"I don't want to sit to any artist, thank you. I know a bit about artist's modeling. There's a woman in Greengrove Alley fairly drinking herself to death who used to be a model. She says: 'What's the end of it all?'"

"Lor lumme, Jenny, you don't need to think of the end yet—a girl like you. You're s' young. I'd give him a trial. You don't need to give up working for me entirely, but you could just see how you liked it——"

"What's he given you to talk to me, Mr. Dealy?"

"Besides, you got sense. You're a girl as could mike her wiy. Anywiy, my old lady says I'm to tell you you're nothing more nor less than a born fool not to tike a chance on it, and there's his card anywiy."

"I've seen his card before, Mr. Dealy, thank you."

"Well, just to remember his address."

"What're you getting out of it, Mr. Dealy? I'm anxious to know."

"If ever I seen a girl bent on tiking care of herself——"

A fine gentleman came through the shop as if he owned it; as if he owned the world, though would not be interested in asserting his proprietorship. He came through sniffing delicately at the malodorous air. And when he saw Jenny Croft, her bundle of cut-out pajamas in her strong young arm, when he saw her face lighted like the spring morning and her tawny hair riotous with life dropping from under the old black hat, and her red mouth laughing while it chaffed Mr. Dealy, he gave a sort of spring forward, and cried:

"By Jove, the girl herself!"

"I told you about ten o'clock, sir," Mr. Dealy murmured.

"I'm Victor le Maur, a sort of painter," said the artist, staring at Jenny, "and I've been in here after you half a dozen times, my child. Haven't they told you?"

"Yes, they told me, sir."

"Then why haven't you been to see me? I left my address."

"I didn't want to, sir."

She took him aback. "You didn't want to!" He glanced about the workroom, with its long deal table where a hunchbacked cutter was snipping away without taking a moment off to look up at anyone, however unusual; he saw the dirty windows and smelled the foulness of years. "You didn't want to! What do you mean?"

"I don't want to sit to you."

The man Dealy, shouted for by his wife somewhere in a back region, withdrew, and they were alone save for the hunchbacked cutter, who seemed hardly human anyway. The artist stood and looked at Jenny Croft; he looked and looked—not as Heiner did, not as the curate did—there was neither desire nor worship in his face, only an overmastering and imperious annoyance and impatience.

"I hunt models anywhere, you know. I visit hospitals and slums looking for models. I'm just wanting—have wanted for months past—something new. Something different. A little while ago I was visiting the London hospital here—I was looking for a particular type. Coming away, I walked past this place and saw you just leaving and getting on a tram——"

"Mr. Dealy's told me all about your inquiries for me."

"Then why in——"

"I don't want the work, sir."

(Continued on Page 92)

More delicate than any recipe in the world

...this rich blend of coffees which has become the first choice of the entire United States

From many countries scattered across the earth they have been coming for years to American homes. Myriads of types and grades of coffee to choose from for our breakfast cup.

Some with flavors as distinct as the individual notes of a song. Some with shades of difference almost too fine to taste.

Yet of them all, no single coffee has ever yielded just that taste on which the critical women of the United States could agree. It is to please them that a special art has been developed, an art of blending more delicate, more difficult than any other in the world of foods.

Today the first real nation-wide fame in America has come not to any single kind of coffee grown, but to an exquisite mingling of flavors, to a blend created years ago in the South.

A Southerner with a talent for flavor, growing to manhood in a land noted for good living, Joel Cheek brought to his great work of coffee blending an unusual combination of experience and natural gifts. He had the hope of one rare shade of flavor—a flavor which he had never tasted. And he had the courage to persist—through trial after trial—until he achieved it.

Just a touch of extra richness

To the great families of Dixie his blend of coffees came as a new pleasure among many old ones. The news of its special, mellow goodness spread rapidly. Long ago it became the favorite coffee of the cities of the South.

Today that touch of extra richness is changing the habits of a whole nation. From New York to Los Angeles, Joel Cheek's blend is pleasing more people than any other coffee ever offered for sale.

In a few brief years it has become by far the largest selling coffee in all America.

To you and to your family the shade of difference in Maxwell House Coffee will come with all the zest of a new adventure. Its full-bodied liquor, its rich aroma will bring new contentment at breakfast and at dinner. Your grocer has Maxwell House Coffee in sealed blue tins. Cheek-Neal Coffee Company, Nashville, Houston, Jacksonville, Richmond, New York, Los Angeles.

Throughout all the Southern states, the old Maxwell House was famous for its food and for its coffee

"Good to the last drop"

MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE

It is pleasing more people than any other coffee ever offered for sale

Water—$10 a Glass

© 1927 M. L. I. Co

"YOUR trip evidently did you a world of good. What happened?"

"Big specialist ordered me abroad to a water-cure place to drink water—lots of it—no medicine—just water. I drank gallons and gallons during the weeks I was there. Counting steamers, railroads, hotels and doctors, that water must have cost $10 a glass but it was worth every penny. It worked miracles for me. What are you laughing at?"

"Laughing at the price you rich men pay for miracles. While you were away my doctor ordered me to drink water, too. Lots of it—8 glasses every day. Told me to have my prescription filled straight from our own faucet. And I never felt better in my life."

It is a curious fact that some people cannot be made to realize the value of drinking water freely unless they pay a big price for it. Yet pure water—drunk as regularly at home as it is taken at the spas—will often produce health "miracles". Nowadays good doctors agree that almost everybody, except those who need a specially selected diet, should drink water regularly—one glass before breakfast, one in the forenoon, one in the afternoon, one before going to bed, and one with each meal—six to eight glasses a day.

The doctors say, also, that more than two-thirds of the weight of the body is water, that water forms the bulk of the blood, and that three quarts of water a day are needed for the body's daily necessities. If the blood does not get the water it needs—either as a beverage or in food—it will absorb water from the tissues of the body and be overloaded with harmful waste products as well.

Poisons, produced by our organs in the business of living, are eliminated largely by means of the water we drink. If too little is taken, they tend to remain in the body.

This summer you probably will be motoring, hiking, or camping out in the country. Take care that the water you drink is pure. Sometimes those cool and inviting brooks, springs and old wells carry deadly typhoid germs.

To be safe, before your summer trips begin, make an appointment with your doctor for inoculation against typhoid fever. It is a simple matter and gives immunity for a period of two or three years.

To keep in the best physical trim at home or abroad, drink plenty of Nature's marvelous health-giver—pure water.

Medical experts warn us that those who neglect to drink sufficient water will eventually pay the penalty. Symptoms of digestive disturbance, headaches, muscular and neuralgic pains, dullness, inertia and intestinal stasis may result from drinking too little water.

Metropolitan Life statisticians report that while typhoid scourges have practically disappeared in large cities and in other places where the water supply is protected, typhoid is still a menace in many rural areas and wherever the water becomes contaminated.

Typhoid can be stamped out. Send for the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company's free booklet "The Conquest of Typhoid Fever." Learn how to protect yourself and your family from water which may be unsafe.

HALEY FISKE, *President.*

Published by

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

NEW YORK

Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year

(Continued from Page 90)

"Nonsense!" said the artist, in a fury of impatience. "You are what I want. That is all that matters. I could make something with you. I'm not quite sure what, until you come to me and I try you. All I know is that you are what I want and I must have you."

"I'm doing steady work; regular work and ——"

"What is your steady work? Sweatshop stuff! Your name's Jenny Croft, I hear. Now, Jenny, my child, I'll pay you well while you're sitting for me, I promise you. I shan't let anyone else have you till I've done with you—that's my way. But you'll do quite well ——"

"I've worked up a fair amount of business in my own line, sir, and I'm not going to change for something that is all taking chances."

"Are you afraid to take chances, then? You don't look like a girl who's afraid."

"I'm not afraid of anything."

Le Maur exclaimed, watching her face, "That's the look I want. The one you have now." And then he said persuasively, "Of course you'll come to me, child. Of course you will. You'd love it. I'd teach you to. I want to begin my new picture next week, now that I've seen you close. You're better than I thought. Far, far better. Quite wonderful. You'll come to me next week, on Monday at eleven."

"No, thank you."

"I'll pay you a guinea a day for every day that we work, you know."

"No, thank you."

He cried incredulously, "I won't accept your absurd denial."

"If I say I shan't, I shan't."

Le Maur looked at her very narrowly. And again his eyes flamed in a fury of impatience. But he laughed. He put up a most delicately fingered hand, took her chin and wagged it. They looked straight at each other. He was very tall, very slight, very pallid, yet so electric that all he did and said and looked seemed full of vitality.

"You'll come," he said. "On Monday at eleven, you'll come. You give me all sorts of ideas. Good morning." And he turned and walked out.

She looked through the open door of the workroom, down the length of the shop, through the opened entrance door, and saw that a car awaited him—a long slim car colored maroon, with a chauffeur upholstered in maroon too—about which a cluster of street urchins had gathered.

The hunchbacked cutter looked up. He had heard without seeming to hear, and seen without seeming to see.

"Put 'is card in yer pocket."

"I don't want his card."

"Ah, well, yer know Mr. Dealy can give yer 'is address any time."

But the address had already written itself in her brain: Victor le Maur, Velasquez Studios, Chelsea.

"My, it's fine to be a good-lookin' gal," said the hunchback. "If I could choose what I'd be in life it'd be jest a good-lookin' gal. You've got roof an' meat an' drink an' clothes all in yer face. S' easy." He went on snipping at his shoddy cloth. "My, if I was a good-lookin' gal I'd see the high lights. No Dealy's for me."

"Good looks fade; work goes on."

"Good looks don't fade before they've earned their life pension if a gal's clever. Oh, you got it all your way, you women, little as you seems to know it."

She was pleased to go out again from the dingy place into the glory that the spring day had brought even to Whitechapel. She had the pajamas neatly parceled in her arms. A long day stitching and buttonholing—Mr. Dealy was in a hurry for them this time. But she bought from one of the flower baskets a few daffodils, and didn't mind the idea of the cloistered day.

Turning again into Greengrove Alley at twelve o'clock, she met the woman who had once posed to artists whose names were still alive and blazing, but she was barely alive and there was no flame in her. No nimbus of fame burned about her head, though probably pictures of her in the flush of her first full-blooded youthful prettiness hung on walls of noted connoisseurs in two continents. She was very pale, the lines of her figure had gone and her mouth dragged down. Her clothes were like most of the other clothes in the alley—coverings from which all definite color had faded.

She had had no quality but a brief rich beauty, dependent on extreme youth; no courage, no acumen, no wit, no desire, no divination; she had not had, even, simple industry. She had flowered in studios fifteen years ago, been dazzled, been proud, been careless -and now there remained for her the dust heap. She was finished. Only, with the strongest of all nature's instincts, she clung to the life which had no use for her. "More work?" she said to Jenny, passing.

"More work. And you?"

"I'm just off to the registry office again. But there are more women than jobs."

"Have a couple of my daffies for your room."

The woman took the two flowers, with their attendant long spikes of green separated carefully from Jenny's half dozen.

"Nice, aren't they? Thank you, Jenny. Fancy, I—at one time I had bunches of roses from Piccadilly."

"Le Maur, Velasquez Studios," Jenny thought, climbing her stairs. "Bunches of roses from Piccadilly, and then what?"

She uncovered her sewing machine.

There was a clamor far down beneath her window. It was after eight o'clock. She had lighted her gas and was making buttonholes. She sprang up and looked out. A fight perhaps. Fighting had a vividness, a color, which always made her blood race. She leaned far out of her window. There was indeed a fight—bunches of men fought, women ran and screamed, children on all the doorsteps jumped with delight, whistles blew.

The police! As soon as she heard the whistles she knew that some desperate woman had run for their help and that they were coming. She saw them—two or three great dark figures—running into the alley. Then, in response to whistling, more of them. Mrs. Leave dashed out from below and tried to claw her George from out a swaying, hitting, swearing mass.

Women rushed out and seized their men if they could; pushed them within doors. Men scattered before the police. Two men, still struggling together in a fierce lock, caught Jenny's practiced eye. If they didn't break away and run instantly—instantly—the law would have them. Then, even as she looked, they broke, and one ran, and one fell and struggled up again, and fell again, and came struggling along, reeling against the supporting walls of the house, covering himself with the shadow of the houses. She knew that tall thin fellow. She knew him!

Just as the other women had rushed for their men, so Jenny rushed. Yet he was not her man. They had but looked at each other now and again—his gaze hard, shining and defiant under the pulled-down brim of his old felt hat—as she went on her way to and from Dealy's and he loafed away somewhere. But she was down the long dark flights of stairs, pulling the street door half open—only half open, with a cunning born of long knowledge of such a fracas—ready to receive him as he came panting by. As she opened the door he was almost there; he groped strangely along the wall, as if blind, and she put out her hands and pulled him in and shut the door.

The hall was empty; the Leaves intrenched and quarreling in their own room at the back; the police had made, perforce, one or two arrests only a few yards away. Here he was—the boy Danby—safe behind the door, leaning on her shoulder like a dead man, eyelids drooping over his bright defiant eyes.

(Continued on Page 95)

THESE SEVEN QUESTIONS
were asked a thousand times each

435 different questions on Yeast were asked The Fleischmann Company in the past year.

Seven of them were asked 1000 times each!

Here are the correct answers given by their medical advisers.

HAVE *you* ever wanted to ask questions about Yeast? The medical advisers of The Fleischmann Company have selected the seven questions asked them most frequently. Here they are, correctly answered.

Question: What is Yeast?

Answer: Yeast is a complete plant, even though one of the smallest of the vegetable kingdom. The number of microscopic plants in each cake of Fleischmann's Yeast is calculated to be over one thousand times the combined total populations of the United States and Canada. These tiny Yeast plants are grown, under ideal conditions, in a nutritious extract of malt and grain. After being grown overnight the Yeast plants are separated from the liquid extract. They are then compressed and wrapped in the familiar tinfoil package with the yellow label.

Question: How does Yeast work?

Answer: Headaches, skin troubles, continual tiredness—it is these beginnings of ill health which Yeast successfully combats. In a majority of cases the cause of these common ailments lies in an unhealthy colon. With modern food and lack of exercise the colon becomes clogged, unclean. Poisons collect in it, from waste that is held too long, and are absorbed into the blood. What does *Yeast* do? A cake of Yeast is composed of millions on millions of tiny living plants. It has been found that when these active plants pass regularly through the system, the number of harmful bacteria in the intestines is materially reduced. The whole intestinal tract grows cleaner, healthier and more active. The Yeast cells soften the contents of the colon and definitely increase peristalsis—the eliminative action of the intestinal muscles. Yeast also increases the white corpuscles in the blood, making the body more resistant to infection.

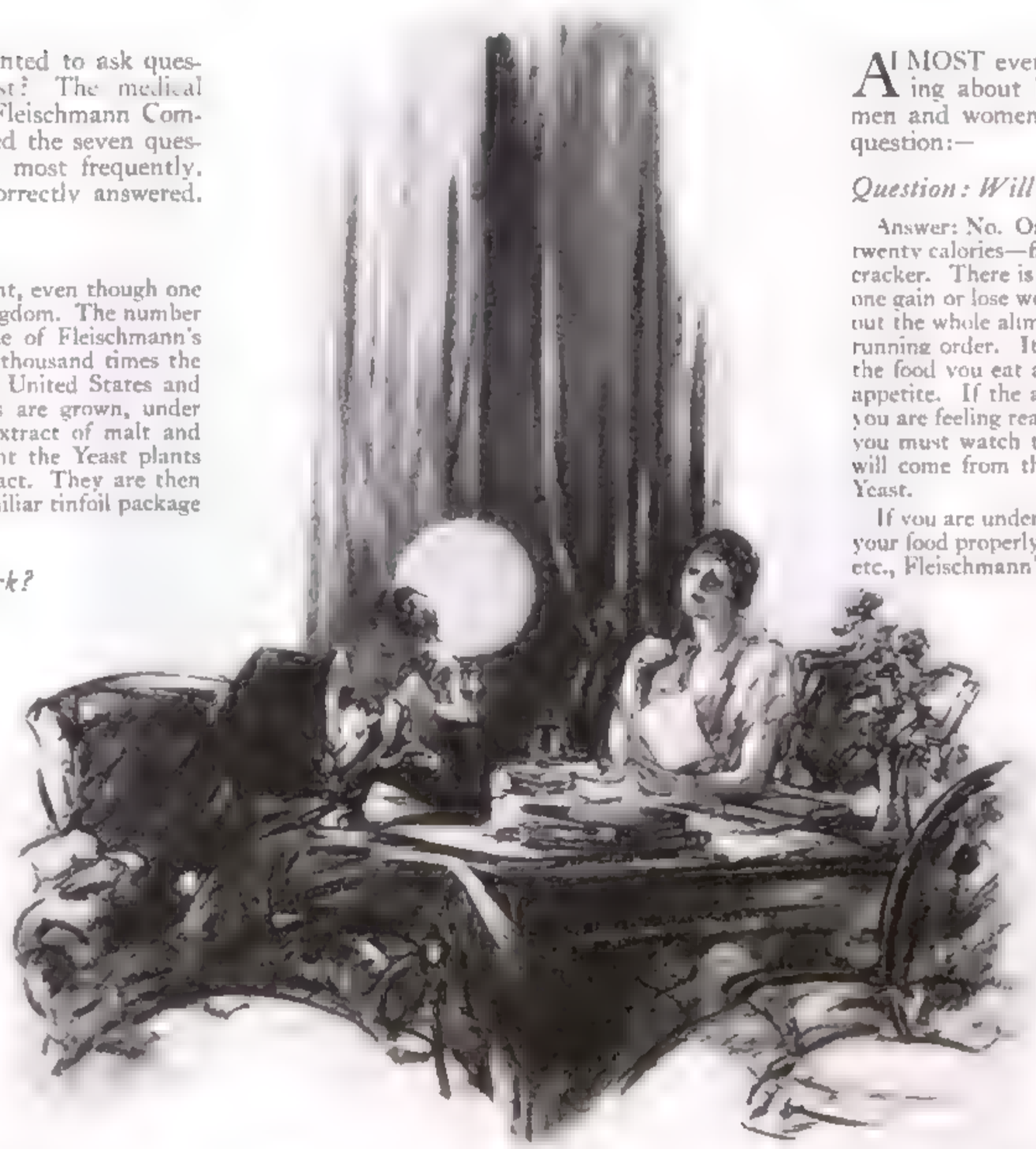
Question: What are the scientific facts behind the use of Yeast?

Answer: In the last twenty-five years Yeast as a food and a therapeutic agent has been the subject of research by the world's most important scientists and medical men. One hundred and forty well-known research men in this country and Europe have worked with Yeast—with animals, and finally with thousands of human patients. Their findings are published in the foremost medical and scientific magazines. Today the value of Yeast in the diet, and in the treatment of constipation, with its train of evils—indigestion, skin disorders and below par conditions—is definitely established.

Question: What is Yeast good for and how long should I eat Yeast to get results?

Answer: If your condition is serious you should of course consult a physician. When Yeast is advisable he will prescribe it. Fleischmann's Yeast is not a cure-all, but its efficacy has been proved in certain common but fundamental ailments such as constipation, indigestion, below par conditions, and skin disorders.

The length of time it is necessary to eat Yeast in order to secure relief depends on the nature of the condition you wish to correct. No unhealthy condition of any standing can be corrected overnight or in a few days. Relief may come within a comparatively short time. Most cases are benefited in three or four weeks, but, to give Yeast a fair trial, you should eat it for at least sixty days. In constipation, especially, Yeast must be eaten regularly, every day. If cathartics are being taken they should be reduced gradually. Fleischmann's Yeast is a food, not a medicine, and you must eat it continuously to get results. Eat 3 cakes every day, one before each meal: plain, breaking the cake in small pieces, or in water—cold or hot (not scalding), or in any other way, if you prefer.



One evening she wrote, "I am worried about my husband's health. Can you tell me . . ."

ALMOST everyone today seems to be worrying about being too fat or too thin. Many men and women who write about Yeast ask this question:—

Question: Will Yeast make me fat?

Answer: No. One Fleischmann's Yeast Cake contains twenty calories—five calories less than an ordinary soda cracker. There is nothing in Yeast itself to make anyone gain or lose weight. Fleischmann's Yeast will clean out the whole alimentary tract and restore it to normal running order. It will enable you to assimilate better the food you eat and will give you a normally healthy appetite. If the amount of food you like to eat when you are feeling really well tends to put on extra pounds you must watch the calories. Any increase in weight will come from the other food you eat, not from the Yeast.

If you are under weight, due to inability to assimilate your food properly, to faulty elimination and poisoning, etc., Fleischmann's Yeast will correct constipation, increase assimilation and restore a normal appetite.

This will raise your entire body tone and as a natural result your weight should come up to normal and stay there.

Question: Does Yeast cause gas?

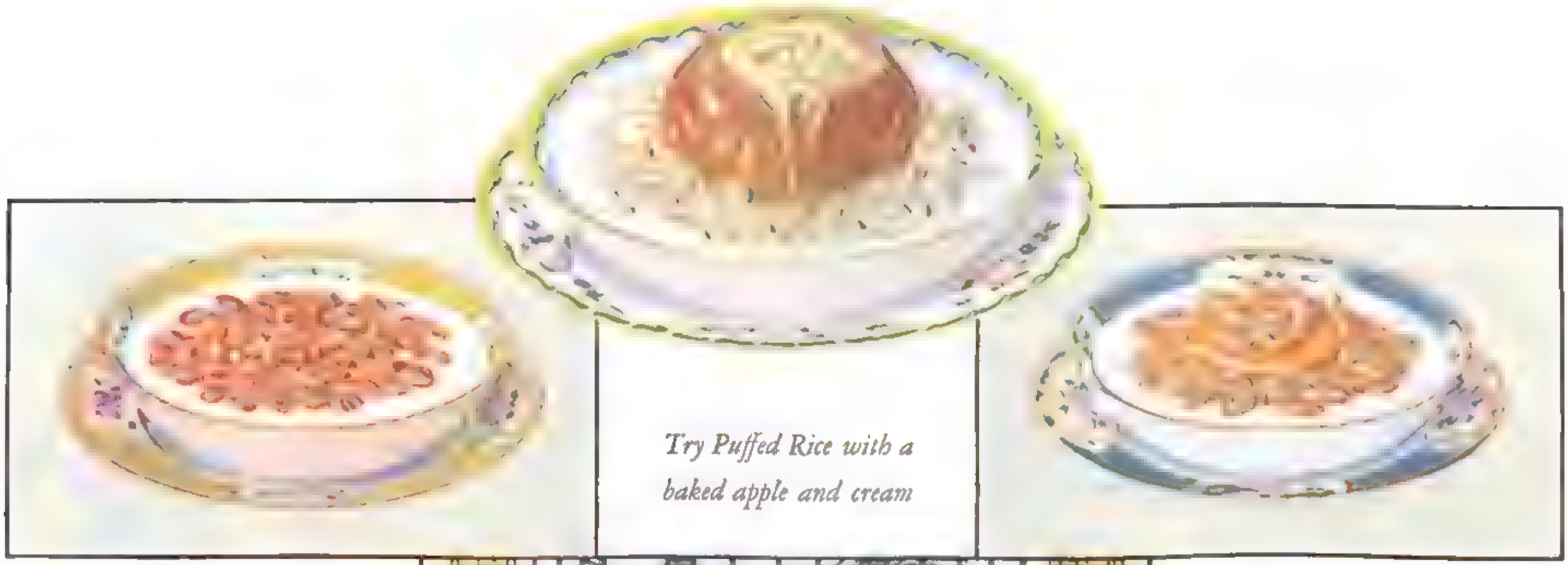
Answer: No. Yeast is digested by the gastric juice of the stomach the same as any other food. In cases where gas has formed it is usually because Yeast has been eaten on a full stomach without sufficient flow of gastric juice. It is always better to eat Yeast before meals, on an empty stomach. If you are extremely susceptible to gas you should eat Yeast at least half an hour before meals. No amount of Yeast could possibly hurt you in any way. As many as fifteen cakes daily have been fed for experimental purposes with no ill effects.

Question: Is the continued use of Yeast harmful? Will it become a habit?

Answer: No. Fleischmann's Yeast is a food, not a drug. It can never hurt anyone. You can stop eating it any time you wish, the same as you can stop eating any other fresh vegetable. Since it is a food it should be eaten daily. Only in this way can Yeast work continually for you, keeping the intestinal tract always clean and active. The longer you eat Fleischmann's Yeast, the more good it will do you. Each month you should notice added benefit.

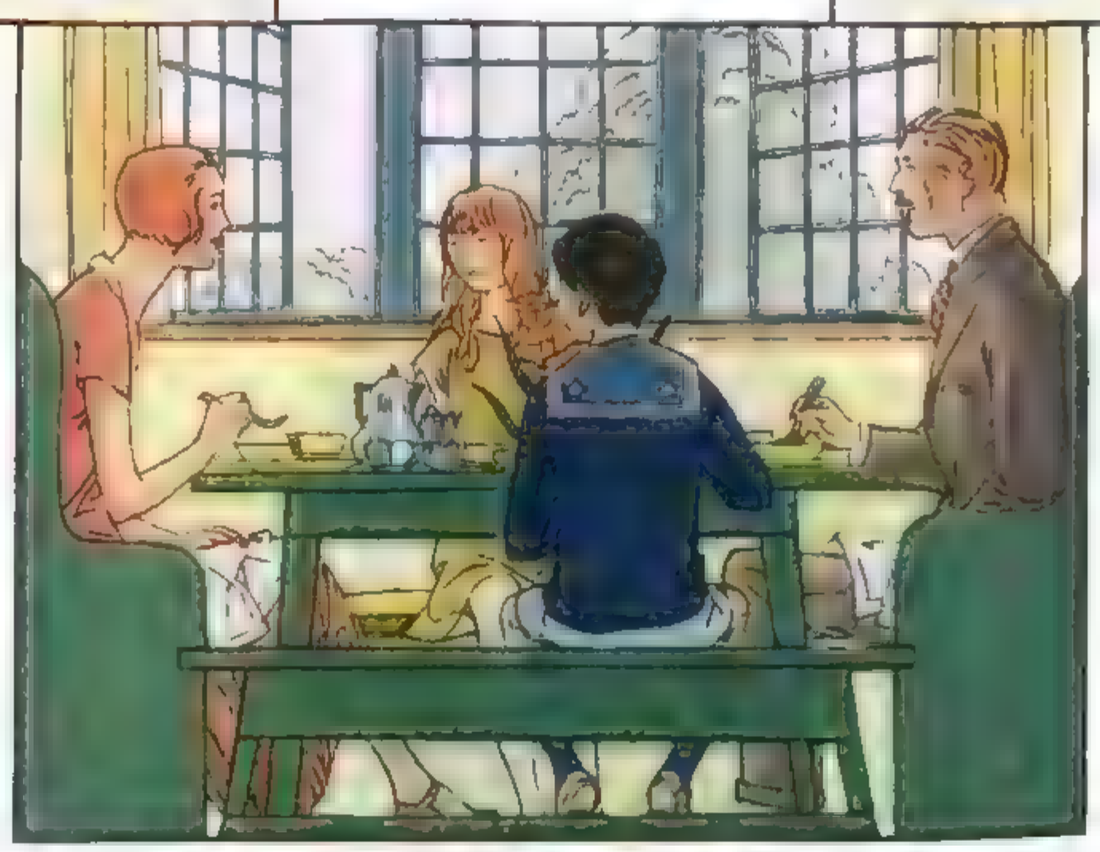
* * *

The mass of scientific and medical data available on Yeast is too great to list here, but a copy of our latest booklet on Yeast in the Diet, containing authoritative scientific matter on the subject, will be sent on request. Address Health Research Dept. D-40, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York, N. Y.



Try Puffed Rice with a baked apple and cream

Toast Puffed Wheat, sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon . . . then serve with cream or rich milk



With fruit, either fresh or preserved, Puffed Wheat combines variety with the elements you need

A BREAKFAST CHANGE

That Supplants Morning Frowns with Morning Smiles

These toasty grains prove food "that's good for you" can be alluringly delicious, too

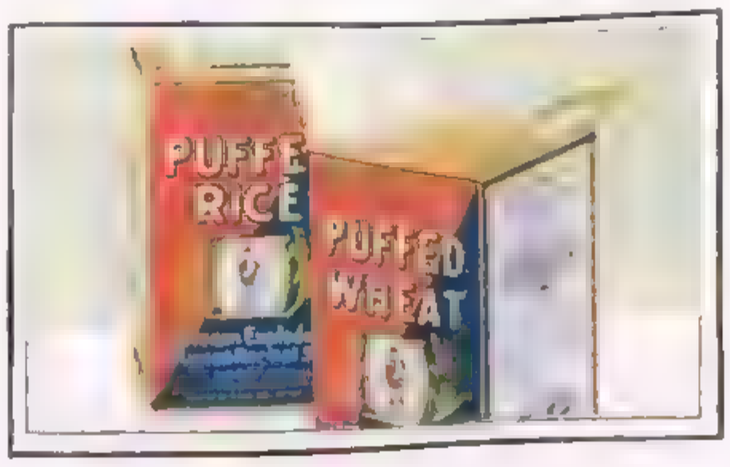
WHEN breakfast fails to entice you, don't always blame your appetite. Try changing your breakfast. A poor breakfast appetite, dieticians now tell us, is most often an appetite that needs only a touch of variety in food to re-enliven it.

The old idea was to force the appetite into accepting needed foods. The new idea is to tempt it by serving something "different," something unique and totally unlike the ordinary dishes.

Try this, and you'll be surprised at the difference in your own acceptance of breakfast and your children's.

Grain foods that supply the great adventure of variety

Quaker Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice are the most unique grain foods known. There is no other breakfast delight quite like them. They're different from any other known—alluringly, wonderfully different. They taste like toasted nutmeats; they tempt like confections. Children who resist ordinary cereals revel in their unique deliciousness. Each grain is steam puffed to 8 times its normal size; then oven toasted to a wonderful, crunchy crispness. Every food cell, too, is broken in this process and digestion thus made easy.



Almost 20% bran—but you would never guess it

Quaker Puffed Wheat is whole wheat, steam-exploded to fairy richness. Almost 20% is bran, but to eat it you would never guess it, so delightfully is it concealed. Supplies, too, minerals of wheat, so necessary to the healthful diet.

Quaker Puffed Rice is selected rice, steam-exploded like the wheat. Its flavor is unique among grain foods. Its food value high in the carbohydrates of fine rice.

Many delightful ways to serve

Serve with milk or cream or half and half. Try with fresh and cooked fruits. Use as a between-meal tidbit for children; as a light luncheon enticement; or as a before-bed snack that will supply nourishment without imposing on the digestion.

THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY

(Continued from Page 92

Jenny's judgment, so practiced with her experiences, told her: "Get him in hiding. Don't let George Leave see him, so something may start all over again. Drag him upstairs somehow; shut him in." Shut him into the room that was home?

"Can you use your legs?" she whispered.

Faintly his dazed whisper came back, "I—I'm just winded. Just—knocked out—for the moment."

She put around him her lean arm, and as it tightened was shocked at the frailty of his big frame. Well she knew such frailty! He felt empty. There were the large bones, and the flesh wasted on them, and the muscles soft with famine. "Walk if you can," she whispered, and so they achieved the stairs.

There was no Heiner looking out; no heads at all looking out. People were quiet as mice, with their doors locked and the keys turned. It was always so after a big row, with the police concerned. She propelled the boy Danby into her room, let him down flat on her bed and locked her door. She hurried across to her window, drew the curtains, and shut out everything. Now no one was the wiser. They were alone.

She went back to the bed and saw that he had fainted. She gave him water. She sponged the blood from his face and head; sponged the contusions on his ribs and chest; bandaged him with strips torn from one of her harsh towels. And then, as he still lay there, semidazed, flopped, inert, as if never in this world could he move again, she set about the business of attending to the real necessities of his case. She prepared food, frying her tomorrow's supply of bacon and potatoes, and making cocoa. And while she was at the table, cutting bread and spreading it with margarine, having left him there to rest behind the screen, she heard a little noise, saw his gaunt fingers come round the edge of the screen, pull it aside a little. The look that she and other girls of Greengrove Alley, Summer Street and Primrose Street knew so well, was turned upon her.

"Who are you?" he inquired in an almost nonexistent voice.

"Jenny Croft."

"I I've seen you before."

"Don't talk. In a minute I'll have something for you to eat."

"Eat?"

"I know all about it. You're hungry."

"Hungry."

She brought him the tray, setting it on one of her two chairs, beside the bed.

His eyes were on the food; she knew the look, sick, ravening, famished.

"I say! It's your supper!"

"It is not. I've got more. I'll have mine at the table. Eat up."

But he could not eat, as a matter of fact, till she had first given him a drink of the steaming cocoa; raising him with her arm, bracing herself behind him, and holding the cup to his lips.

"That's darned good," he shook out in a feeble voice.

"I'll fold the bolster over so you can lean against it, and leave you to eat while I see to my own food." She shut him in again with the screen.

She sat at the table eating bread and margarine, drinking cocoa, listening to the tremulous clatter of his knife and fork. She went behind the screen, replenished his cup from the cocoa jug, returning to the table and her problem.

She was not shocked at the way she had seen him eating, but he was shocked that she—coming suddenly on him with the jug of cocoa—had seen. She had known, without formulating it, that he would be shocked at revealing his need; which was why she had drawn the screen around him, leaving him to feed avidly, like a street dog. Because she knew. She knew a lot about starving people.

What to do with him? He was homeless. She had guessed last night, when she had seen him passing so late, that his landlady had, as Mrs. Leave predicted, turned him out. He had nowhere to go. No money. No food. No job. He was, moreover, in trouble. There was his part in that row just now, and probably a dozen fellows ready to pick on him again if he showed himself before it was, at any rate partly, forgotten.

By now, if she hadn't rushed for him and got him—as the other women got their men home if they could he would have been at the police station.

They were kind the police; they would have fed him. But

Something in her said: "He mustn't get locked up. For the others it doesn't so much matter, but for him ——" Everyone knew he was different. It was why the girls chased him and the men picked on him.

There was silence behind the screen. "Getting on all right?" she called. He made no answer, save a little groan. She leaped up and went to him. He lay back, huddled, ghastly. His bruised skin showed beneath the jacket, from which all the buttons had been torn. He had after all only eaten a little of the food.

"He's too sick," she said to herself. She knew also when people were too hungry to eat safely.

She laid him back in the bed and covered him up. There was no problem for her that night as to what to do with him. There was only one thing to do, and that was to keep him there. Pull off his shoes and deplorable socks; tuck him up in coat and trousers just as he was; put her hot-water bottle to his feet, bathe his head and keep the cocoa jug steaming hot. She did these things simply. They were the limit of what she could offer him. In Greengrove Alley this passed for a high standard of sick nursing; for an almost decadent comfort.

The boy Danby awoke. He was stiff from head to foot, and through his temples went hammers of pain. His feet were against a newly replenished hot-water bottle. A bandage of sorts had slipped partly over one eye. He wanted to put up a hand to push it back, but actually could not. Walling him in was an object, a folding screen some seven feet high; a funny sort of screen with colored scraps and pictures from illustrated supplements and calendars pasted on it. Daylight came over the top of this screen, so that it must be daytime. His sheets were very clean. Yet he wore his clothes—his jacket and trousers. Beyond the wall of the funny screen he heard someone poke a fire.

"Is anyone there? Where am I?"

There came round the screen a girl of middle height, very thin, with gorgeous hair on which a sunbeam fell. She was very pale and large-eyed from her vigil, but forceful.

"How are you after that night's sleep?"

"I don't know," said the boy Danby.

She smiled. She looked so innocent and clean, and yet her smile was so wise. It stated: "I bet I know." And after the smile had said the words for her, she said them herself:

"Don't you? I bet I do!"

"I feel I feel—filthy"

"Can you move?"

Now, looking up at this girl, he was conscious that above all he wanted to move; that he must move; that he was a disgraceful object. His mind ordered his body to move, and his body disobeyed. His body was a languid thing that had collapsed and given up the fight. Something had snapped that last cord of resistance in him. Hazily he recalled a fight. Devilish! What a fight! He couldn't move.

"I can't!"

And then, looking at this girl, standing there with her pale smile of knowing all about it, he did, in spite of himself, a terrible thing. He wept.

Lying on his back, for the agony of even turning from her to the wall was too much, too excruciating, he cried like a child, with his knuckles in his eyes; sobs tore his racked body and shivering took him from head to foot. Blind with his tears, he knew himself lifted by arms at once lean and soft and strong; she slid onto the bed behind his lifted body, and sitting there, held him against her breast. He could not stop his crying.

Dimly he could hear her saying, as she rocked him, "Oh, my dear—oh, my dear my dear."

III

THERE was no smallest doubt as to what was the matter with John Danby. Bruised, battered, faint, he was still whole, but he was starved. That street fight had knocked him out. His contused ribs - starting from his skin—his blackened and swollen eyes, the kick in his empty stomach that had turned him sick and reeling—they were nothing compared with his starvation. There was nothing for him but bed, food and a few days' nursing.

There he lay behind the screen in Jenny's bed, sharing Jenny's food, greedy for Jenny's ministrations. A day passed, and another day, and another.

In the daytime she pulled the screen aside and he watched her working the machine; the thing whirred and whirred, tireless, just as Jenny herself seemed tireless. When the screen was thus pulled aside they talked. Sometimes he was left alone, when she took her work back to Dealy's, to come home with an armful more.

She kept the attic room spotlessly clean, burnishing and brushing it scrupulously every day. The four daffodils with their green spikes stood in a vase from a Penny Bazaar near his bed.

"You'll get better all the quicker," she said, smiling down at him, "with flowers to look at. Flowers are part of sick nursing."

Flowers! Four daffodils. One—two—three—four. He could have laughed to himself, when she had gone to Dealy's, at the funniness of her conception of invalid luxuries; only that, if he had laughed, he would have cried again; she would have found him crying when she came back. And, after that first ghastly night, never, never, never any more would he cry on a woman's breast. It took the stuffing out of him—what stuffing was left. He needed all his stuffing to keep his upper lip stiff, to keep his bright defiance, just now.

But those four daffodils! He rather wondered if she had ever seen the florists' in Bond Street, where azaleas would be showing now; azaleas and hyacinths, lilacs and roses; and what she would say if suddenly someone gave her an armful, like girls expected in the old life—girls no better-looking really, no braver, no more charming. As he lay and looked at her sometimes, while she stitched, he thought she was really very beautiful, so thin and straight and strong and gay, with that mop of hair tossing above the sewing machine.

But then in the night, hemmed in by the screen from the room beyond, when he was awake and restless, the four daffodils would take to themselves a strange beauty and luster, standing close beside him, looking at him with their yellow bells of faces; they would be lovelier than all the lilacs, roses and lilies in Bond Street.

She slept out there beyond the screen. He was not allowed to know what arrangements she made. "You mind your own business," said she. There were a basket chair and the other straight chair on which she sat at the table to stitch; perhaps she put these two chairs together and then her tin box—which he had observed in a corner—at the end and ——

On the third night he did the forbidden thing, and, sleepless, pulled aside the screen an inch or so and peered out into the room. Moonlight struck through the thin curtains. The chairs and box were in their places. Just under the window against the wall, he made out, dimly, her figure, unconscious in sleep, rolled in a coat and a blanket, stretched, with the abandon of the weary, along the floor. He sighed, and tears rose to his fierce eyes, and he plucked at the screen to shut out the sight. On this third night the daffodils were withering a

(Continued on Page 98

IT'S *FUN* TO USE MURPHY BRUSHING LACQUER

We know a girl who wanted to refinish a chest of drawers. She thought of it as a terrible job—and dreaded it.

She had heard about Murphy Brushing Lacquer so she bought some. And applied it! It spread on easily! It covered the surface quickly! It dried in half an hour! The piece of furniture looked like new!

Now she's a confirmed user of Murphy Brushing Lacquer.

You, too, can have new furniture for old. Under the magic touch of Murphy Brushing Lacquer, many pieces about your home can be made attractive and new looking.

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The liveliest Six in its class and the lowest priced Six with 4-wheel brakes. Active as a polo player—vigorous as a Channel swimmer—up-to-date as the class of '28. Nimble in traffic . . . swift in the open . . . powerful on steep grades.

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Play Good Clubs *from the beginning*

Getting away to a bad start will bring you up to a poor finish. Golf is a game of skill and accuracy, and the playing principles learned at the beginning will influence your game ever afterward.

To beginners this advice and invitation is extended. Go to the nearest Grand Slam dealer and let him explain why proper mastery of the game depends largely upon the use of the right clubs. He will show you the complete assortment of wood clubs, and the balanced and graded irons that comprise the Grand Slam set, and help you to choose the particular clubs needed to start and keep your game right.

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are so constructed as to secure varying distances with the same easy swing. The club does the work, letting *you* concentrate on the stroke.

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Makers of world-standard Louisville Slugger Baseball Bats.

(Continued from Page 95)

little; soon they would be dead. He lay there in the pajamas she had given him.

It had been on the first day that she arranged with Dealy the matter of the pajamas. "Mr. Dealy, I kept back a suit of the pink and white. I want to make a present to a friend. I'll pay for it this week and next if you'll kindly deduct it. You know me, Mr. Dealy."

"All right, Jenny Croft. I know you."

No one in the house knew of Jenny's patient. No one in the alley knew. "Yes, it's strange," she admitted. "But we all mind our own business. It's the only way for poor people to live. Mind your own business."

He replied softly, "If you'd minded yours where would I be now?"

"That's different. We go out of our ways to help each other, of course. But only for that."

"Supposing they knew?"

"Well, they'd mind their own business."

"I'm getting better."

"Yes, you'll be twice the man you were in another two days or so."

"I'll be twice the man I was," he echoed, smiling, and he turned his face to the wall.

Twice the man he was, and still living under a working girl's roof, eating her food and wearing the clothes she bought.

"What are you doing now?" he asked presently, his face still turned away. "I thought you'd only one more seam to stitch."

"I'm running over your suit. I'm patching the seat of the trousers, and here are the coat pockets nearly torn out."

He lay there, accepting her labor, hating himself.

"You need a shirt—a couple of shirts."

"I haven't a couple of pence," he answered in a hard, rough voice.

"You can have a couple off Dealy. I'll arrange."

"Like you arranged these pajamas. Oh, don't you understand, I can't!"

She rose with a smile and pulled the screen round him. "Go to sleep."

She sat at the table patching the old gray trousers neatly with a scrap of flannel she had begged from the hunchback cutter. It nearly matched. The smile was joyful on her mouth. Didn't she understand that he couldn't!

She knew plenty of men in that alley and elsewhere, only too glad to let women work for them, only too glad to send women out to work, only too glad to take of the fruit of women's toil. But he, at least, though he took her roof, her bed, her food and the fruits of her labor, was ashamed. He was ashamed. In that moment she was proud. She gloried in him.

She went out and made her way to Dealy's with a glowing heart. On the way home again, she saw a red geranium in a pot. It was in a queer place—the window of a secondhand-clothes shop—but then, of course, people sold anything they could, wherever they could, when the need was upon them. She longed for the geranium, and went in.

"It's eight pence," said the secondhand-clothes dealer.

She bought, and went home with it, anticipating its future. It would last a long time; it would stand on her window ledge between the curtains; it would flower and fade, but then, also, it would fade and flower—again and again and again.

"Awake?"

"I haven't been asleep."

She looked down on the young man Danby. "See what I've got." She put the pot in the center of the table, stood off and worshiped it. "Oh, I love flowers! Isn't that gorgeous now! And when you think that in the summer, three months from now, it will just be at its best! Look at the sun on it!"

He raised himself up on his elbow and looked. He saw a very sorry sad geranium carrying one red blossom—in need of care just as himself. But from it he looked to Jenny's face and saw there her whole gladness and delight.

"Isn't it a lovely flower?"

His breath went suddenly. His heart ached in his breast. He shut his eyes and turned to the wall. He could see lovely flowers—gardens, conservatories full of them, gracious rooms redolent of them. And, just to remind him, that shabby plant ——

She came and went about the geranium, watering it, picking off a yellow leaf or two, testing the mold in the pot. She said:

"It wants feeding up—flowers want feeding, like people. Mr. Leave knows a jobbing gardener; I might get him to give me a little paper bag full of new earth - good rich garden earth."

It did not matter that he neither replied nor seemed to listen.

Two shirts remained on the table, out of the lot she had returned that day. Two shirts—the minimum of underwear for cleanliness and respectability. Two accursed common print shirts for him—a gift from a working girl. He suffered with shame.

She lighted a little careful fire in the grate. Another spiritual need of an invalid was the sight of a fire when a coldish day became gray. She began to make the evening cocoa for both of them. She arranged his cup and plate on the chair which she drew up to his bedside. He sat up and she hung about his shoulders, in lieu of a dressing gown, his old gray flannel jacket, mended, sponged and pressed.

The evening light and the firelight—all fires seeming to love to burn readily for her—fought to make light and darkness of her hair. Night painted a picture, with the window curtains framing it. High above all the housetops night painted the fading sky and one brave star. Between Jenny and the window the geranium stood on the table. Looking from Jenny to the sky in a frame, from the sky in a frame to the geranium, he knew it to be one of the loveliest flowers that he had ever seen.

There was comedy. Was it comedy? The young man Danby hardly knew.

The curate in charge called upon him when he was alone, still lying in bed and trying desperately not to think too clearly. The room was fresh and clean, the window open wide, the wonderful geranium on the window ledge. A blue sky hung unobscured over Greengrove Alley. There came a sharp knock at the door, and not knowing what else to say, John Danby called, "Come in."

Matthew Hamilton walked right up to the bed and sat down, without preamble. They knew each other by sight perfectly. Here, the curate in charge was aware, lay the wastrel who was at the bottom of half the trouble in the Alley. This, Bad Boy Danby recalled, was the parson who had tried, so often and so ludicrously, to get at him; to lure him to some young men's club or gymnastic society; who was always messing about. It was the parson who on one occasion had actually put himself in his path and said abruptly, "Look here, you ought not to be going on like this. Can't I ——" before Danby had time, with a shrug of the shoulders, to step aside and pass on.

He had to make the best of it now. "Well, padre, you've got me this time."

The curate paused; looking down at his locked hands—very tensely locked on his knee—and then his eyes came back, cold like steel, to the younger eyes.

"What are you doing here?"

"How did you know I was here, padre?"

"Partly, I guessed. One learns to use one's instincts at my work."

"I've been ill."

"I see that. But this is not the place for you."

"Why not?"

"A young girl's room."

"That is her business and mine, I suppose, padre."

"You know better."

"It is a free world."

"It is nothing of the kind."

"She took me in."

"You took her in."

"What the hell do you ——"

"I've seen you loafing about this neighborhood for months now. You're no good here, and you've no place here. You have a very different place."

"My business entirely. I'm my own man."

"You overestimate yourself. You're anybody's man for a meal or a drink or a soft job or a racing tip."

The Rev. Matthew Hamilton got home there. He reached the young man Danby and landed his blow well and truly. There was no defense before the glitter of his gray eyes—not at all the same eyes that looked upon the babies at their christenings, or the dying upon their poor beds, or upon Jenny Croft.

"I'm down and out," said John Danby sullenly.

"You should be ashamed to say so."

"Perhaps I am."

The young man Danby smiled wryly. He was ashamed! Ashamed! The pink-and-white-striped pajamas at which the parson was even now staring; the two shirts that had been folded upon the table ——

"Who are you, Danby? Won't your friends stand by you?"

"I have no friends."

"Tried 'em out, eh?"

"Go on," said Danby passionately. "Go on jawing. Why you fellows can't mind your own business beats me. But go on!"

He flung over, his face to that refuge, the wall, away from his shames, from the charity of the room, the preaching of the Rev. Matthew Hamilton. The parson rose from the bed on which he had seated himself and walked over to the window. He leaned his elbows on the ledge and put his head on his hands and closed his eyes. He was deadly tired. He was more tired by the knowledge that Jenny Croft had this fellow in her room than by all his hard days and nights of sacrifice. Jenny, the flower on that dunghill; the lone star set above the spiritual shambles of Greengrove Alley! With his eyes shut he saw ahead of her the steep hill down; the burden of sorrow and humiliation laid upon her unbowed shoulders. He saw her defeat. He saw her spirit dying. With his eyes shut and his white tight lips unmoving, he prayed for her.

He knew women. He, the ascetic, stark, grim and pitiful—he knew them; their incredible passions; their incredible loves; incredible squanderings; the incredible burdens with which life loaded them in such places. Not Jenny! Oh, dear God, not Jenny!

Hamilton was roused from his speechless praying by her return. He heard flying feet on the stairs, the door opened very swiftly.

She cried in dismay and confusion, "Mr. Hamilton! You!"

Dismay and confusion? He turned and looked at her very sorrowfully from his shadowed eyes. And peace came to him again. The surge of male anger—which he knew frankly for what it was—which had flooded his heart as he had looked down on Danby ebbed. Her face, clear, white dauntless and gay, was still the face of a girl—a girl unsurrendered.

"I came to visit your patient, Jenny."

"That's right," she agreed, "my patient. But I didn't want anyone to know!"

"Only I know, Jenny."

Danby flung round. "Jenny, the padre wants to turn me out."

"Jenny," Hamilton besought her, "you know what you're doing is foolish, rash. I might be able to find him work if he will work. And just for a day or two I could give him a room at the vicarage. It's empty except for me."

"Don't you think, Jenny," came the voice from the bed mockingly, "that we are capable of minding our own affairs?"

(Continued on Page 100)

Refereeing fashion

From Wimbledon where an international trophy changes hands across the net . . . from Forest Hills where a new champion of the courts is crowned . . . from the Bath and Tennis Club where society plays under Florida's sun . . . from nearly every rendezvous of the well-dressed man, abroad and here, come bulletins to Wilson Brothers Style Committee.

Skillful, shrewd, ten men note the tendencies of today and hand down the mandate for the correct attire of tomorrow—shirts, scarfs, hosiery, handkerchiefs, belts, underwear, nightwear—in harmonizing colors and related patterns for the masculine ensemble.

Not only must Wilson Brothers haberdashery always be in the forefront of fashion; leadership in practicality must also be maintained. The new Wilson Brothers "75" hosiery* testifies how successfully this has been accomplished. So does the moderate pricing of all furnishings which bear Wilson Brothers label.

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New! first of seamless silk hose to have a BUFFER heel and toe. Oxfords will not wear an embarrassing hole in the back. Next week, dealers, the land over, will feature the Wilson Brothers "75" with more wear, more silk, finer silk than is usual, for 75c.

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(Continued from Page 98)

"Now, then," she said angrily, "I won't have Mr. Hamilton talked to like that!"

"Sorry."

"Mr. Hamilton's very good to all of us. And you mustn't think," she said, turning to the curate in charge, "that just because I'm putting a sick friend on his feet again ——"

She paused. A flush ran to her white cheek bones. Hamilton saw it, Danby saw it.

"I know your kind heart, Jenny," said the curate, "only, it is what people would think. What do you suppose people would think, Jenny?"

"I don't suppose," she said hardily. "I know."

"How long are you thinking of keeping your patient?"

"I—I don't know. Till he's well."

"I'll come in every day, if I may."

"Do, Mr. Hamilton. Come in and talk to him."

The curate in charge took up his hat and went slowly to the door. His heart was sick and appalled: his mind full of apprehension and a sense of the terrible inevitable. Was it not terribly inevitable? And in his veins ran something hotter, more like red blood, than the controlled and sluggish currents that usually flowed there. "I, too, am a man," he thought to himself. At the door he turned, looking back at her. She stood leaning against the table, her hat pulled off and her hair tossed, looking after him, just as she had stood on the night that he came in and chased away Heiner. Heiner, and now here was this Danby, and there were all the forces of the foul streets ranged against her.

Would all his vigilance keep her clear from the mud in which everyone around her walked?

"Tomorrow."

"Tomorrow," she answered, watching and smiling. Danby leaned upon his elbow, watching her too. The door shut upon Hamilton.

"Jenny, does he think I'm bad for your morals?"

"Never mind what he thinks. People make their own morals, and keep 'em or break 'em as they choose."

"People make their own morals?"

"If they've any guts."

"What about fate?"

"Rats!"

He was a little uneasily pathetic. He wanted petting and sympathy, and to be understood.

"Sometimes fate seems all against a fellow."

"He should stand up to it."

"You know, Jenny, I've no father. If I'd had a father to look after me I've often thought ——"

"Well, you must look after yourself like me. I haven't a father, nor any mother either."

Danby could have told her that was a little different. He was a gentleman: she a working girl. His temptations were multiple; hers, surely, so few—unattractive temptations too. Besides, it was all easier for a woman, of course.

He could remember his mother pleading that, with his old uncle who had financed them both. "It's so hard for a high-spirited young man," was her plea.

He hesitated. "You don't understand men, perhaps, Jenny."

"Don't I! We understand men all right in Greengrove Alley. We have to."

He subsided on the pillow. "You talk awfully well, you know, Jenny, if you don't mind my saying so. I mean, really, I've known girls with every educational advantage, and so on, who haven't been any more grammatical than you."

"The council schools are pretty good if you want to learn. And then I went to evening continuation classes. I've read pretty nearly every book in Mr. Hamilton's library too."

"I suppose there's no doubt that I wasted my time at Oxford."

"You've been to college!"

She stood at the window, her back to the light. He could not have seen how wistful and eager were her eyes fixed on him, longing for him to be a little glorious. Nor could he, perhaps, have read them, had he seen.

"What can you do?" she asked urgently.

"How do you mean? Do? Well, I hadn't made up my mind exactly what I'd like to do, when—when it all happened. I'll tell you some day. I'd like you to understand. Do? Well, I—I can ride, and I'm a fair shot, and my tennis is pretty hot. Do? Well, I suppose a lot of things."

Slowly she took a sheet of newspaper from the table; it was the front page of the Times, which had arrived in that room as wrapping about the last bundle of shirts.

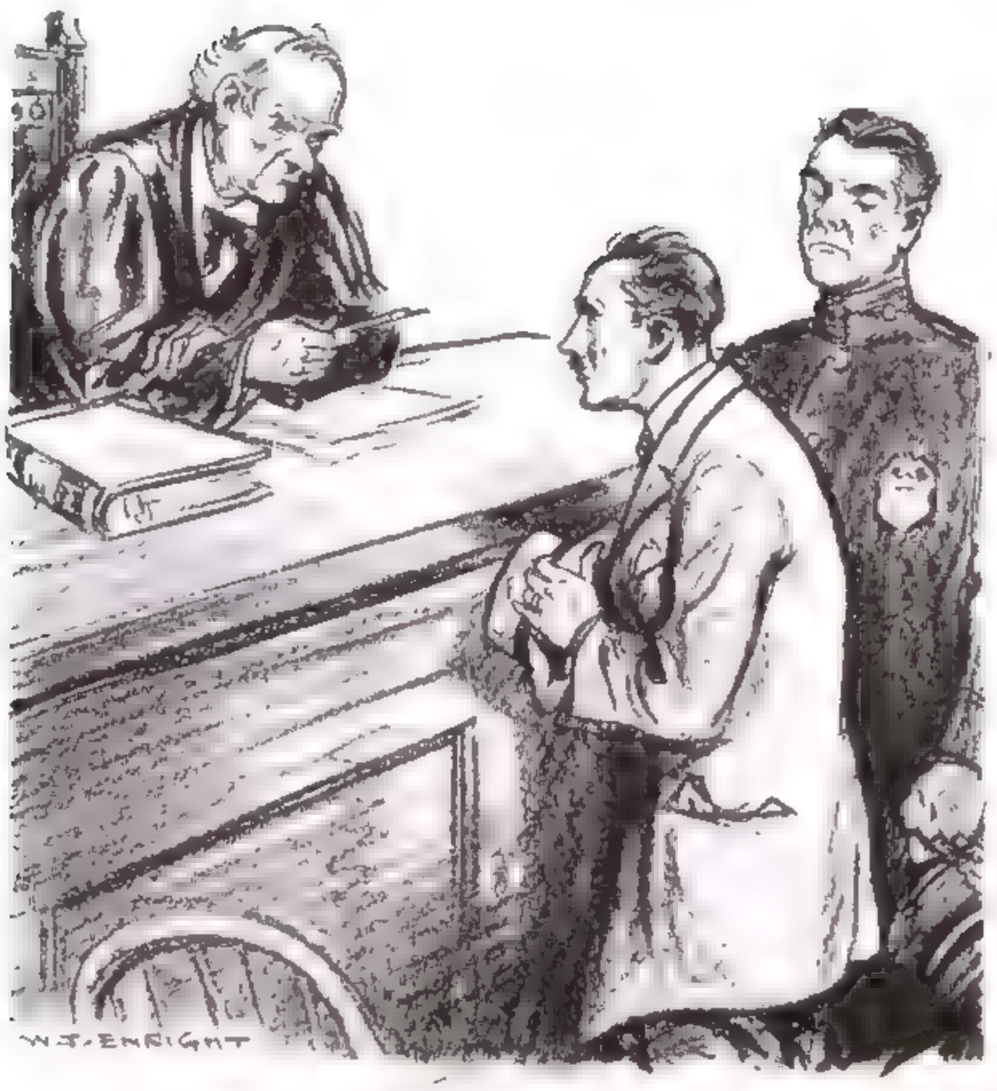
"Like this," she read from the personal advertisement column:

"Gentleman, age 24, public school and university, would like congenial employment. Willing to travel. Can drive car."

The young man Danby raised himself again on his elbow, his mouth dropping a little open.

"Fancy," she mused, "all that money—hundreds and thousands of pounds perhaps—spent on him, and at the end all he

(Continued on Page 103)



RUSCO would have saved him this worst embarrassment of all

AND the Judge said, "Well—WELL—W-E-L-L! So you had the insulting impudence, did you—to make yourself a menace to your fellow citizens, by driving on the public highways of this fair commonwealth, with brakes that wouldn't hold! Answer me this. Was it because you are hopelessly ignorant? Are you deficient in common sense? Are you criminally careless? Must I class you with the thug and bandit?" etc., etc. But next time, he'll have RUSCO Brake Lining and be saved from this awful embarrassment.

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A picture story of Valspar Lacquer

"Dries in Minutes"

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City

The famous Valspar boiling water test

VALSPAR BRUSHING LACQUER

(Continued from Page 100)

says he can do is to drive a car. No better than any bus driver."

She lapsed into intent meditation. He found himself at a loss. He found himself looking at her with an extraordinary respect, as well as his mere male admiration for her figure and her nimbus of hair.

"Put like that ——" he began.

"Well," she said, rousing herself, "we'll have a cup of tea."

"I suppose you think I'm a perfect waster."

"I'll put the kettle on now."

She poked the fire, brought out her cups and saucers and proceeded to eke out the jam upon the bread. It had been raining a little outside, but the rain ceased and the sun shone out, throwing a beam right across the room. Then came her usual cry:

"Isn't that lovely?"

He knew of sunshine out in great green spaces; and out in great yellow spaces during an Egyptian holiday not so long ago, sunshine pouring down on flower gardens—sunshine in which, flanneled in dazzling white, young men played tennis on ancient lawns sentineled by gray walls and huge trees. He saw sunshine on the river—the sparkling river, not that muddy flood that poured past London. He saw what was called sunshine in this lamentable room, and Jenny left standing in it, lighted by it.

"Isn't that heavenly now!"

It was divine. He knew that the sunbeams here were the most beautiful that he had ever seen.

The curate was purposeful, vigilant and unrelenting. He did not show the relentlessness of his thoughts to Jenny, but kept it for the man. The curate, grim, pale, ascetic though he might be, was a man's man. He knew men and treated them as such.

He minced no words, alone with John Danby; only with Jenny present did he fumble among his words, choosing them delicately. Just now she was not present.

"You're practically all right," said the curate brusquely. "Get up and dress yourself. I'll help you if you need it."

"What'll nurse say?"

"Get up, Danby," said the curate.

It was not an order to an inferior so much as a piece of advice to a social equal. The curate spoke as a friend—a rough-spoken friend. And Danby felt himself, from shame, bound to accede, much as he dreaded facing the facts of life away from this bed, this room. He crawled shakily out from his covers.

"I'm as weak as a kitten."

"I'll give you a day or two at the vicarage, if you've nowhere else. You'll pick up in no time."

He dressed himself.

"Make up your bed, and put the kettle on for her," the curate suggested, "and when she comes back tell her the patient's leaving."

"I'm damned if I believe I can walk!"

"I'll come and fetch you at eight tonight."

"I shan't come, padre; thanks."

"You will."

Fury rose up in the young man Danby, and for a moment his face lost all its indeterminate wistfulness, its young headstrong willfulness, and became the face of a man strong to make his own destiny.

Before this look the curate paused. He thought reluctantly: "There's a man here all right."

"What do you propose to do then?"

Here Danby paused too. "I don't know," he said roughly.

The curate took up his hat. "Well, so long. I shall be back at eight."

In Danby's mind flamed: "Serve you darn well right, you pious fool, if you found the door locked against you, and she and I in here laughing at you."

The picture of this, and all it meant, swayed in hectic colors in his mind, while he nodded: "Good-by."

His smile was dark and mischievous. He was on his legs again—his tottering legs—and alone in the room. He looked about him, for the first time contemptuous, fastidious. What a place! Not so bad as the place he had slept in before his last landlady turned him forth into the street, but still, as a dwelling with which to be content, of which actually to be proud, what a hole!

Yet she was content; absolutely proud. She called it "home." "It took me a bit of a time to get this together," she had told him, and her eyes had strayed around the room, caressing separately the window curtains, the basket chair and the straight chair, the table covered with bright cotton cloth, the bed with the bright coverlet to match, the cups and saucers, the clock, the screen. Pitiful!

He smiled, and then knew himself more pitiful. Little as she possessed, little as she had done, it was more than he possessed or had done—infinitely more. It was beyond his reach.

The curate's instructions occurred to him. "Make up your bed. Put the kettle on for her." He walked around the room, exercising his legs, and felt better. He poked up the battened-down fire a little, with its slatelike coal; and put the kettle on the hob, filling it from the tap on the landing. It was nearly six o'clock; she wouldn't be long now. He made his bed with impatient distaste—for five days she had done it for him.

And then he was strangely tired again. And it occurred to him to give her a surprise; to lie down under the cotton coverlet, fully dressed, pretend to be asleep; and then when she had come in and he judged, from the sounds of her flying about, that their tea was ready, just to draw aside the screen and walk out upon her. Rather a moment—calling for subsequent decisions.

He was glad to lie down and pull the coverlet all over him; draw the screen around his bed, and settle down for what she called his afternoon sleep; which, thanks to Matthew Hamilton, he hadn't really had. He fell instantly into the easy light doze of physical weakness.

He awoke and saw that the gas was lighted. It shone over the top of the screen. Teatime must be past. She was in, but hadn't awaked him. He heard the gentle droning of the sewing machine, and lay listening to it and picturing her. He remembered, suddenly, Matthew Hamilton. And he said to himself: "It must be at least seven o'clock."

He would rise silently, steal out, spring the surprise. They would have supper together; and, perhaps, at eight o'clock she would lock the door. She wouldn't—she wouldn't abandon him? He was weak yet.

Half drowsing, he was aware of the room door moving. He peered through the small interstice between his screen and the wall. Yes, the door moved; it was opening inch by inch. Then a man came in silent as a streak of lightning—a man he'd seen in the street before. He had his eyes directed toward the center of the room, where the table stood.

The sewing machine hummed placidly on. The intruder moved forward like a streak of lightning. The sewing machine stopped; Jenny cried out, muffled. And then, in an instant, Danby was wide awake and boiling. His blood boiled up and down his veins; he was strong and light and sure on his feet. He was just embodied male instinct, and no more. He was up from the bed, the screen crashed. There was Jenny fighting with Heiner, her cries of fury muffled by his mouth.

Danby had him by the throat from behind. Heiner's arms fell from Jenny, and he turned like one savage animal against another. He did not even cry out his anger and amazement at the sudden apparition, but just struck. Danby parried the blow, hit up Heiner's arm and struck back with splendor. He caught Heiner on the point of the chin and down he went, sprawling half across the room. He picked Heiner up by an arm and the seat of his trousers, found the door miraculously opened, and threw him out to the landing.

Then, as miraculously, the door closed. Jenny stood against it, shining. Her hand went out. She felt for the key, without taking her brilliant great eyes from John Danby's. She locked the door. She scrubbed the back of a hand furiously across her trembling red mouth.

John Danby felt instinctively in a coat pocket, and lo, it was not empty. It had in it a clean folded handkerchief. He felt no wonder as to whose tender hands had washed, ironed and put it there. Very delicately and wordless he wiped Jenny's trembling red lips as a nurse wipes the lips of a child. Then—still all instinct—he took her into his arms. Her head fell against his breast and she lifted her face.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 30)

of hung his head and didn't have any comeback at all.

About the best one Jasper ever pulled was when a medicine show was being given on the vacant lot back of the hardware store. The medicine man was getting off a lot of big words, when Jasper called out: "Mister, was you raised by hand or did they let you run loose?" Well, sir, everybody codded that herb doctor so much, he got mad and moved on to the next town.

—*Tom S. Elrod.*

Very Young Music Critic Reports the First Hurdy-Gurdy Concert of Spring

THOSE who were fortunate enough to be in MacDougal Street yesterday afternoon were treated to joyous sounds, the like of which the jaded ears of music lovers in this city are seldom blessed with. Pepito Quartuccio, a visiting artist, gave the most delightful concert it has been my good pleasure to hear this season. Quartuccio, unlike the majority of concert stars, who disdain anything that has the slightest suggestion of the trite or familiar, has a grateful penchant for the well-thumbed works of the old masters. Among his offerings I recognized at once the melodious strains of Silver Threads Among the Gold, Believe Me, if All Those Endearing Young Charms, and Home, Sweet Home. Would that more of our musical celebrities were so pregnantly aware of the haunting sweetness of these lovely old tunes!

During his long abstinence from public acclaim Quartuccio has lost none of his miraculous virtuosity. His execution seems to become ever more rapt and immaculate. A tonality which is limpid, flawless and affluent; a rhythm which is fairylike and impeccable; and an interpretation which is shrewd and discerning to the point of pure genius—these are the qualities that exalt Quartuccio to the pinnacle of musicianship of which he is the sole occupant. His attacks and releases were just and authoritative.

His crescendos and diminuendos were enhanced by deep certitude and an organlike sonority of utterance. Among the moderns none but Pistachio and Gorgonzola can be compared with him in delicacy of nuance.

MacDougal Street is to have the high privilege of hearing him until Wednesday, when he moves into Washington Square. The monkey was adequate.

Wilbur L. Jones.

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It Protects and Beautifies

Johnson's Liquid Wax is recommended by leading automobile manufacturers for polishing and preserving lacquer-finished cars against wear and weather

Hot dishes and liquids do not mar the beautiful, thin, glasslike protection given by Johnson's Liquid Wax the greaseless furniture polish

Johnson's Liquid Wax never becomes soft and sticky even in the hottest weather. Consequently, it does not gather dust and lint or show finger-prints

Johnson's Polishing Wax will fill a real need in your home—cleaning, preserving and beautifying all finished surfaces. It is so hard, dry and greaseless that a thin coat spread on floors, furniture and woodwork is like encasing them in flexible glass armor.

Johnson's Wax instantly cleans off all soil and grime—polishes easily to a gleaming, deep-toned lustre—and preserves the original finish whether it be of varnish, lacquer, wax or paint.

Don't deny yourself any longer the pleasure and satisfaction given by waxed floors. The new Johnson's Wax *Electric* treatment makes it easy for every woman to have them, thus enhancing the charm of her home simply by giving the rugs and furnishings a background of gleaming waxed floors.

Besides being beautiful and decorative, waxed floors have many practical advantages. They do not show heel-prints and are not slippery. Then, waxed floors require but *half* the care and practically *no* expense. Costly refinishing can be entirely eliminated.

All you do is to spread a thin coat of Johnson's Polishing Wax over the present finish. Then run the Johnson Electric Floor Polisher over the surface. Instantly—like magic—the floors take on a rich, lasting, wear-resistant lustre. There is no stooping, kneeling or soiling of hands. The Polisher requires not the slightest effort—it runs itself—you just walk along and guide it.

Progressive merchants, neighborhood stores and painters furnish their customers Rental Service on Johnson Electric Floor Polishers at $2.00 a day. Take advantage of this new, easy, electric way to wax-polish *all* your floors in less time than it takes to do a *single* room by old-fashioned hand methods.

Make an appointment to rent a Johnson Electric Floor Polisher from your nearest grocery, hardware, drug, furniture, paint or department store. Its easy operation and beautifying results will delight you.

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PASTE *or* LIQUID ~ CLEANS-POLISHES-PRESERVES-PROTECTS

THE TIN LIMOUSINE

(Continued from Page 11)

And all this time they was rolling along,
Past wood and valley and hill,
A-getting farther and farther away
From the town of Montzeville.

Through the ruins of Esnes and Malancourt
The car went whizzing on,
Till at last they come in sight of the church
On the heights of Montfaucon.

There was batteries all around this town,
A-making a steady roar;
And Pudgy Monroe begun to feel
They was pretty damn close to the war.

They followed along the road to the north,
Around the little town;
And a mile beyond, beside the road,
They stopped, and the sergeant got down.

And Pudgy and Lee, they did the same;
And they told the driver good-by;
And they followed the sergeant across a field
To a patch of woods near by.

It was now the end of the afternoon,
And the darkness was settling down,
But under the trees they could see the shapes
Of five tanks standing around.

And out from behind the nearest tank
There suddenly appeared
A worried-looking lieutenant,
With a three days' growth of beard.

"Are these all the replacements you got?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," answered the sergeant. "The major said these two were all he could spare."

"How can we fight a war," said the looey, very disgusted, "if they don't give us any men! I'll have to use these two in the fifth tank, and I won't have anybody in reserve, or any runners, or anything. And what about these men—do they know anything?"

"They're replacements, sir," said the sergeant. "They've never been to the Front before, but they spent three months at Bourg. They claim they know their stuff."

"Just give us a chance, sir," spoke up Lee, "and we'll show you we're just as good as anybody you've got."

"Never mind telling me how good you are," said the lieutenant. "I wouldn't think of using green men like you if I could help it. But I've got to do it. Come over here."

He showed them the tank they was going to drive
In the following morning's show;
He said it was full of gas and oil,
Tuned up, and ready to go.

Then he took them into a dugout near by,
And struck himself a light,
And lit a candle, and opened a map
To explain the coming fight.

He pointed first to the Bois de Beuge—
The woods that they was in—
And then he showed them the field to the north
From which the advance would begin.

He traced, with the stem of his jimmy pipe,
The direction of attack—
Straight north across some roads that was shown
In pretty lines of black;

Then around to the west of the Bois de Cunel,
Across a brook, and through
A German trench that was marked on the map
By a wiggly line of blue;

Then up the hill behind the trench,
And along a little lane,
And down the hill on the other side,
And into the town of Romagne.

And all this dope, to Pudgy Monroe,
Was very vague and dim,
For all them colored lines on the map
Meant nothing at all to him.

But Lee looked on with a knowing eye;
So wise he seemed to be
You might have thought he invented
Maps and geography.

"I understand you perfectly, sir," he said.

"How about your friend here?"

"Oh, he understands too, sir, but he's just a little shy about speaking up."

"Yes, sir," said Pudgy, "I get the idea fairly well."

"Only fairly well!" said the lieutenant. "In that case"—he looked back at Lee—"I'll make you tank commander. We leave the woods at 5:30, and drive out in front of the infantry lines. The attack starts at 5:45. You will be on the right flank of the five tanks of this platoon. You will guide on the infantry, keeping right behind the first wave, and you will attack all machine-gun nests and other strong points that you encounter. You understand all about that?"

"Certainly, sir," said Lee.

"After Romagne has been taken, you will return to the south side of the town. That will be our rallying point."

"Yes, sir."

"And now you better turn in and get some rest. It's after seven. Where are your packs?"

"We lost them, sir," said Lee.

"Never mind," said the lieutenant. "I have some extra ones here that belonged to the men we sent back in the ambulance this afternoon."

He gave them the packs, and some hard-tack to eat,
And a couple of candles for light,
And he took them around to an empty dugout,
And wished them both good night.

They lit the candles and opened the packs,
And spread the blankets out,
And Lee got ready to get some sleep,
But Pudgy was full of doubt.

"The more I hear about this tank business," he said, "the less I like it. I believe the best thing for me to do is sneak away from here while I got the chance."

"You make me sick," said Lee, between bites on his hard-tack. "This is the chance of a lifetime to show them what we can do, and get a permanent job in a real outfit, instead of that filthy artillery. You know the one thing you have been wishing for is to get out of grooming horses."

"But I don't savvy these tanks. I couldn't drive one if I tried. And that shave-tail's map lecture was a total loss as far as I was concerned."

"It don't make no difference whether you understand the map or not," said Lee. "I am the tank commander, and I am the guy that is going to do the brain work on this party. I understand the map; I know just where we're going; I got my trusty radium-lighted compass with me; and I'll take you through this attack as easy as if you was riding on a Pullman car."

"And what am I going to do?"

"By rights you ought to drive, so I, as tank commander, could ride in the turret. But as you are so dumb, I will do the driving. You will ride in the turret like a gentleman, and when you see any Fritzes you will shoot at them with that little 37-millimeter gun. Nothing could be fairer than that; I do all the work and you have all the fun."

"But I don't know how to shoot one of them guns."

"All right, I will show you in the morning. You can learn in five minutes, no matter how dumb you are."

"I don't like the idea."

"Listen," said Lee. "I am tank commander now. You take your orders from me, and my orders is: Shut up and go to sleep."

And Lee stretched out, and rolled himself
In his blankets on the floor,
And it wasn't more than a minute or two
Before he begun to snore.

Then Pudgy sneaked up the dugout steps,
But the night was black as could be—
Too dark for traveling—so Pudgy come back
And laid himself down beside Lee.

He closed his weary eyes and he slept
For quite some time, and then
He heard a whistle blowing loud,
And a voice: "Outside, you men!"

Then Lee got up and come across
To where old Pudgy lay,
And give him a merry kick in the slats,
And drug his blankets away.

So Pudgy arose and followed Lee
Out of the dugout door;
And he looked at his radium-lighted watch,
And seen it was half-past four.

A drizzly, cold, October rain
Had started up in the night;
From somewheres behind the mist and the clouds
The moon shed a feeble light.

And from all around the edge of the sky
Come the rumble and flash of guns;
They was laying down a heavy barrage
For the coming attack on the Huns.

A little ways off through the dripping trees
A rolling kitchen stood;
And Pudgy and Lee went over and had
A bit of coffee and food.

The other men of the tank platoon
Was also grabbing some lunch,
But just at that miserable early hour
They wasn't a sociable bunch.

So Lee took Pudgy across to their tank,
As soon as the meal was done,
To give him a lesson on how to shoot
A thirty-seven gun.

"All right, you big porpoise," he said, "climb up there and get in that turret."

"I wish I hadn't come," said Pudgy. "I wish I was out of this tank corps."

"You make me sick," said Lee. "Get into that turret."

Then Pudgy heaved a sorrowful sigh,
But he didn't say no more;
He slowly climbed up over the track,
And in through the turret door.

The door was small, and Pudgy Monroe
Was not exactly thin,
But he pushed and grunted and wiggled and shoved,
And finally got himself in.

And he found that these tanks was never built
For a large and portly man;
He had as much room as the well-known sardine,
Inside the well-known can.

He sat himself down on a sort of strap,
That was hung from hooks at each side;
It was like the bellyband of a horse—
About three inches wide.

And by now the dawn was coming up
Through fog that was heavy and dank;
Its weak, pale rays come filtering down,
And into the door of the tank.

And as he looked around his cage
Old Pudgy could see quite well
That it wasn't a Pullman drawing-room,
Nor yet a padded cell.

The walls was made of hard, cold steel,
With rivet heads sticking out,
And dozens of handles and gadgets and knobs,
Most carelessly placed about.

The ugly-looking breech of the gun
Was right in front of his nose,
And the pressed steel racks for the cartridges
Was all around in rows.

Old Pudgy was just about to remark
That he doubted if tanks was much fun,
When Lee looked in the door and began
To explain about the gun.

He showed him how to open the breech,
And he showed him how to slip
The cartridge in, and close the breech,
And sight her, and let her rip.

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Sealpax

And just as Curtis Augustus Lee
Had finished making this plain,
The worried-looking lieutenant come by,
A-hurrying through the rain.

"Crank up!" he yelled. "We're moving out right away. You will follow the tank on your left until we get into position outside the woods."

"Yes, sir," said Lee. "All right, Pudgy!" he went on, as the lieutenant walked off. "Get out and crank her up!"

"Get out?" said Pudgy. "I just got in—and I like to squeezed myself to death doing it. I never seen such little doors. Am I a rabbit that I got to keep popping in and out of this hole all day? You are outside already; why don't you crank your old machine yourself?"

"Because I'm the tank commander, and you are my helper, and it's your job. Come on. Outside, bum, and make it snappy."

"Not a chance," said Pudgy. "And as far as I'm concerned, I don't care whether the machine gets cranked or not."

"Well," said Lee, "I suppose I'll have to do it myself. Never in all my life have I seen such a helpless fish as you are. You make me sick."

"I hope I do," said Pudgy.

And Pudgy sat tight, while Lee went back—
After setting the gas and spark—
And twisted the crank at the rear of the tank
Till the motor began to bark.

The motor barked and the motor roared
And, although it was all boxed in,
It made every plate in that steel machine
Resound with a fearful din.

Old Lee come around with the crank in his hand,
And climbed in the driver's door,
And he sat in front of Pudgy's feet,
On a cushion on the floor.

But in spite of the fact that Pudgy could touch
Lee's back with the point of his toe,
He could hardly see him at all, because
He was sitting down so low.

The tank started up with a sudden jerk
That threw poor Pudgy back,
And the rear of his head hit the turret wall
With a loud, resounding crack.

And next, the tank swung around to the left,
At a fairly lively clip,
And Pudgy was throwed to the side so hard
He like to fractured his hip.

As quick as he could he braced his feet,
And grabbed a-hold of the gun,
But still he flopped and bounced about
In a way that wasn't no fun.

They bumped along through the rain, behind
The machine that led the way,
And soon they left the woods and came
To a field of soft, wet clay.

And Pudgy observed, as he took a look
Through the open turret door,
That the heavy, early-morning mist
Was thickening more and more.

They drove in front of some infantry
In fox holes in the ground,
And here Lee stopped with a sudden jerk,
And idled the motor down.

"Hey, there, you big boob!" yelled Pudgy. "You got to drive more careful or I won't go along with you. I'm pretty near killed already from all this bumping around."

"I can't hear you," yelled Lee. "Too much noise from the motor."

"You got to drive more careful!"

"I can't hear you," answered Lee.

"Shut those doors!" came a voice from outside. It was the lieutenant. "It's almost time to go," he went on. "Start as soon as the first infantry wave passes you."

"Yes, sir," said Pudgy.

He heard the noise as Lee pulled shut
The doors in the front of the tank,
And he grabbed the heavy turret doors,
And closed them with a clank.

It was now all dark, and there wasn't no way
To look out of that box at all,
Except for some teeny-weeny slits
In the sides of the turret wall.

Old Pudgy squinted through one of these slits,
With a bright and gleaming eye,
And soon he seen some infantrymen
Go walking nervously by.

He drew back his head, and he grabbed the gun,
And he braced his feet on the floor,
As the tank give a heave and started off
With a grand and glorious roar.

For a time, as the tank went bumping along,
Poor Pudgy had all he could do
To keep from slamming against the sides
And busting himself in two.

Then, after a while, he begun to think
He had better look out and see
If it wasn't time to begin to shoot
At the German infantry.

But just as he put his eye to the slit
The machine went over a bump;
And his nose banged into the turret wall
With a sickening, pile-driver thump.

So after that he didn't try
To see what went on outside;
He held on tight, and settled himself
For a long and uncomfortable ride.

And it seemed like Curtis Augustus Lee
Was driving that old tin box
Across entrenchments and shell holes and forts
And cliffs and mountains and rocks.

They must have gone over most all the rough ground
In that department of France,
A-pitching and twisting and bounding about
Like a sort of Apache dance.

And you couldn't tell, on account of the roar
Of the motor open wide,
Whether or not there was bullets and shells
A-flying around outside.

On and on went that tin limousine—
On and on went she—
For so long it seemed like a million years,
Or all eternity.

Till all at once come a terrible crash,
And that great big tank stopped dead,
With a shock that knocked old Pudgy Monroe
For another swell bump on the head.

And after the crash come silence so deep
That Pudgy's ears felt queer;
The motor had stalled, and all around
There was not a sound to hear.

"Holy Moses!" Pudgy busted the silence. "I wish I was out of this tank corps. What hit us?"

"Nothing hit us," answered Lee, sort of weak, from the driver's seat. "I think we run into something."

"You think we run into something! What was it?"

"It looks like a big tree."

"And what's the idea of running into a tree?"

"It wasn't no idea," said Lee. "It was an accident."

"Is that any way to do?" said Pudgy. "First you half kill me making this thing leap from crag to crag like one of them Rocky Mountain goats, and then you almost finish the job by running into a tree. Ain't you got no eyes? Can't you look where you're going?"

"I did look where I was going. But I got nothing to look through but this little slit; and the fog is so thick a guy can't see nothing anyway."

"A swell driver you are!" said Pudgy. "The first time you drove a tank you run it into a officers' mess, and this time you try to climb a tree. You ain't onto your job, that's all."

"I can't see that you're onto yours much better. Why didn't you shoot at them Germans we passed?"

"Did we pass some Germans?"

"Well, I seen a lot of men moving around in the mist," said Lee, "that looked like Germans to me. And from up in the turret you ought to of seen them plain."

"I seen nobody," said Pudgy, very positive, "that looked like Germans."

"You should have," said Lee. "We come right through the first line of German defense."

"You mean," asked Pudgy, "that we're behind the German lines?"

"We sure are," said Lee. "I been steering straight north, and checking with my compass. Everything is all right, except the other tanks and the infantry has got lost in the fog, and we have got a little to the right of our course and run into this woods, which according to the map is the Bois de Cunel."

"And what we going to do now?"

"We're going to back out of this woods, and then go straight north to Romagne," Lee answered.

"All right then, let's go. It makes me nervous laying in this woods. There might be Germans around."

"Suppose you take a look," said Lee. "You can see better from the turret than I can from here."

Old Pudgy looked out through the slit at the rear,
But all that he could see,
Through the heavy, drifting fog, was the shapes
Of a couple of stumps and a tree.

Then he looked through the slits at the front and the sides,
And there wasn't nothing there
But a few more trees that loomed in the fog
With branches gaunt and bare.

The only sound was the patter of rain,
And the mournful, wailing cry
Of some heavy shells that was traveling along
Far up in the thick wet sky.

"There ain't nothing out here," said Pudgy; "only a bunch of trees standing around."

"Do you see any other tanks or any American soldiers?"

"No."

"Any German soldiers?"

"No."

"Fine! Then it's all right for you to get out and crank the machine. Here is the crank." And he slid something back along the floor.

"What!" said Pudgy. "Me get out and crank this old thing? I should say not! There might be a regiment of Fritzes around."

"You just said there wasn't any."

"I said I didn't see any. There might be thousands of them hiding around in the fog behind all these trees."

"If there is, you better crank up so we can get away from here, before they turn their artillery on us and blow us off the map."

"I ain't going to get out of this tank in no such place as this," said Pudgy, very stubborn.

"Maybe you can crank it from inside," suggested Lee. "There's a little hole in that iron plate behind you; you stick the crank in there and it fits onto the front of the shaft. Just give her a flip and she'll start right up."

"That's better," said Pudgy. "It's a wonder you wouldn't have told me that before."

He twisted around and squatted down
Inside that narrow space,
Till the little hole in the plate at the rear
Was right in front of his face.

Then he grabbed the crank from off the floor,
And carefully fitted it in,
And raising up, he tried his best
To give that crank a spin.

But Pudgy was built so large and fat,
And them quarters was built so small,
That he didn't have no room to work,
And he couldn't do nothing at all.

"It ain't no use," he said at last. "This bout is built too small for a real man like me."

"If you can't crank it from the inside," said Lee, "you'll have to do it from the outside."

"It ain't reasonable for me to get out," said Pudgy. "If some Fritzes was to come along, I wouldn't have no chance at all. But if you was to get out, I would be right here to protect you with this thirty-seven gun."

"What swell protection you would be! You would probably aim at a Fritz and plug me in the eye. No, you gotta do the cranking."

"You did it the last time."

"I did it out of accommodation to you. But it's your job."

"Why should it be my job? Is it my fault the motor stopped? Was it on account of my bum driving we run into this tree and got stalled?"

"I don't want no more arguments," said Lee. "I'm giving you a direct order to get out and crank. If you don't obey, I'll have you tried by a general court-martial and sent to Leavenworth for life, or maybe shot. I'm the tank commander."

"Commander! Why, you ain't fit to command a mouse trap."

"I don't want no more back talk. You're going to get out of this tank, and you're going to get out right now!"

And Lee reached back his skinny hand
To the place where Pudgy stood,
And he grabbed a-hold of Pudgy's leg,
And pinched as hard as he could.

But in starting up this rough stuff
He was acting like a fool,
For Pudgy started right away
To kick like a crazy mule.

And after he started, he kept right on
Like a merry Russian dance,
And he left the marks of his hobnailed shoes
All over Lee's blouse and pants.

"Cut it out! Cut it out!" yelled Lee. "You're killing me."

"So you thought you would pinch me!" said Pudgy. "I'll learn you to pinch me, you little runt."

"I won't do it again. Honest, I won't, Pudgy."

"You better not," said Pudgy. "And what is more, I see I am in what you might call a strategic position here. So you might as well get out and crank this machine before I start working my feet again."

"Don't do no more kicking, Pudgy. Please don't."

"All right, then. Here's the crank. Get out and use it."

"Aw, have a heart."

"Will you go yourself, or will I kick you out?"

"I'll go," said Lee, very meek.

"Fine!" said Pudgy. "And when we get started again, you're going to drive slow and careful. I don't want no more of this feeling like I was going over Niagara Falls in a barrel. The least bit of unnecessary roughness, and I'll signal to you with my foot."

Then Lee swung open the forward door,
And cautiously looked around,
But he didn't see nothing but fog and trees,
And he didn't hear a sound.

So he grabbed the crank and clambered out,
And quickly rushed around,

(Continued on Page 110)

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Fashioned of "Fillerless" Cord, by a patented process, this latest and greatest Fisk sets new standards for pliant strength and extra long wear.

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The more you expect of a tire the better you will like the Fisk Extra Heavy Balloon.

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There is only one Orange-Crush

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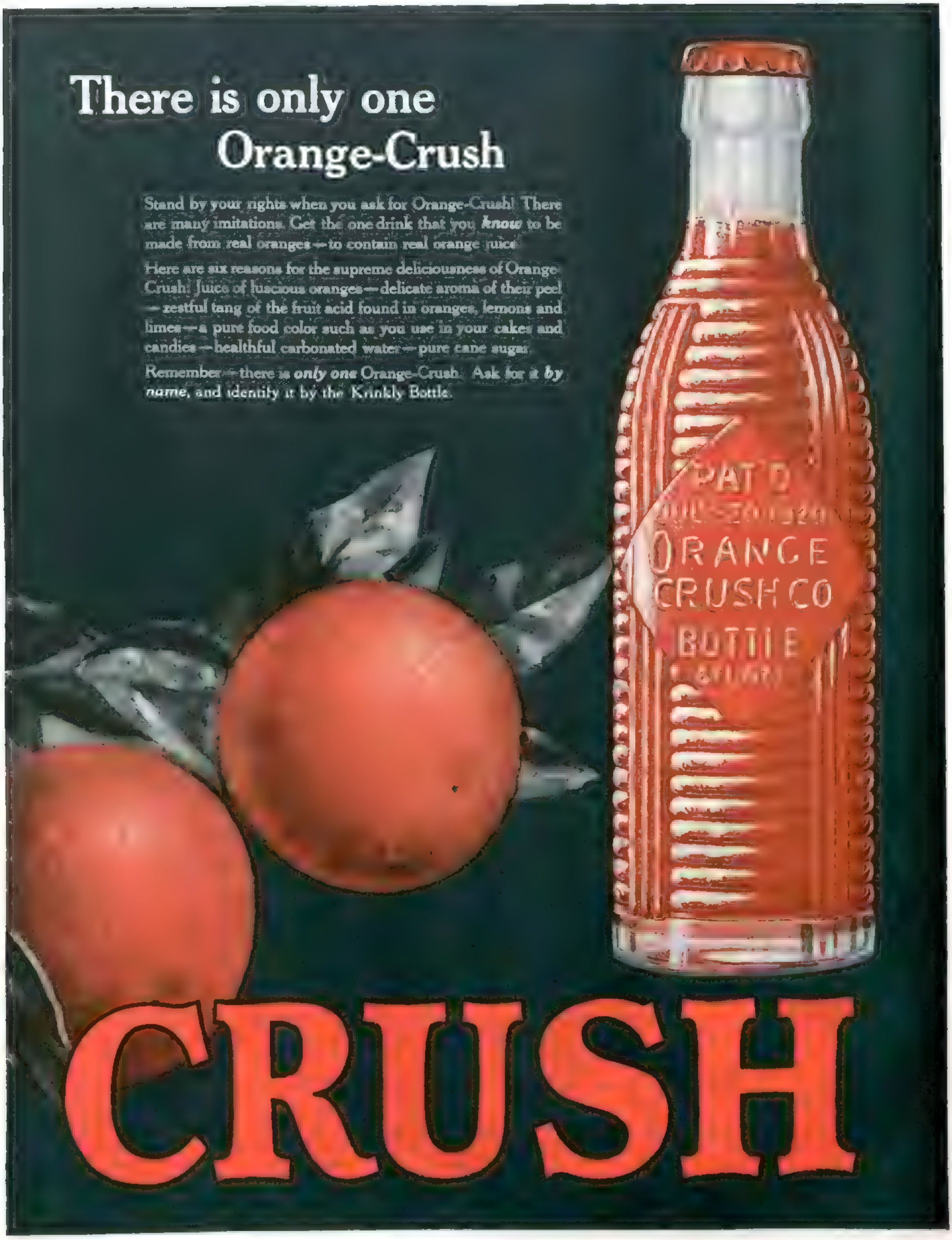
Here are six reasons for the supreme deliciousness of Orange-Crush: Juice of luscious oranges—delicate aroma of their peel—zestful tang of the fruit acid found in oranges, lemons and limes—a pure food color such as you use in your cakes and candies—healthful carbonated water—pure cane sugar.

Remember—there is *only one* Orange-Crush. Ask for it *by name*, and identify it by the Krinkly Bottle.



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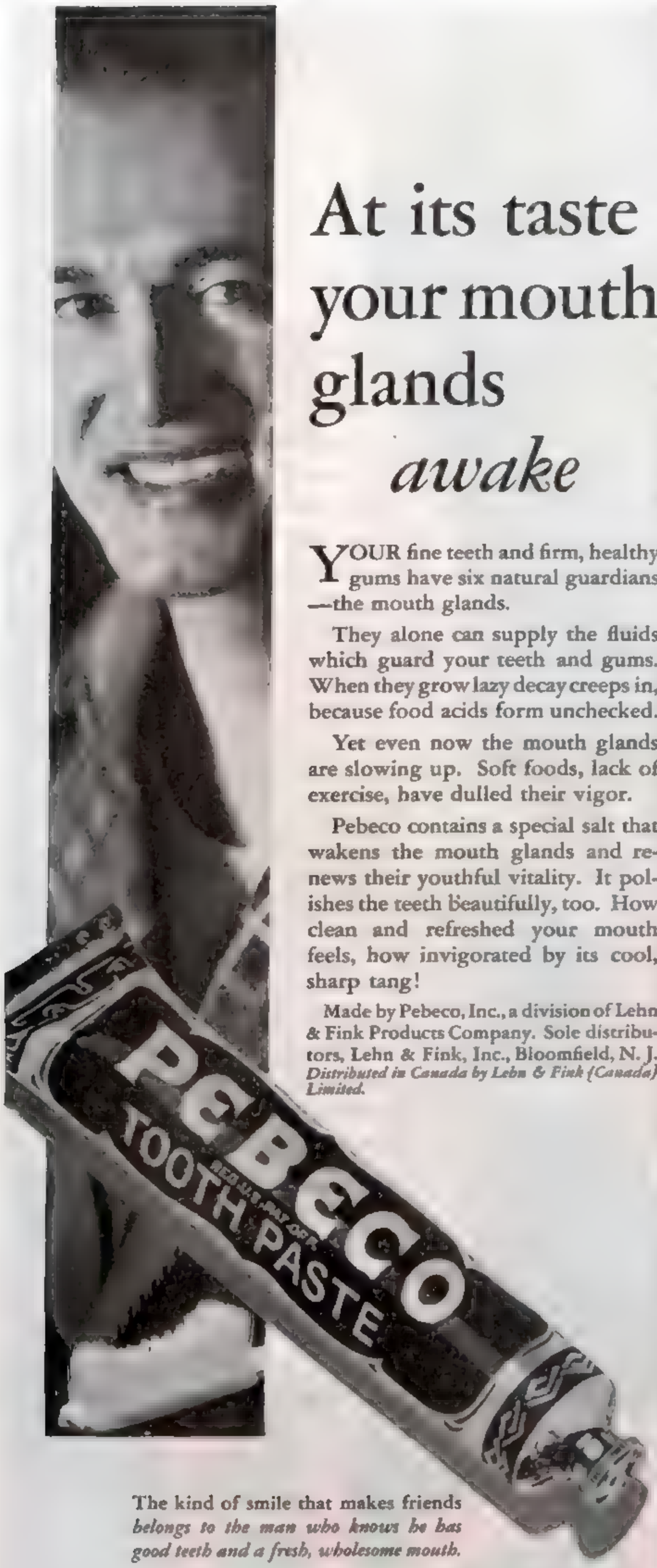

At its taste your mouth glands *awake*

YOUR fine teeth and firm, healthy gums have six natural guardians —the mouth glands.

They alone can supply the fluids which guard your teeth and gums. When they grow lazy decay creeps in, because food acids form unchecked.

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PEBECO
keeps the Mouth Glands young

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(Continued from Page 106)

And he give her a whirl, and the motor took hold
With a loud and healthy sound.

Then he climbed back in, and sat himself down,
And slammed the iron door,
And he backed the machine away from the tree,
And resumed the journey once more.

And now he drove with exceeding care,
And he drove exceeding slow,
For he knew he was planted directly in front
Of the hobnails of Pudgy Monroe.

And Pudgy sat tight on his narrow strap,
And he didn't do nothing but ride;
He didn't attempt to look through them slits
To see what went on outside.

But whenever the tank give a sudden lurch
Or went over a little bump,
He would plant his foot in Lee's behind
With a hale and hearty thump.

They went along for a long, long time,
A-rolling smooth and fine,
Till it seemed like they must have pretty near reached
The banks of the River Rhine.

But all at once old Pudgy observed
That the motor was slowing down;
It puffed and thumped and started to make
A funny knocking sound.

And the plate behind, that dirided him off
From the motor at the rear,
Got suddenly hot in a way that seemed
To Pudgy decidedly queer.

Slower and slower that old tank ran,
While everything heated up;
Then the motor gave a final cough,
And quit like a dying pup.

"What's the matter?" yelled Pudgy. "What you stopping for? Gosh, it's hot! We ain't on fire, are we?"

"No," said Lee. "If you wasn't so ignorant you'd know that the fan belt has probably busted; they used to do that all the time at Bourg. And the motor has got so hot the pistons have stuck."

"What we going to do?"

"I guess there ain't nothing we can do."

"How would it be, you lazy bum, if you was to get out and fix it?"

"No use," said Lee. "These tanks is built so you have to open the rear armor and take out the whole gasoline tank before you can reach in far enough to get at the fan belt. And I ain't got no tools."

"I'm roasting to death," said Pudgy. "Is it safe to get out? Where are we at?"

"Them ruined buildings ahead is Romagne," said Lee. "Take a look out of your turret; you can see better than I can. If you see any American soldiers or American tanks we're all right. But if the Germans is still in the town, I guess we'll have to fight it out with our little gun."

"Good Lord," said Pudgy, "how I wish I was out of this bloomin' tank corps!"

He put his eye to the slit in front,
And carefully looked around,
And a hundred yards away he seen
The houses of the town.

The sky above had cleared, and the fog
Was leaving the ground below,
And he thought he seen, in a field to one side,
A bunch of tanks in a row.

And it looked like a number of men from them tanks
Was starting out his way,
But whether these men was Americans
Or Fritzes he couldn't say.

Then he looked again at the ruined town,
And he slowly scratched his head,
And he called to Curtis Augustus Lee,
And this is what he said:

"It's been pretty foggy all the time you been driving along, ain't it?"

"Terrible," answered Lee. "I had to depend mostly on the compass for direction."

"Pass that compass back here. I want to see it."

"What do you want with the compass?"

"Never mind what I want with it. Pass it back, or I'll put my foot down the back of your dirty neck."

"All right, all right! Here you are."

"Thanks," said Pudgy.

He took the compass and held it against
The right-hand turret wall,
And the needle swung straight around to the right
With no hesitation at all.

Then he moved it across to the left-hand side,
And it made him smile to see
That the needle now pointed straight to the left,
As pretty as could be.

And next he looked once more through the slit,
To see what he could see,
And he turned himself around and said
To Curtis Augustus Lee

"I got some news for you, you poor ignorant runt."

"What?" asked Lee.

"First of all, tell me where you been holding this compass when you looked at it."

"Right in front of me. Why?"

"Against the front door?"

"Of course."

"You poor, half-witted, pin-headed boob! Don't you know that if you hold it against that big iron door the needle is going to point straight forward, and you'll think you're going north, no matter which way you're headed?"

"Good Lord, do you really think that is what would happen?"

"Of course that is what would happen. The Lord only knows all the different places you have taken me while we been riding around the country, but I can tell you where we have finally ended up. You been making a grand offensive ten miles straight to the rear, and this town ahead is Montzeville."

"It can't be."

"Take a look yourself."

"It does look sort of like Montzeville," admitted Lee after a minute.

"Montzeville it is," said Pudgy. "That's the tank-repair park over there, and them birds walking this way are tank mechanics coming to see what this machine is doing here."

"I believe you're right," said Lee. "I believe you're right."

"Yes," said Pudgy, "and I think it would save a lot of useless talk and explaining if we was just to ooze away from here before they arrive. They ought to be able to figure out what to do with the tank. Come on, let's go!"

They scrambled out, and they run like deer
Across the muddy ground,
And they kept right on until they come
To the opposite side of the town.

They reached the battery picket line,
Still rushing along pell-mell,
And they run right into old Sergeant Blake,
Who proceeded to give them hell.

For going absent without no leave
He treated them rough and mean;
He give them a job that would take a week,
A-digging a huge latrine.

And later on that afternoon,
As Curtis Augustus Lee
Bore down on his pick, he grumbled and growled,
As sore as a man can be.

But Pudgy Monroe just smiled and smiled,
And as he shoveled away,
He looked around at Lee, and this
Is what he had to say:

"For months I been wishing I could get away from them horses. Then, ever since I got in the tank corps, the main thing I been wanting was to get out. And now I got both wishes. No tanks—no horses. Ain't it wonderful?"

In ten minutes *they will be dead!*

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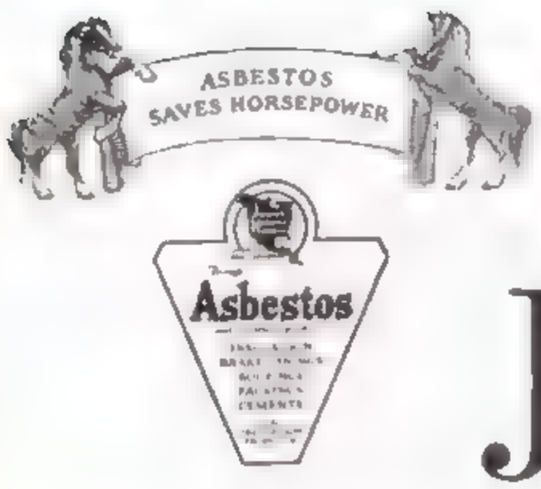

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TESTED

(Continued from Page 21)

"Muddy Waters didn't go anywhere, and he works on a newspaper, but he's a nice boy."

"Surely his name isn't Muddy!"

"No. His mother was musical and he was christened Verdi Rossini, so we call him Muddy."

"I see," said Mr. Dollaway.

"You should hear him play the piano," added Dolly.

"I hope to have that pleasure," said Mr. Dollaway. "All right, I'll leave it to you to invite them."

"You're a dear, dad."

The following Friday night four young men alighted from a train at the Greenwich station, bags grasped in their hands. They were all pleasant-looking, tallish young men, who, at a quick glance, looked rather alike. When they raised their straw hats, which they did when they spied Dolly waiting on the platform, it became apparent that Mr. Markham had black hair, Mr. Grosvenor brown, Mr. Waters red and Mr. Rice blond. Their attire was spruce, with just that trace of soft-collared carelessness which the recent alumnus affects to distinguish him from the excessively well-dressed men of the theater programs. They all greeted Dolly warmly and were conveyed to Idlehours in Mr. Dollaway's second-best limousine.

In due course they were presented to the master of the house, who gave each of them a firm grip, a cordial smile and a searching look.

"My aunt's hat!" remarked Mr. Waters, later and privately. "What a cold and calculating eye the old boy has!"

"I feel as if I'd been X-rayed," said Mr. Grosvenor.

"No one is apt to put anything over on that lad," said Mr. Rice.

"I like him, though," said Mr. Markham. "Nothing soft about him. He's a regular ——"

Mr. Markham felt his coat-tail plucked by Mr. Rice, and stopped. Mr. Dollaway was approaching the group, radiating affability.

"Would one of you gentlemen care to play a game of billiards with me?" asked Mr. Dollaway. "I usually play for an hour or so before I retire."

The four young men looked at one another as if uncertain which should accept the honor. Mr. Markham spoke first. "I'd like very much to play with you, Mr. Dollaway," he said.

"Come along then," said Mr. Dollaway. To the others he said, "You'll find the ladies in the music room."

He led Mr. Markham away. Soon the ivory balls were clicking merrily on the green table.

"Game," announced Mr. Dollaway. "Thank you, Mr. Markham."

"Thank you, sir. You play a fine game."

"And you," returned Mr. Dollaway, "play just well enough." Mr. Markham looked at his host blankly. "I mean," explained Mr. Dollaway, "a young man shouldn't play billiards too well. If he does, it argues that he has spent too much time on his game—time taken from more important things."

"I suppose so," agreed Mr. Markham.

"I'm going to bed now," Mr. Dollaway said. "I make it a point to be in bed by ten most nights. Rather early for you, I suppose."

"Oh, no, sir. I'm usually in bed by eleven. I have to be. I find I can sell bonds better if I'm just a little less wattle-eyed than my customers."

Mr. Dollaway smiled. "Sound scheme," he said. "How are you getting on, Mr. Markham?"

"Fairly well. Of course, I haven't really got my teeth in the business yet."

"What's your line?"

"Municipals and public utilities mostly."

"M-m-m," said Mr. Dollaway.

"Just now," remarked Mr. Markham, as he put away his cue, "we're putting out some rather attractive Associated Waterworks of Utah sixes."

"M-m-m," said Mr. Dollaway.

"They yield ——" began Mr. Markham.

"M-m-m," said Mr. Dollaway. "Perhaps you'll drop in and see me one of these days, eh?"

"Delighted to, sir," said Mr. Markham promptly. "Shall we say Monday?"

Mr. Dollaway bestowed a keen look on the young man.

"Monday it is—3:50." He smiled. "By the way, Mr. Markham, what do you plan to do with your first million?"

Young Mr. Markham did not hesitate. He answered in the decided tone of one who has given a subject extensive thought and has made up his mind.

"Invest half of it in sound bonds and strong common stock, well diversified," he said. "Put the other half to work in some going concern and make it make another million for me."

Mr. Dollaway nodded. "Eminently sane idea," he said. "Well, good night, Mr. Markham. Here"—he drew from his pocket a typewritten sheet—"are the plans for tomorrow."

Mystified, Mr. Markham took the paper. "Thank you, sir. Good night."

It was approximately two o'clock in the morning. Four young men in pajamas sat in the common sitting room of their suite at Idlehours holding a short post mortem on the evening and smoking a last cigarette.

"Remarkable house," said Mr. Rice. "Actually has enough ash trays."

"Everything," observed Mr. Waters, "runs by electricity—including, I suspect, the host. I've lived in worse places than the cellar."

"What were you doing in the cellar, Muddy?"

"He took me on a personally conducted tour. On our right, the electrical laundry; on our left, the automatic ash sifter. All highly antiseptic, but not very homy, somehow."

"Did he happen to ask you what you intend to do with your first million?" inquired Mr. Rice.

"Why, yes," said Mr. Waters. "Did he ask you?"

"I told him I'd quit work and live in Venice," said Mr. Rice.

"I said I'd retire and buy a plane and sail round the world," said Mr. Grosvenor. Mr. Markham said nothing.

"What did you say, Muddy?" asked Mr. Rice.

"I goggled," said Mr. Waters. "Then I said I guessed I'd have my piano tuned."

"What did he say to that?"

"He said 'M-m-m,' and led me upstairs. I guess he thought his cellar was wasted on me," replied Mr. Waters.

"I think," yawned Mr. Markham, "we'd better approach the hay. We've a large day ahead of us."

Mr. Waters groaned. "Are you going to be on tap for the morning ride?" he asked.

"I am," said Mr. Markham.

"Guess we'll all have to be," said Mr. Rice gloomily. "Can't risk peeving him."

Mr. Waters scanned a typewritten sheet. "No time on this for being peevish," he said. "My aunt's hat, but it must be great to be methodical!" In a dolorous voice he read from the paper:

"Seven, rising signal; 7:15, ride; 8, breakfast; 9, golf; 11, swim; 12, rest; 1, luncheon; 2:30, tennis; 4:30, bridge; 6:30, dress for dinner; 7:15, dinner; 9, billiards, bridge; 10, dancing."

"When do we brush our teeth?" inquired Mr. Rice.

"Sometime Sunday," said Mr. Waters. "No, it isn't down here. Sunday's all laid out for us too. We take the 8:29 back to town Monday, it says."

The four young men smoked in silence for a moment. Mr. Rice went to the window and looked out.

"It's a mild moonlight night," he remarked, "and it's only a five-mile walk to the Greenwich station."

"No," objected Mr. Waters, "we can't let Dolly down. It's supposed to be her party, you know."

"I don't intend to walk out on the show," stated Mr. Markham. "I guess it won't hurt you fellows to live up to a schedule for once in your lives."

"Anyhow," said Mr. Waters, "the food is good."

Meditating on this, the four young men repaired to their respective beds. It seemed but a few minutes later when the silvery sharpness of the rising bell cut into their dreams and summoned them to a brisk morning ride, the prelude of a day of concentrated play. Saturday passed, and Sunday, and the four young men did not miss the 8:29 back to the city on Monday morning.

"Dolly, I've a surprise for you."

"What, dad?"

Father and daughter were sitting at dinner in the dining room at Idlehours. It was on the Friday evening following the house party.

"Can't you guess?" Mr. Dollaway asked, watching her.

"No. A new car?"

"Better than that, I think."

"Please tell me."

"I'm asking someone out this week-end."

"Someone?"

"Yes."

"Who?"

"Ned Markham."

"Oh, how nice!"

"You like him, don't you, Dolly?"

"Very much. I'm fond of Ned—terribly fond."

"I like him too," said Mr. Dollaway.

"I'm so glad, dad."

"I saw him this week," her father said—"twice."

"Did you?"

"Yes. Monday he called at my office. Sold me some bonds, too, the young rascal. Thursday he had luncheon with me at the club—tried to sell me some more. He doesn't miss a trick, that boy. I like the way he follows the ball. So I asked him out to visit us again."

"I hope he sells you some more bonds," said Dolly.

"He may. But one reason I'm asking him out is that I may offer him a place in my organization. Do you think I should?"

Dolly wrinkled her forehead. It was not like her father to consult her. "Yes, I think you should," she replied. "It would be wonderful for Ned."

"Consider it done," said Mr. Dollaway.

Mr. Edgerton Markham enjoyed his second week-end at Idlehours. He played billiards and rode with Mr. Dollaway, and he played tennis and danced with Dolly. Opportunities were afforded for long talks with both of them.

The result of his talk with Mr. Dollaway was that presently he found himself behind a neat desk in a neat office in the Dollaway Building, diligently striving to master the intricacies of the crude-rubber business under the eye of no less a person than the president himself.

Young Mr. Markham learned quickly. It seemed almost as if he were a born crude-rubber man. So gratifying was his progress that not many weeks had gone by—a period which included two more visits at Idlehours—when Mr. Dollaway sent for him.

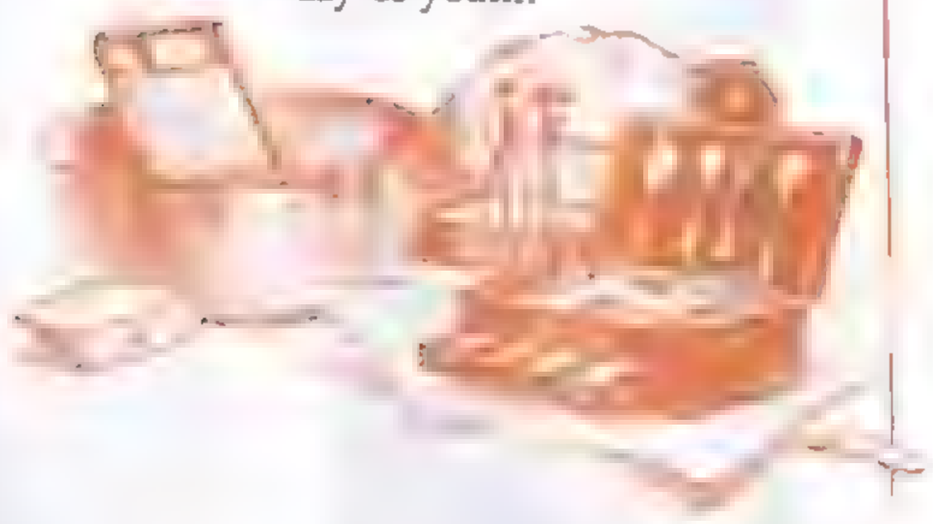
"Ned, my boy," said Mr. Dollaway, benevolent but businesslike, "I have a job for you."

"Yes, sir. Glad to take it on."

(Continued on Page 115)

SHE was really letting the cat out of the bag, her husband said, by giving a silver anniversary dinner. No one would imagine her old enough for that. And the guests *were* surprised. She must have married very young, they said.

BUT she merely smiled; the secret of it was that she had kept young *after* her marriage. There were no washtubs or mechanical washday "aids" among her wedding gifts. From the start, she made washday a "day of youth."



BECAUSE she knew that the way a woman spends her time is usually reflected in her face. And she wasn't going to have a "washboard face." She was going to spend her washdays in "living," and so keep the roses in her cheeks... That's why, today, her mirror denies what the calendar says.

MODERN women realize that they can't waste their youth worrying over the wash and still look "as young as ever." So they are investing in the world's greatest "youth-insurance"—modern laundry service.

And the miracle the laundry works! It takes a woman's eyes off of a washtub and puts them on books and plays. It takes her hands off of an iron and puts them on the keys of a piano. In short, it takes washday completely out of the home, and gives instead a holiday!

Published in the interest of the public, and on behalf of the Laundry Industry, by *The American Laundry Machinery Company, Executive Offices, Cincinnati, Ohio*

SEND IT TO THE LAUNDRY

Today's laundry offers services to fit every family's needs and every family's pocketbook. All-ironed Services, Partially-ironed Services, Services in which the clothes are returned damp for ironing at home. Phone a modern laundry now—give one of these washday helps a trial.

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This new full-fashioned service-weight hose

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It's easy to make a heavy, durable silk hose that looks *heavy* and *durable*. But the surprising thing you'll say about this new Allen-A creation is, "how can a hose that *looks* so dainty and exquisitely feminine *be* so heavy and long-wearing."

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Mention this advertisement to your own dealer. Ask for this surprising hose by style number—895—in the most popular shades of the season. If your dealer does not carry this hose, simply send us his name—a postcard will do—and we will see that you are promptly supplied.

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for men, women and children

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Spring needle knit and athletic type—for men and boys only

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Besides style number 895, there are many Allen-A hose in chiffon, service sheer and service weights—all silk, and silk to hem—in all the newest shades. Priced $1.50 to $3

(Continued from Page 112)

"It's a tough one," said Mr. Dollaway—"mighty tough."

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Markham.

"You've heard of Herman Shallenbarger?" Mr. Markham suppressed a wry look. "That's your man," said Mr. Dollaway. "Well, do you want to tackle him?"

"Certainly."

"I warn you, it's a mean assignment. He's the roughest, rudest, crustiest old pirate in the rubber business. He hates me. Won't buy a pound of rubber from us, and he's one of the biggest dealers too. We've tried our darnedest to land him, but he gets violent when any of my representatives come near him. Kicks them out of his office. Insults them. Now I'd like very much to sell the old bear some rubber. Point of honor, you see."

"I see," said Mr. Markham. "I'll go right after him."

"He'll jump all over you," predicted Mr. Dollaway.

"I'll go at once," said Mr. Markham. "Will he see me?"

"Oh, yes. His favorite sport is seeing the men I send to him, and then, as soon as they start their selling talk, pouncing on them." Mr. Markham started for the door. "You don't have to go unless you want to," Mr. Dollaway called after him.

"I want to," said Mr. Markham.

An hour later Mr. Edgerton Markham sent his business card in to Mr. Herman Shallenbarger. After a nervous wait in the anteroom, he was shown into that gentleman's office. Mr. Shallenbarger was a very large man who looked as if he had swollen; his short, brushy hair bristled and his porcine eyes narrowed as Mr. Markham entered.

"What do you want?" barked Mr. Shallenbarger.

Mr. Markham returned his hostile stare. Mr. Markham's stare was fraught with contempt, and perhaps held a tinge of pity. "I'm from the Dollaway Corporation," said Mr. Markham firmly.

"Yeah?" said Mr. Shallenbarger. He looked as if his visitor had just announced that he had a virulent case of leprosy and intended to infect Mr. Shallenbarger.

"I've come to tell you something about rubber," said Mr. Markham with great dignity.

Mr. Shallenbarger exploded. "I'll tell you something, you whippersnapper!" he roared. "Your goods are rotten. Old Dollaway is rotten. If you work for him you're rotten too. How dare you come into a decent office and try to sell an honest man ——"

Mr. Shallenbarger had a deep and fairly loud voice. Mr. Markham's voice was not so deep, but it was louder, more vibrant, more penetrating.

"Who the hell wants to sell you anything, you old fossil?" shouted Mr. Markham, leaning over and firing his words into Mr. Shallenbarger's purpling face. "I didn't come here to sell you anything. I came here to tell you that we won't sell you any rubber—not an ounce. Get that? We don't want your business."

"What's that?" bellowed Mr. Shallenbarger, looking, just then, like a poor insurance risk, since he seemed on the verge of blowing up into many small pieces.

"You heard me!" roared back Mr. Markham. "I came to warn you that you can't count on us for any rubber. We won't sell you any, on any terms. You're slipping, and everybody in the rubber world knows it. We don't want customers like you. Good day!" Young Mr. Markham stalked toward the door, but not too rapidly.

"Hey!" bawled Mr. Shallenbarger. "Of all the gall! Who says I'm a bum customer? Who says I'm slipping?"

Mr. Markham turned with a frosty face. "I can't waste time talking to you," he said.

"Yes, you can!" trumpeted Mr. Shallenbarger, as, with an agility surprising in one so adipose, he scrambled round from behind his desk and interposed his bulk between Mr. Markham and the exit. "You'll talk to me," declared Mr. Shallenbarger, "if I have to knock you down and sit on you."

"Better not try it," said Mr. Markham, doubling up his fists, but making no attempt to thrust Mr. Shallenbarger from his path.

"So you won't sell me any rubber, eh?" snorted Mr. Shallenbarger.

"That's what I said."

"By heaven, you will if I want you to!"

"I will not!"

"You w ll!"

And strangely enough, after some violent debating, Mr. Markham capitulated and did sell Mr. Shallenbarger some rubber. Then he returned to his office.

All the rest of that day Frederic James Dollaway chuckled. "Shrewd psychology," he remarked from time to time; "shrewd psychology."

On the day following this victory young Mr. Markham had two unusual experiences. He was eating his luncheon in one of those downtown clubs where young executives congregate when he was approached by a bland-looking individual who appeared knowing and prosperous. "Are you Mr. Edgerton Markham?" inquired this individual most politely.

"Yes."

"My name is Foster—Douglas L. Foster," said the stranger. "I'm in rubber too."

"Glad to know you, Mr. Foster. Have a seat."

"Thanks." Mr. Foster sank down into a chair and smiled expansively. "So you're the young fellow who outbulldozed old Shallenbarger," he said. Mr. Markham bowed. "Like your job?" queried Mr. Foster.

"Very much."

"Perfectly satisfied?"

"Who is?" countered Mr. Markham. "Why do you ask?"

Mr. Foster accomplished a perfect smoke ring.

"Oh, I was just wondering," he said. "A fellow like you can go a long way in the rubber game—if he uses his noodle and plays his cards right."

"I hope to," said Mr. Markham.

Mr. Foster dropped his voice to a confidential whisper. "Look here, Mr. Markham," he said, "I know a young and growing concern that can use a man like you. We've plenty of capital and a real future. Now I can make you a definite offer. We'll double what Dollaway is paying you and give you a crack at a partnership inside of two years. How does that hit you?"

"Much obliged," said Mr. Markham.

"Remember this," said Mr. Foster: "It will be a long time before you get a chance like that, working for old Dollaway. Think that over."

"I don't need to," said Mr. Markham. "Thanks for your offer, but I'm going to stick where I am."

"You mean that?"

"I certainly do."

"Oh, very well. You're the judge, I suppose," said Mr. Foster. He uttered a few thoughts about the weather and took his departure.

Mr. Foster had hardly left the room when another person approached Mr. Markham. The second stranger had nervous eyes and fingers and a hoarse, low voice. He dropped into the vacant seat opposite Mr. Markham.

"My name is Elkus," he said. "I'd like a few words with you, Mr. Markham—strictly confidential." Mr. Markham nodded. "You're interested in making money," said Mr. Elkus, as one stating an axiom. "So am I. Listen, I can put you next to something. You may not know the ropes in the rubber game, but I do." Mr. Markham signified that he was interested. "Listen," said Mr. Elkus in a thick whisper. "A friend of mine—never mind his name yet—is purchasing agent for a large concern—tires. He is in the market for a juicy order—three hundred thousand, anyhow—and he's ready to do business."

"Meaning what?"

"Meaning that you can get yours."

"How?"

"Listen! Suppose he O. K.'s your bid for, say, three hundred and forty thousand. He's in right, and his firm won't question the price. You deliver him three hundred thousand dollars' worth of rubber and kick back twenty thousand bucks to him. The other twenty you tuck in your own pocket. Not bad, eh?"

"Not so good, either," said Mr. Markham.

"Do you want a bigger cut?"

"It isn't that. I don't like the looks of it, that's all."

Mr. Elkus showed surprise. "But it's done every day," he said.

"Not by me."

"Virtuous, eh?" said Mr. Elkus.

Ire crept into Mr. Markham's eyes. "Call it that—or plain sense. I'm not going to queer my future by pulling any underhand stuff. That's final, Mr. Elkus."

Mr. Elkus shrugged his shoulders. "Oh, well, you're young. You'll learn," he said. "But listen ——"

"No more of that stuff," said Mr. Markham sternly, and he rose with a wintry, forbidding look on his young face. Mr. Elkus left in some haste.

Two mornings later Mr. Dollaway sent for Mr. Markham. "Ned," he said, "could you get away for a while—a week or ten days?"

"Yes, sir. Where do you want me to go?"

"Canada," said Mr. Dollaway, and continued: "I'm going up there for a bit of fishing. Old stamping ground of mine. It's rough, but I thought you might like to go along."

"Delighted to go," said Mr. Markham promptly.

"Good! We leave tomorrow on the midnight for Montreal."

Two men in new khaki outdoor outfits sat beside a nameless lake deep in the woods three hundred and more miles north of Montreal, surrounded by a profane and troubled silence and a chill northern twilight.

"I knew that Indian was up to something dirty," remarked Mr. Dollaway in a bitter voice.

"Don't you think he'll come back?" asked Mr. Markham.

"Not he. He's well on his way to Hudson Bay with our canoe, guns and provisions by now," said Mr. Dollaway, wagging his head and groaning a little.

"Oh, well, we can manage," said Mr. Markham.

"M'm-m—can we, though? Ned, I know more about this game than you do, and I tell you we're up against it. You can't laugh off being lost in a wilderness like this. We can wander around in circles for a month. Ironic, isn't it?—a man with plenty of money in the bank ending his days by starving to death." Mr. Dollaway sighed deeply.

"Oh, come on, Mr. Dollaway," said Mr. Markham. "We'll get out."

"M'm-m—will we? Two years ago Samuel G. Temple and his son got lost in these very woods. Guide deserted them. Their bodies weren't found till the following spring. Sad case."

"We'll be missed," said Mr. Markham, "and searched for."

"Not soon enough," said Mr. Dollaway. "I told Dolly and the office we might be gone a month. By the time anybody realizes we're lost, there'll be no use hunting for us. Believe me, Ned, we're in a tight jam."

"We can live on berries and roots," said Mr. Markham cheerfully.

"You're an optimist."

"We have strong legs," said Mr. Markham.

"We can't eat 'em," said Mr. Dollaway. "What are you laughing at? This is no time for laughing."

"Why not? I'm enjoying myself," said Mr. Markham. "It's an adventure; real pioneer stuff, with the bark on. You and I against Nature. Stop worrying, Mr. Dollaway."

"Oh, you talk like a Boy Scout!" exclaimed Mr. Dollaway, slapping at a black fly.

"I was one once," said Mr. Markham.

"I suppose you can make a fire by rubbing two sticks together," said Mr. Dollaway grimly.

"Sure. I can have a go at it anyway."

It took an hour, plenty of perspiration and some swearing, but at last Mr. Markham had a fire crackling.

"Now that you've got it, what are you going to do with it?" asked Mr. Dollaway morosely.

"Keep warm and cook dinner," said Mr. Markham. Mr. Dollaway grunted dubiously. "You take it easy and contemplate the sunset," said Mr. Markham. He vanished. He returned with a hatful of succulent huckleberries and six fish.

"How on earth?" cried Mr. Dollaway.

"Elementary Boy Scout stuff," explained Mr. Markham. "I picked the berries, and snared the fish with my boot laces. They're only chubs, but we can eat them. I'd have got more if the light had held out."

He bestirred himself cleaning the fish with a nail file and broiling them on forked sticks.

They proved edible; Mr. Dollaway munched hungrily. A distant cry made them both start.

"Lynx," said Mr. Dollaway. "Savage brutes when they're hungry."

"You wrap yourself up in the blanket and forget about lynxes," said Mr. Markham. "I'll start a smudge to keep off the insects and I'll stand guard against the lynxes."

"Why should I have the blanket?" Mr. Dollaway asked.

"You're older. You need the rest more. Just leave this show to me, sir."

So, unmolested by lynxes or bugs, Mr. Dollaway slept, and was awakened by the perfume of cooking fish, captured at dawn by the energetic Mr. Markham.

"Now," said Mr. Markham, after breakfast, "we start for civilization."

"M'm-m—remember we followed that red scoundrel for two days. Where are we? Do you happen to have a road map about you?"

"Stop worrying and leave it to me," said Mr. Markham. Mr. Dollaway did. After much panting and plodding through the woods, after following watercourses, after extensive meditation and calculation by Mr. Markham, they eventually did get back to the log-cabin camp, to warm clothes and sustaining food.

Two men in tailored attire sat in the express which bore them swiftly away from Montreal and toward New York. They had had an excellent dinner and were enjoying excellent cigars in the club smoker. A long silence, and then ——

"Ned, my boy," said Frederic James Dollaway, "congratulations!"

Mr. Markham stared at his employer. "On what, sir?"

"On the way you've come through."

"Come through what?"

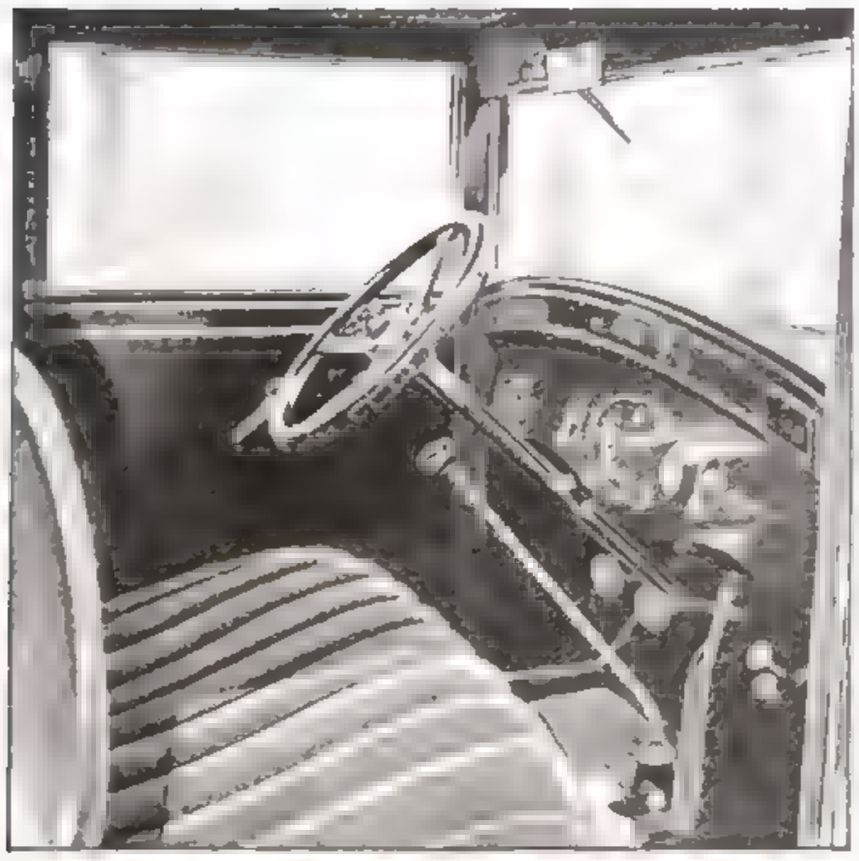
"Everything," beamed Mr. Dollaway, "every test."

Mr. Markham's eyes widened. "Every test?" he repeated.

"I've been trying you out, my boy," chuckled Mr. Dollaway. "First, in the office. I watched how you sailed into the work and handled it. Then I tried you on old Shallenbarger. I didn't expect you'd sell him—but you did. Remember a Mr. Foster offering you a job?" Mr. Markham nodded. "Foster is an old friend of mine," said Mr. Dollaway. "I put him up to trying to get you away from me. You showed that you were loyal, Ned Fine quality—loyalty. Remember Elkus?" Mr. Markham, somewhat bewildered, nodded again. "I hired him he's a private detective—to put up that shady proposition to you. You didn't fall for it."

(Continued on Page 118)

Its great reputation to drive this



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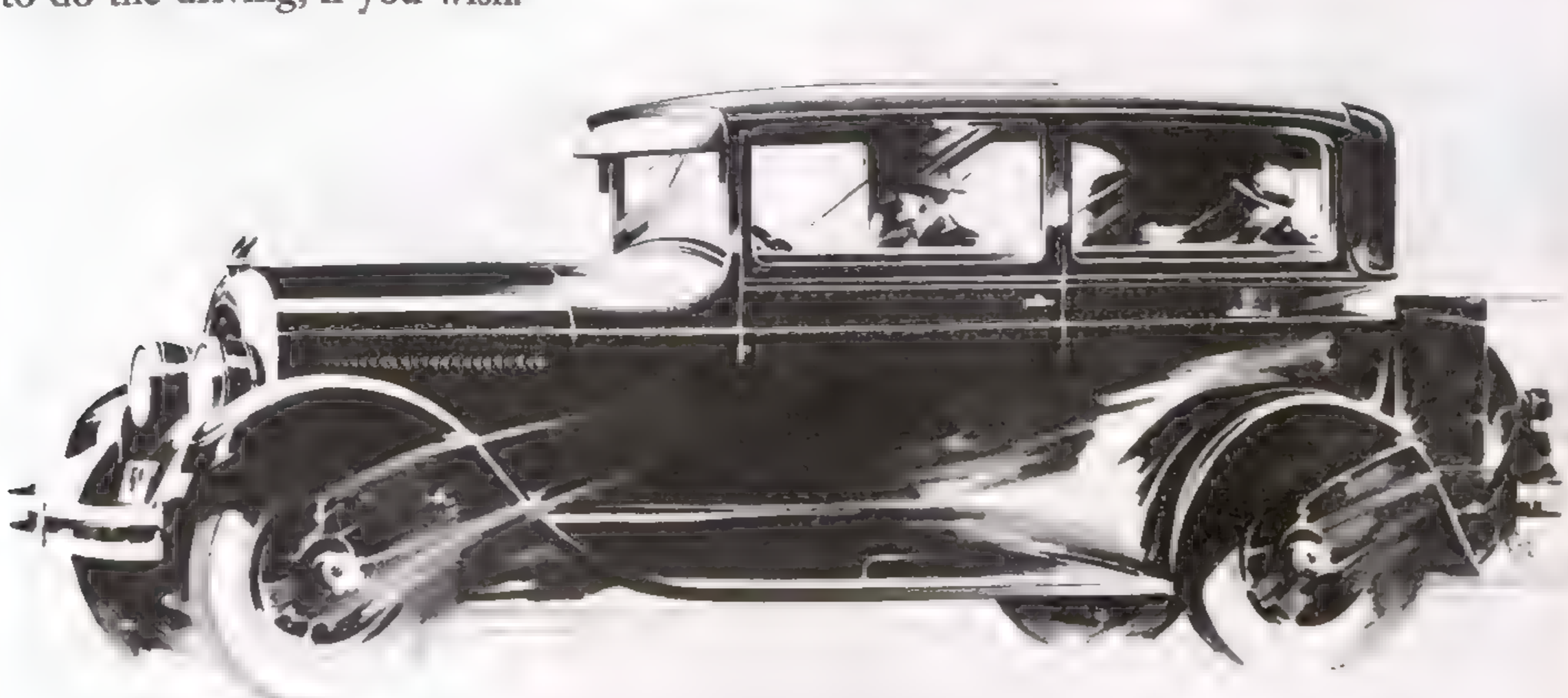

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25 cents a cake

GLOVER'S
KENNEL & FLEA SOAP

(Continued from Page 115)

Mr. Dollaway could hardly speak, he was chuckling so.

"You thought we were lost in the woods. Well, we weren't. Joe didn't desert us. I told him to skip. Besides, I know every inch of that territory. I just wanted to see how you'd act in the face of hardship and danger. Ned, you proved yourself a real man. Remember how you said 'You and I against Nature'?"

Mr. Markham blushed. "Yes, I remember," he said.

There was another silence. Mr. Dollaway broke it. "Ned?"

"Yes, sir."

"Is there something you want to talk to me about?"

"Why, no, sir, I don't think so."

"You're sure? Come, we're old friends."

"Well," said Mr. Markham hesitantly, "I'm glad, of course, that I didn't fall down, and I appreciate your interest in me—and ——"

"Yes. Out with it!"

"Well," pursued Mr. Markham not very easily, "I was thinking you might see your way clear to giving me an increase September first."

Mr. Dollaway's chuckle became a laugh. "Of course," he said. "You'll find me liberal enough, Ned. Well, anything more?"

"Thank you, sir. I—I can't think of anything more."

"Come now," said Mr. Dollaway, in his most paternal manner, "why do you suppose I tested you like this?"

"To see if you wanted me in your organization."

"Partly that, of course," said Mr. Dollaway, "but mostly for a more important reason."

Young Mr. Markham's eyes widened still more, and his color deepened.

Mr. Dollaway gave him a benevolent dig in the ribs. "I wanted to be sure," said Mr. Dollaway, "that I wanted you for a son-in-law."

Mr. Markham became very, very red indeed. He seemed to have trouble with his articulation. His throat seemed dry, but his brow wasn't. "But—but ——" he stammered. "I'm terribly sorry, sir, but—you see, sir, the fact is I'm engaged to a girl from East Orange, and we're to be married in September."

"What?" Mr. Dollaway's mouth opened to emit the word, and stayed open.

"Why, yes, sir. We've been engaged a year. I'm terribly fond of Dolly. But—well, we never were in love with each other. You see, sir, the fact is ——"

"What is the fact?" Mr. Dollaway managed to say.

"Well, Dolly is in love with Muddy Waters, and I shouldn't be at all surprised if ——"

Mr. Markham broke off and looked extremely miserable. "What shouldn't you be surprised at?" asked Mr. Dollaway sternly.

"Oh, Muddy is a splendid fellow. Good as they make them. Worth a couple of me."

"What shouldn't you be surprised at?" persisted Mr. Dollaway.

"Well, I shouldn't be surprised," said Mr. Markham, gathering himself together, "if by the time you got back to Greenwich. Dolly and Muddy had eloped and got themselves married."

When Frederic James Dollaway did get back to Idlehours he found that Mr. Markham, in addition to his other sterling qualities, was also endowed with the gift of prophecy.

INTERLUDE

(Continued from Page 9)

"Once," went on the spinster, sighing, "when I expected some friends over from Biarritz to dinner—quite important people, dearest; our new ambassador in fact—I did ask Margitte to make herself as smart as possible; and she assisted at the dinner table, if you can believe me, dressed as if for a costume ball—in a tall red hood, a stiff white shawl embroidered in the most violent colors, and a crimson apron. Fancy! It was most disconcerting, but I did not like to ask her to change."

"Probably the ceremonial dress of her village. She was paying your guests a compliment," remarked Emily, with some interest. "The ambassador should have been pleased."

"The ambassador," replied Miss Dibbs, "is a very well-bred person. He noticed absolutely nothing, even when she asked me in a perfectly audible whisper whether His Excellency had trouble with his liver that he could not enjoy her good viands. However, she's not a bad cook, and she keeps everything so tidy you really never can find anything you want; and she's very obliging in the garden, too, which is better than having to have a Man around."

Miss Dibbs always spoke of Man either in capitals or italics. She regarded the sex as interesting, but rather dangerous in a household; like making a family pet of an orang-utan or training a kangaroo to pull the governess cart. From her point of view, a bearded *femme de ménage* made a preferable substitute.

Emily found Miss Dibbs' little circle, which began to frequent her studio with some assiduity, sympathetic rather than stimulating. It consisted largely of expatriated English and Americans—widows, semi-detached wives, and maiden ladies of uncertain age and certain income, who found the rate of exchange and the climate favorable, and who managed to lead at long distance a life as much like that of their native Sussex, Connecticut or Illinois as possible. One patriotic hostess made a cult of entertaining guests at Sunday breakfast upon buckwheat cakes and corn bread, as translated by a Spanish chef out of a Virginia cookbook.

"Of course it's rather nasty—the food, I mean," regretted Miss Dibbs, fortifying herself for the ordeal with tablets of soda; "but one appreciates the patriotic sentiment, doesn't one? I myself always like to serve a cold shape for dessert, with whatever other sweet there happens to be, as one does at home—blancmange, you know, or a Bavarian cream of sorts."

"Or tinned fruits embalmed in gelatin," murmured Emily reminiscently. "I dare say Queen Mary herself always has a cold shape for dessert."

"Oh, I am sure of it," replied Miss Dibbs. "The Queen would naturally employ only English cooks in her kitchen; though I am afraid the young Prince prefers the French cuisine, like his poor dear grandpapa."

There were in Miss Dibbs' circle a few gentlemen of a type described by Emily irreverently to herself as cold shapes—superannuated clergy, two or three painters and musicians of a strictly conservative tendency, and several of those retired American business men to be found wandering dejectedly about the resorts of Europe, wondering what to do with themselves next. These made Emily welcome with a distinct brightening of the eye, and were most kind to her, despite a vague memory of some scandal lurking in the background. What was it? Her picture in the rotogravure sections from home? A jilting of some sort? An elopement? Surely nothing really improper, at her age, and with such a delicate, fragile bloom of beauty! It is always difficult to connect a complexion like Emily's with anything really improper.

"I thought it best to tell them about the recent tragic loss of your—your betrothed"—even Miss Dibbs' stoical modernity balked at the bald word "lover"—"and I assure you they quite, quite feel for you, dearest."

In return, Emily was very sweet to them, and allowed herself to be taught mah-jongg by almost everybody. She was aware that there must be other circles even among the expatriates more exhilarating than that of Miss Dibbs; people of the sort with whom she had been wont to *faire la noce* elsewhere, and who would have accepted her, as people usually did accept Emily, at face value. L'Arin Sporting Club, the Société Nautique—these were names not unknown to her; there was undoubtedly a British Club, with all that the title suggests of tennis and polo, yachting and golf and dancing and high play, seasoned by the spice of more or less innocent flirtation with one another's mates; for the unmarried in such circles are rare.

But Emily for the moment could not have risen to these high levels. She found herself oddly grateful to her friend Wally for giving her reason to mourn—his final service to her.

She was often tempted to blurt out the truth about herself, to make somebody understand the thing which had happened to her, so much more difficult to bear than death. If Esteban had merely died, loving her, she would still have him, as she had Wally—always, irrevocably. She could manage to go on alone, as she had gone before, with head held high and a heart which, being no longer of any use to her, was free to be of service perhaps to others. But to have lost Esteban, living ——

Even the spinster's anxious, noncomprehending sympathy might have eased the pain of it a little; put into words, the thing might have seemed less unbearable. But the poor lady had fronted enough when she came to her friend after Wally's death, asking no questions. To turn from the altar and a wealthy waiting baronet, for the purpose of eloping with a perfectly ineligible young man because he had no lungs, was incomprehensible enough; if Miss Dibbs were now asked to believe that there had been all the time a third man in the background—a third and only man—mere loyalty might be unable to withstand the strain. Emily could not afford to risk Miss Dibbs.

Deeper and deeper, therefore, she sank into the odd, amiable apathy which had begun, not with Wally's death, but with the realization that Esteban was not coming back to her; that he had left her, not in a moment of sharp disappointment, but because he found her finally and definitely not good enough. At first the sense of bitter defeat had stimulated, roused her pride, stirred what her father used facetiously to call—not without reason—the fighting spirit of a Weldon. She had gone down struggling, as a good swimmer will, clutching at this or that, at Sir Harry, Wally, anything to keep herself above water.

Later, by some sound instinct, she had managed to turn her mortal hurt into Wally's good. There was nothing, she reflected—being Emily—which made sacrifice so easy as having nothing in particular to sacrifice.

But now that there was no longer even the need of sacrifice, why struggle? As once before in the Bay of Biscay, she began to wonder what would happen if she quietly ceased to swim.

Sometimes she envied the mourners in the old Basque churches; women who knelt, wailing and beating their breasts, upon black praying rugs appliquéd in white tears and crosses, muttering over the chaplets—those prayer rings of gold or silver used as rosaries. Once she had encountered a funeral cortège in the early morning—strange black-cowled figures wearing those mourning cloaks which are heirlooms in old Basque families, with falls of lace over their faces; carrying into a Christian church the votive offerings of wax and bread, in

(Continued on Page 121)

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(Continued from Page 118

order that the soul on its last journey should not lack for food and light. She came to understand the age-long wisdom of such panoplies; grief that must hide itself under a smiling surface goes deeper than grief which may wail and pray and take help from its neighbors.

Emily had never learned to weep; and as for prayer, she would have felt her amateur efforts rather an intrusion upon the time of a God who was doubtless busy with the affairs of her betters. But she liked to sit in a church sometimes where there were other mourning women and pretend that she was wailing and praying with the rest.

People who saw her at this time were curiously kind to her—even strangers. Old men and women whom she passed sometimes gave her the gentle Basque greeting, "God bless your parents"; and if she went to the jetty at five o'clock with all the native population to see the fishing boats come in, there was usually someone to engage her in friendly conversation—mademoiselle was of another province, perhaps? What, she was *Américaine? Pas possible*—speaking like one of them, even speaking the *Euskara!* But mademoiselle had, perhaps, a man with the boats herself? They looked sorry and fell silent when she shook her head without answering. They, too, had lost men with the boats.

It was a life which existed utterly apart from that of Miss Dibbs and her friends, or of the gayer folk who came and went with the English season. Having touched upon it once, Emily was never unaware of it thereafter, as others seemed to be. She knew what rejoicing there was on the jetty when the catch was good—the catch of sardines which had come to take the place of those mighty whales hunted by the forbears of these fishermen so hardily in the Bay of Biscay, sighted from the Celtic round towers which still stand along the coast, the spoils divided afterward equally among all the men whose harpoons were found in the leviathan's body. What a descent, from whales to sardines, to humble anchovies! Yet the sardine was, after all, a godsend in these days of St.-Jean's decline—almost as much of a godsend as the foreigner—not only to the fishermen but to their wives and children, who found employment in the factories for making sardine scales into imitation of tortoise shell and mother-of-pearl for the foreign trade.

Emily came to be on nodding terms with many quiet folk who lived in the old houses along the Rue Sopite or the Rue St.-Jacques, with their high vine-hung balconies and oddly slanted roofs; rather a triumph for her, as Basques of the upper classes are even more difficult of acquaintance than the humbler people, and regard with an eye of natural suspicion those foreigners who come to exploit their ancestral city, even to their own great profit.

She loved to take long drives about the shore country alone with Anatole, who knew when to talk and when to be silent, as the good Amelia did not always; enjoying the sheer color of it all—golden pumpkins, strings of red pepper and silver garlic drying against the walls of the houses, orange berries of the sorb trees, sheets of yellow samphire stretching down to the edge of a deep-blue water; and everywhere the delicate feathery bracken being gathered for the winter stables, carried to the barns piled high behind white slow-moving oxen. In a land visited by winds from Africa, November often blooms like May, as if any season of birth must needs be beautiful, whether it be birth of winter or of summer.

They lingered on the bridge over the Bidassoa into Spain sometimes, watching the boys fish for *pâtaches* with pointed sticks. Whenever there was a festival in a near-by village, Anatole had learned to inform himself, so that his lady might watch again the *farandole* or the *saut Basque*, light and whirling and oddly impersonal—more an athletic exercise than a dance. The only time he had heard her laugh aloud for weeks was over the efforts of a sturdy lad to climb the *mat de cocagne* at such a fair—the greased pole, from whose tip, as reward for the intrepid, hung a purse, a pair of fat ducks and a scarlet sash: and when the lad finally gave up the effort in chagrin, Emily had flung him her own purse, bidding Anatole drive hastily away before he could decline it. Fancy, she thought to herself with some pleasure, Emily Weldon being able to fling purses about like that!

Anatole's Provençal talent of intuition told him that his lady was, for some reason, deeply interested in the native life. It was he who kept her informed when there was to be especially good *pelota* at the *fronton* of Campos Berri, or of Ciboure, or of Ascain: some famous *cantara* to chant the score of tantos in rime, perhaps; or even De Cambo himself to play, amid affectionate shouts of "*Lindo*, pretty one!" or "Ah, ah, *mimule*—little monkey flower!"

"One has it," informed Anatole, "that this fellow De Cambo is professional world champion of the *pelota*, but that there is another who can beat him without the *chistera*, an amateur, one Esteban Urruty—mademoiselle recalls the name?—there, in our own village."

Yes, mademoiselle recalled the name. She smiled at her chauffeur rather dimly because he had called it "our own village."

There existed between herself and Wally's former servant, whom she had inherited, a delicate *nuance* of intimacy, a mutually respectful familiarity which expressed itself in manner rather than in words. "We know what we know!" said the protective back of Anatole's head as he drove, the proffered curve of his arm for her hand when she alighted, the significant touch of glove to cap visor. "Ah, yes, we share our memories, we two! But we keep them to ourselves, *n'est-ce pas?*"

It shamed her a little to have Anatole believe she mourned only for young Wallace, deeply as she missed her friend.

The bearded grenadier Margitte, in Miss Dibbs' kitchen, had also entered into the general conspiracy to cheer Emily, and spent much thought and time in the effort to tempt her failing appetite.

"But what would you?" she shrugged at Anatole, who knew where to make himself comfortable. "A woman's heart is not as that of a man, to be located in the *estomac—mais non!* There are times, for a woman, when to eat is not enough. Yet," she continued, frowning, "what have we here? *Alors*, it is a chagrin which deranges the appetite, rather than a sorrow! For the dead, one has tears, one has souvenirs of the most tragic—but one has not lovesickness! That is for the living. I tell you, I who speak!" Margitte had been crossed in love more than once; she knew the symptoms. "You assure me the lover of mademoiselle is veritably no more?"

"But perfectly," sighed Anatole; had not he himself assisted to lay the unfortunate Monsieur Wally in his grave? The dead do not walk!

"The dead, no. But love—that continues to walk!" muttered Margitte with a deep contralto sigh. "*Mais bien sûr!*"

Emily, quick to sense unspoken sympathy in those about her nowadays, made some effort to establish relations with the *femme de ménage*, using such phrases of the native tongue as she had acquired; but without success. The woman only muttered evasive replies, in French. Emily realized at last that Margitte did not understand her.

"Of what valley are you?" she asked in some curiosity; she had believed Euskara to be spoken throughout the Pyrenees.

"Me, I am of Bethmal, mademoiselle, in the region of the Ariége. There one has not the *langue brute Basque*. One speaks a tongue persons may comprehend. But," she added, "it is true that I am Basquaise by marriage. I have married myself with a Basque. And what is more," she added, with a withering glance at Anatole, obligingly polishing boots which were not his to polish, "I shall continue to marry myself with Basques. They know how to be faithful, those ones! It is they who keep the fowl

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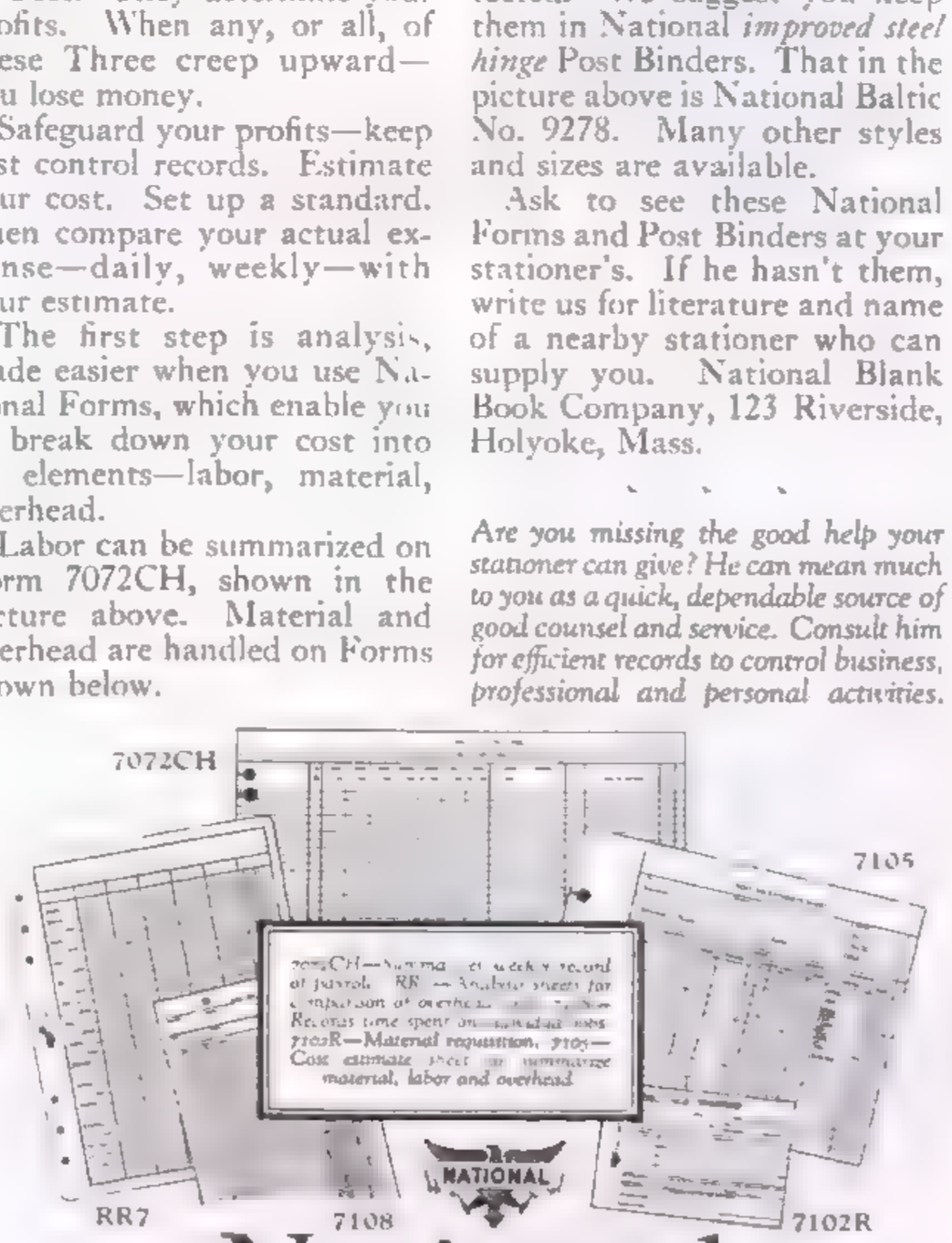

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in the pot, they who bring home the fish money before they repair to the *estaminet! À quoi bon vouloir descendre?"*

"One has asked you to so descend, perhaps?" murmured Anatole innocently from the background.

She ignored him. "Basques are, in effect, the only husbands," she continued with growing warmth. "But difficult to get—*ah, mais oui*, difficult to get."

"In fact almost impossible," murmured Emily under her breath, with her odd little grin; she wondered sometimes to what desperate straits she must be reduced before she ceased to grin at herself.

"Mademoiselle has said ——?"

"Merely that I agree with you, Margitte; Basques are the only husbands—but difficult to get," answered the girl, her voice unexpectedly breaking over it.

The Bethmalaise frowned after her thoughtfully. Then for no reason that was apparent she took the astonished Anatole by the ear and led him to the kitchen door. "Out with you!" she remarked in her deep booming bass. "March! *Va-t'en!* We have had enough here of a sex like yours. *Flaneurs! Blagueurs!* Derangers of a young woman's appetite!"

"I?" protested the injured Anatole. "I have deranged a young woman's appetite?" He seemed rather pleased with the idea, however. The door slammed in his face.

Miss Dibbs had suggested more than once, being of a kindly conscience, that Emily ought to go to see her former stepmother, living so near them at Biarritz, or at least to let her know of her presence in the neighborhood; and at length Emily yielded to persuasion. She told Anatole to drive them one day to Biarritz, which she had hitherto avoided. But as they came in sight of the shell-shaped cove of the Port Vieux, on whose beach she had first seen Esteban, and where now another boat was lying at anchor as the yacht Gathid had lain, she bade him sharply to turn again and go back. She gave as her excuse the dread of painful questioning.

They overtook, as they left the town, a figure on a bicycle which was vaguely familiar; not wearing the elaborate "sporting" dear to Frenchmen, nor yet the comfortable tweed plus-fours of the English, but dressed in a shabby blue sack coat, a flowing tie, *espadrilles* and the inevitable Basque *béret*. Anatole stopped the car abruptly, beaming over his shoulder at the ladies. He always enjoyed the company of his betters.

"Mademoiselle has observed? It is the literary gentleman from our village—Monsieur le Comte des Luynes—whose visits Monsieur Wally found of so elevating a nature."

Emily greeted with a certain eagerness this friend and neighbor of Esteban, who might without being asked give her news of him.

But Etcheverray proved singularly uncommunicative for one who was only half Basque. He was, he told them, on his way to his house, L'Ey Kahatcia.

"Not by wheel?" protested Emily. "Surely you don't intend to push a bicycle from peak to peak among the Pyrenees?"

"Why not?" He patted the saddle of it affectionately. "It has carried me far and well, this faithful Rosinante of mine, who eats less and tires less than other steeds. You unfortunate rich do not appreciate the humble pleasures of the poor."

He had been making a little holiday on the sea, he explained, with a friend who had a boat, and was now in haste to return to his hills again.

"We Pyreneans are amphibious, you know; when we are on the sea, our hearts rush to the hills; and when we are in the mountains, we yearn for the sea again. 'How happy could I be with either, were t'other dear charmer away'—as your English song goes." Etcheverray, like many of his people, spoke perfect English. He had intended, he added, to give himself the pleasure of calling on the ladies as he passed through St.-Jean-de-Luz, on his way to verify some data for his new book in a certain ancient *ilerri* beyond the town.

"You knew I was at St.-Jean-de-Luz?" asked Emily eagerly.

"But naturally, mademoiselle." He did not mention from what source.

Miss Dibbs' ears had pricked at mention of the *ilerri;* she had a sentimental leaning toward graveyards, especially ancient Basque ones.

"Do let us drive you there," she urged in a sudden flutter of hospitality. "The distance is nothing in a car—and stop with us for dinner afterward. I am sure it would be good for my young friend to see more of the gentlemen; and graveyards are always so delightful. The chauffeur can take your wheel up in front with him quite easily; can't you, Anatole?"

"I shall regard it, M'sieu le Comte, as an honor," sonorously replied Anatole, who had his Provençal reverence for all things literary, even bicycles.

The savant accepted without demur, and presently succeeded in making the graveyard more interesting than Emily had known graveyards could be. The discoid stones found in so many of the ancient *ilerri*, he explained to them, were lineal descendants of the round bucklers placed by Assyrians on the tombs of their warriors. "These also are placed only over the graves of fighting men, though it would be difficult to find any Basques who have not at one time or another been fighting men."

"Do you mean to tell us," asked Miss Dibbs with a little shiver of pleasure, "that your people are descended from the Assyrians—those Assyrians who 'came down like the wolf on the fold'?"

"Unless," assented the count, smiling, "they were descended from us. We have come down ourselves, I fear, on too many folds. My people are not a foundling race, as someone has said, left on the doorstone of Europe. We are Europe," he added simply. "But many races in passing have left their souvenirs."

He pointed out other symbols as ancient as the Assyrian buckler—the tomoyé of Japan, the swastika of India, the serpent, the tree of life; and everywhere that most ancient worship of all, the sun symbol. These were carved on tabular monuments of limestone as enduring as the hills from which they came. Others, more ancient-looking, of rough red sandstone, were in reality quite modern, he told them, being only of the eighth century, whereas the elaborate tall crosses with rounded arms carved in chalices and seven-branch candlesticks, were quite a mushroom growth, dating from only the seventeenth.

"The century in which my country was first settled," commented Emily dryly; and Miss Dibbs sighed in sympathy. "What an upstart it makes one feel! And I have always been rather bucked by the idea of having an ancestor who fought in the Battle of Hastings."

"There are more desirable things than age," commented the count politely, "in either men or nations."

He called their attention to a stone in the floor of the deep church porch, over one of those tombs which are always sold with the houses of the family they belong to. The owner, one Esponda by name, was "given the possession of this tomb in order that he and his may have the enjoyment thereof forever."

"And yet," remarked Etcheverray gravely, "one wonders whether Esponda entirely enjoys his privilege, now that he has it."

Miss Dibbs saw the point of this comment on the way home and laughed immoderately. "He meant, don't you see," she explained to Emily, "that it is better for a man or a nation to be not quite so old and to be still alive. Clever—oh, very clever! Your friend is quite a humorist, isn't he?"

Both ladies were somewhat astonished by the welcome accorded their guest by the *femme de ménage*, Margitte, when she opened the door to them. There was a sudden fusillade of exclamations, greetings, questions; when he held out his hand to her, laughing, she seized it in both her own and would have kissed it had he not forbidden her sharply. She ran for a brush and began dusting his coat with passion, meanwhile keeping up a steady stream of exclamations and questions; nor would she be quieted until Etcheverray promised to make a visit to her kitchen immediately after dinner.

"You seem," remarked Emily, "to know our maid of all work."

He explained that she had married a man of their village. "I had occasion to make them a little wedding gift. You know how these peasants would rather own the deed to a hillside onion patch than to a mansion in heaven."

"So you are responsible for Margitte's 'land in the sun'?" she asked in some surprise, noting their guest's shabby coat and remembering the condition of his half-ruined castle in the hills, L'Ey Kahatcia.

"We always give our people a bit of property when they marry." He added with a smile, perhaps sensing her thought: "Land being the only thing of which the Etcheverray still have more than they require."

He was as good as his word, and reminded Emily to take him later to Margitte's kitchen, whose red tiles were still wet from the extra scrubbing they had just received; a pleasant room, with its dresser of shining pewter, its red-checked curtains, its chromos of the saints in bright gilt frames. Emily preferred it herself to any other room chez Dibbs, even the much-vaunted studio. But she wondered a little at the length of the count's visit there. From the salon above, the two could be heard chatting along steadily, often both at once, in a dialect which was unfamiliar to both ladies.

"What language were you speaking with Margitte?" Emily could not resist asking later. "Not Basque, and certainly not French?"

He explained that it was the Catalan. "Almost every valley with us has a different dialect; certainly every province. There are even, as you may know, different varieties of the Euskara, so that the spelling and the sound frequently confuse. But *au fond* it is all the same root language, the Euskara; all 'clearly speaking,' as the name has it; not blurred and rough like the Catalan, or full of elisions and words of several meanings like the French; nor yet drawling and overpretty like the Provençal, the *Langue d'Oc*. The name 'clearly speaking' very well describes our tongue."

"And your people," said Emily thoughtfully. Nothing drawling or confused or overpretty about them!

The count gave her a nod of appreciation.

"If 'clearly speaking' describes us, mademoiselle, the phrase to describe you should be 'clearly thinking.'"

The girl sighed. "Yes, that is true. I cannot help thinking clearly—too clearly, Etcheverray. But that doesn't mean that I act very clearly; on the contrary."

"In which case," suggested the other lightly, "it would be well to marry—when you marry again—a man who acts clearly. The combination should be valuable."

Like Esteban, she thought with a pang; there was a man who acted clearly—saw what he wanted and took it, saw what he did not want and cast it aside.

Aloud she said, on an impulse which had moved her once before, "I was never married, Etcheverray. I allowed you there in the village to think so, because ——"

He stopped her with a quick gesture. "But I understand." Unexpectedly he bent over her hand and kissed it. "We all understand," he added with gentle significance; "and permit me to say that we honor you, mademoiselle."

That was the only reference he made to the Urruty family. She let him go without asking any of the questions she had on her lips. What was the use of questions?

From the period of the count's visit, Margitte became a changed woman. She ceased to mutter and frown and stand with arms akimbo while meals were served, daring her ladies not to enjoy her good viands, and became affable, mysterious, given to laying a finger against the nose and looking artful.

"What can have come over her?" Miss Dibbs asked nervously of Emily. "She is positively genial. Do you suppose it can be an illness coming on? Or another sailor? The poor woman is constantly becoming betrothed to sailors and getting deserted by them; it is most disconcerting. But this time she has quite an air of triumph; have you noticed? You do not suppose it could be Anatole?"

"Dear me, I hope not!" murmured his mistress. "Anatole is a shocking flirt. I must speak to him."

But Anatole denied the imputation with some heat. "I, of my experience? Mademoiselle regards me as one to seek my little adventure among persons with such a deportment of the savage? Ah, no; one makes oneself agreeable, *n'est-ce pas?* One polishes a boot here and there, one assists to prepare the legumes; but these things do not compromise. *Soyez tranquille*, mademoiselle. There shall be only such little attentions as improve the general tenor of the cuisine."

The change in Margitte was simultaneous with the appearance of the first floral offering on Miss Dibbs' doorstep, addressed in flowing purple ink to *La Mademoiselle Américaine*—a stiff little bouquet in a paper holder, followed in rapid succession by other bouquets, by fruits, by flat baskets of fish, even of prawns, that delicacy so dear to the southern coast, a small crustacean with a curiously flower-like odor. Once it was a singing bird in a cage of twisted osier, such as sailors make; once a sash of blue ribbon, such a fairing as peasant lovers bring home to their sweethearts from a fête. To open the door each morning became an adventure shared by all the household. With each gift, the manner of the *femme de ménage* grew more mysterious and proprietary.

"One would fancy," said her mistress, much intrigued, "that all these gifts were intended for herself! Do you suppose Margitte knows something about the anonymous donor? Had I not better question her?"

"By no means," said Emily hastily. "The donor will probably cease to be anonymous soon enough." Though these naïve attentions touched and amused her as she had not been amused for weeks, she preferred to regard them as coming abstractly from Esteban's people—some susceptible young sailor who had seen her at the jetty, perhaps; some sentimental fisherman with a taste for blondes.

Miss Dibbs herself secretly and hopefully suspected the Comte des Luynes, whose admiration of the girl was evident.

A trifle staid, perhaps, for her reckless youth, and rather too literary in his appearance—there had been a fringed suggestion to the edges of his cuffs. Still, a title is a title, even on the Continent.

Her curiosity could not long support the strain. Emily overheard her consulting the oracle of the kitchen; any conversation in which Margitte took part was easy to overhear.

"Is it a Basque custom—all these gifts coming to Miss Weldon with no name attached? So unusual! Do you know what it means?"

The woman's robust laughter shook the walls.

"Do I know what it means? Ah, *Dieu*, does a babe at the breast not know what it means? But a lover, mademoiselle—what else? A fine new lover for *la pauvrette;* so that she will begin to rouge the lips and *friser* the hair and take the proper interest in an omelet again."

"You forget yourself, Margitte!" said the lady, shocked but pleased. "Miss Weldon would certainly not be interested in—in admirers at such a time. Her heart, as you know, is in the grave."

(Continued on Page 127)

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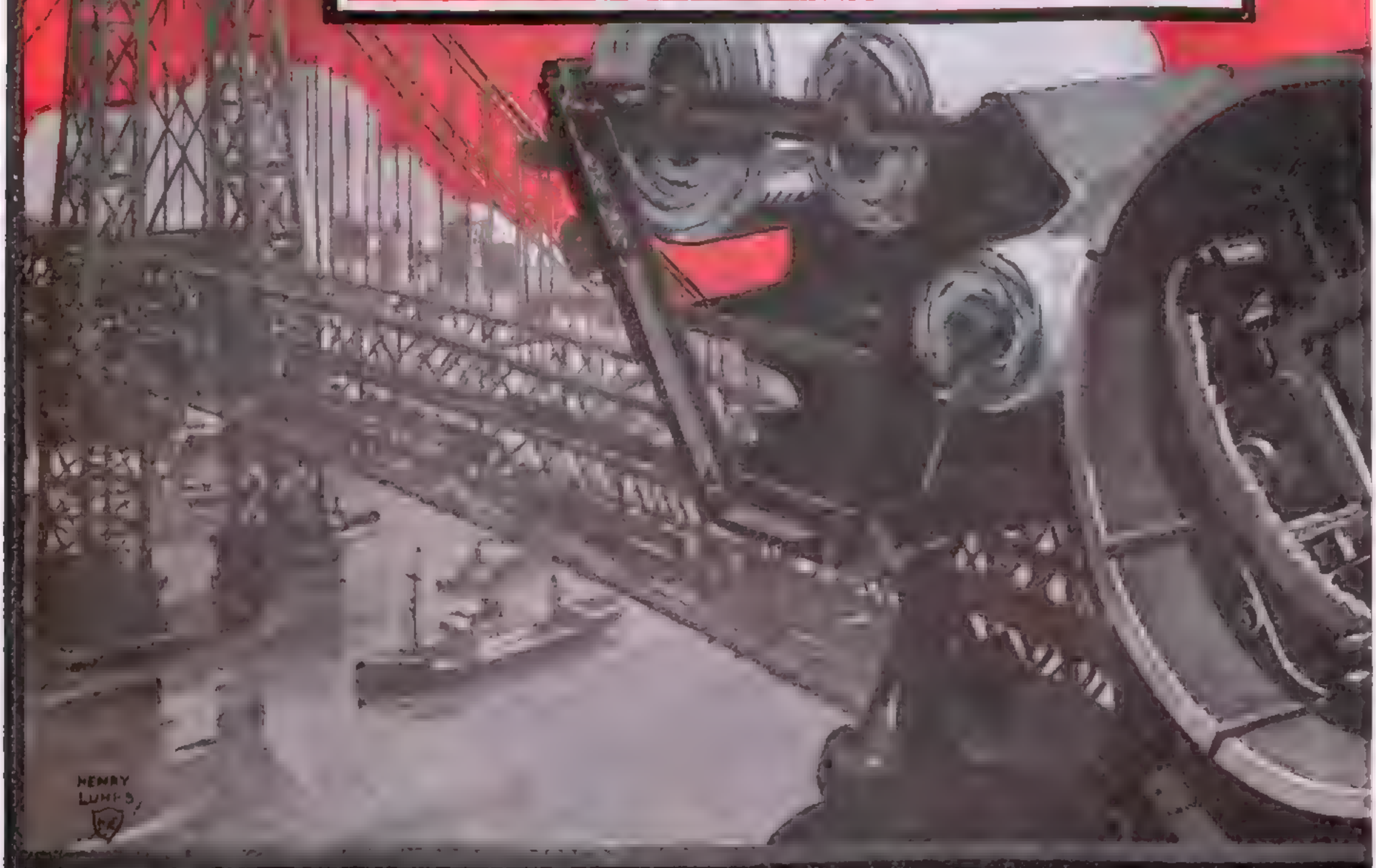

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(Continued from Page 122)

"*Enfin*," cried the other in high good humor, "it must come out again, *tout de suite!* For me, I think it is already out, else why does she receive the gifts of courtship, mademoiselle? Why does she place so carefully the flowers in water? Why does she eat with appetite the little fishes? Why does she hang the bird in her window for all the world to see? *Hein?* I ask myself. Ah, ah," she cried, smacking her lips with unction, "there is nothing so consoling to a heart in the grave as a good sound kiss upon the mouth!"

Her mistress fled the kitchen in dismay. "Really," she murmured to Emily, "Margitte has, I fear, a very coarse nature. And I am afraid we have made a mistake, my dear, in receiving these anonymous presents. We should have let them lie upon the doorstep, even if they spoiled there and smelled unpleasantly."

Emily, however, had come to her own conclusions about the anonymous presents, she having caught Margitte, unnoted, in the act of patronizing the public letter writer in the *place*, who was inscribing certain pasteboards elaborately in purple swirls and curlicues of ink.

"The good soul is trying to rouse my interest in life again by putting these surprises on the doorstep herself," she thought; and valued the offerings none the less for that. Men, she reflected, were easy enough to attract, being predisposed in one's favor by habit, the cosmic urge, and other useful dispensations of Providence; but to win the affection of other women, especially of serving women—that was a feat of which the girl was newly and justly proud.

She was unprepared, however, for the *basauflûte*. No woman of that country plays a *basauflûte;* its use is sacred to men and fête days and the courting season.

It came as the two ladies sat reading together, from the depths of the dark garden, where a high tide lapped its soft whisper on the sands: a low, windy breath of music, hardly more than a whisper itself, at the first note of which Emily sat suddenly erect, listening. Miss Dibbs listened, too, as she turned the pages of her book, sighing—she hardly knew why. Another of Margitte's followers, she supposed; she would never again employ widows of property in her kitchen.

The music died and did not reappear; and Miss Dibbs, looking up presently in some relief, realized that she was alone. Emily had gone. She ran to the window, and saw the girl descending the steps into the dark garden, slowly, surely, like a sleepwalker, the delicate lace scarf she wore trailing behind her in the dust.

This, thought Miss Dibbs in annoyance, is really indiscreet! She will take cold on the damp ground. It feels like summer, but it isn't summer; and suppose there really is a Man about. She opened her lips to utter a warning, and paused, paralyzed. There was a Man! She saw a stalwart masculine figure distinctly outlined against the silvery water of the bay. She noted also a large white yacht moored just beyond, quite close in. But yachts meant nothing to Amelia Dibbs just then. Her horrified gaze returned to the intruder, toward whom Emily continued to move, falteringly, at last with a little run. Was the girl crazed? Miss Dibbs clapped her hands to her lips with a small scream. The two figures had met; they appeared to be merging into one figure!

Being a woman of strictest honor, the spinster turned at this point and fled into her room, where she sat down on the edge of her bed and breathed hard.

Below, in the garden, it was very still. Emily, leaning back in Esteban's arms, only gazed at him—gazed and gazed, as if his eyes were some far horizon to which her soul had taken wing. He waited; he dared not rouse her too suddenly from this pale trance; only the grip of his arms grew close and stronger, and the arms trembled.

Minutes passed. Suddenly out of the laurel bush beside them spoke an urgent whisper: "*Mais, dépêches-vous donc,* M'sieu 'Steban! Kiss her and be done with it! Is one to wait forever?"

It was not Daphne whose voice spoke from the laurel bush, but the *femme de ménage*, intent on bringing affairs to a suitable conclusion.

The details of her wedding remained always rather vague to Emily. She was none too sure, indeed, that she had been properly married; although it seemed probable, in view of Miss Dibbs' marked leaning toward the proprieties. Margitte, too, enlisted in the service of a *chenhango*—that family friend who in Basque communities arranges all details of birth, death and marriage—had full regard for the proprieties, as practiced, at least, in the valley of Bethmal. She had undertaken, at the request of her former employer and benefactor, the Comte des Luynes, to assist a family neighbor with the details of a suitable courtship; men, in these affairs, being proverbially helpless. It was she who had proposed to the two gentlemen the idea of the anonymous gifts as a sort of experimental advance; she who had notified Esteban, hovering in the background, when she considered the moment propitious. Suppose he had arrived, in his hot young foolishness, at a time when mademoiselle still considered it necessary for her heart to remain in the grave what misfortune!

Miss Dibbs, once the first shock of it was over, became an eager if somewhat anxious ally. "I always feel," she sighed to her *femme de ménage*, "that once two young people have quite made up their minds, the sooner they get it all over with, the better for everybody. Otherwise everyone loses so much sleep."

"*N'est-ce pas?*" agreed the Bethmalaise, chuckling deeply.

Miss Dibbs had already lost rather more sleep than, at her age, she could afford. On that first amazing evening, when she had summoned up sufficient temerity to brave the terrors of the dark garden in the defense of her young, she had been greeted by the lovers' quiet announcement that they never intended to be separated again so long as they both should live.

"We can't be," said Emily very simply. "Esteban has come to take me away with him tonight."

"But," gasped the spinster, "it is after midnight! Even if this gentleman is not the entire stranger to you that he is to me, how could you get married at such an hour, without a license, or a ring, or anything of the sort?"

They did not answer; they did not appear to be listening. They were gazing at each other as if no one else were present; and Miss Dibbs felt, nervously, that at any moment they might merge again.

She compromised with Esteban at last on a purely sporting basis, he guaranteeing himself not to elope with her charge, nor to abduct her, nor to do anything rash until the customary formalities were complied with, on condition that she for her part made no effort to separate them, at any time, for any reason whatsoever.

"I have a fear, *chère mademoiselle*," confessed Esteban disarmingly, "to let this Emily out of my sight again lest she disappear from me. You know how that is?"

Miss Dibbs, in a flutter of sympathy, knew how it was, indeed—the girl had sudden ways. But what to do? Theirs, she explained, was a household of women. She, a spinster, could hardly ask a gentleman to stop under the same roof with them—especially under the romantic circumstances. It would be most improper! Besides, she added as an afterthought, her only guest room was already occupied by Emily.

"I beg of you not to discommode yourself, mademoiselle," urged Esteban courteously. "The night is fine. We shall be quite comfortable here in the garden."

"We!" gasped Miss Dibbs. Surely they did not expect to spend the rest of the night together in the garden! What would people say?

"What people?" dreamily asked Emily.

The agitated lady had a sudden saving thought of her studio, which was of—and yet certainly not in—the house. To what more suitable purpose could artistic informality be put? There was a wide window seat, she explained, quite nicely padded, from which, if he wished, the anxious lover could keep one eye upon Emily's window while he slept, as it were, with the other.

Toward dawn, therefore, the uninvited guest retired to the studio window seat, while Miss Dibbs led Emily firmly to her bed—a strangely gentle Emily, star-eyed and very still, free for once of her little mocking smile, and with such an aureole of loveliness about her that the spinster found herself quite awed, as in the presence of something holy. But Miss Dibbs herself made no effort to sleep during what little remained of the night, nor even to undress. At intervals from the studio sounded the faint disturbing whisper of a *basauflûte;* it seemed best to be prepared for anything.

Anatole, on the suggestion of Margitte, disappeared at sunrise, to return that evening—it was a record run—conveying as many of the Urruty household as his car would hold; rather more in fact. The big machine was top-heavy with hastily assembled luggage, hatboxes, hampers, valises; at the back was strapped a large cask of Jurançon, also a crate of fowls, and from each window peered out the face of an excited and wide-eyed little sister.

Esteban, laughing his pleasure aloud, kissed in turn on both cheeks Madame Urruty; his father Pedro; his stepmother Fancine; 'Nacio, still in shepherd's clothes, for he had been taken straight from the pastures; Etcheverray, their neighbor—rather proud of his performance; and last the three little girls, Bette carrying in both arms a large closed basket.

"What?" cried the bridegroom, lifting her, hamper and all, high in air in order to kiss her more conveniently. "Do you tell me I am to be married without the countenance and support of our friend Nagarro?"

"For a dog there was unfortunately no space," explained the capable Bette regretfully. "But regard, 'Steban, whom I have brought instead. The animals of our house will not feel slighted." She opened her basket to disclose the ruffled and indignant person of Gathid the cat, attired in a large white bow.

It was the matriarch who demanded the presence of Emily's stepmother at the impending nuptials. "While her morals, no doubt, leave something to be desired," she said, "that is not our affair. The poor woman has the misfortune to be a heretic. In any case it is her right, as a representative of the bride's family, to be present. See to this, my son."

Esteban obediently saw to it; and Suzanne appeared with good-natured promptitude, bearing no ill will—whatever the state of her morals, her manners were always amiable. She embraced her former charge emotionally.

"As you see, I am speechless—utterly speechless! A few more such shocks and I shall not answer for the consequences. Why did you not confide in me, my poor dear child? Surely I should have been of more assistance to you than an inexperienced old maid! Not that you needed much assistance, I must say! Practically three husbands in one year—Sir Harry, that tragic Wallace boy—how my heart ached for you; but really, my dear, what an escapade!—and now this. Oh, you sly puss, you sly puss! They say"—she lowered her voice to the proper pitch for maternal confidences—"that it is one of the really big fortunes of the country; and handsome enough to be a pauper, at that! You are so wise not to delay. And what," she finished, coming down to essentials, "have you planned to be married in, darling girl?"

Emily replied vaguely that she did not know—the priest's house, perhaps; or Miss Dibbs'; or possibly the church itself; Esteban would arrange.

Suzanne stared, incredulous. "I believe, on my soul, that you haven't given a thought to your first wedding dress!" she

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gasped, and went at once into a committee of the whole.

The result was a white, glimmering vision under a cloud of tulle, with a coronet of camellias—her own pale flower; so that Anatole, himself rather elegant in a white cockade and a camellia, was gratified by her appearance as she came out to the waiting car which had carried them through such varied adventures, moving still like one in a dream from which she did not care to wake.

"Ah, ah, if the poor Monsieur Wally could but have lived to see this day!" he was moved to murmur, to the embarrassment of Miss Dibbs, who felt that the reminder was untimely.

Emily came out of her dream long enough to smile at him through tears. "You think he would be glad, Anatole?"

"All who have loved mademoiselle must be glad this day," murmured the little Provençal, with sincerity.

She held out her hand to him as if he were not only a servant but a man, and Anatole bent over it as if he were not only a man but a gentleman. That sort of thing comes easily in Provence.

They drove by devious ways to the church, the hood considerately lowered for the benefit of the populace, the car itself a triumphal chariot decked lavishly in white ribbon and paper flowers. Emily was unprepared for quite so much publicity. She nodded and smiled automatically, however, in response to various pleased cheers, conscious only that Esteban was waiting at the church beyond, and that the waiting could not be long.

Nor was theirs the quiet little ceremony she had imagined—they two alone together exchanging their vows at God's altar in the presence of a few people whom they loved. Miss Dibbs had not been able to resist hinting to several friends of the romance about to blossom in their midst, funeral-baked meats so pleasantly furnishing forth a marriage table. The mah-jongg players were out in force, to say nothing of the growing crowds which had followed Anatole's little parade to the church and now filled it to overflowing.

A few details impressed themselves on Emily's dazed vision, to be appreciated later—the matriarch, a stately Goya portrait in voluminous black silk, a mantilla of priceless lace floating from her tall comb, fine emeralds flashing at throat and ears; the little sisters, pressed into service as bridesmaids, with veils and stiffly starched first-communion dresses, creaking up the aisle in the newness of patent-leather boots; their mother Fancine, an overstuffed pincushion done in pink satin; Pedro, entering the church with Esteban, his one arm thrown affectionately across the shoulders of his tall son as if he were still a little lad; and most striking figure of all, Margitte the Bethmalaise, in full ceremonial regalia—scarlet hood, upturned sabots, plaited crimson apron and all complete.

"For it is not often," she had remarked acridly to her mistress, "that one has nowadays the opportunity to wear a wedding costume, men being what they are!"

At the moment when the old priest mumbled the Latin which made them irrevocably man and wife, it was Margitte who produced from under her embroidered shoulder shawl a hen, decked suitably as for sacrifice, which she caused to cluck painfully at the top of its lungs during the rest of the ceremony, thus assuring all possible good fortune to the marrying pair.

Undoubtedly they could have never pulled it off without Margitte. It was she who led the pair ceremonially to her kitchen *armoire* to receive the traditional bread and wine of plenty; she who caused them to quaff the bitter brew together—a brew so bitter indeed that Emily choked over it—in order to increase the sweetness of their happiness by contrast. It was Margitte, also, who had caused long tables to be laid in the garden for an impromptu wedding feast. When Miss Dibbs—who did not know that there was to be a feast—diffidently suggested the drawing-room or the studio as affording greater privacy, the *femme de ménage* laughed aloud: "*Ah, mon Dieu*, and who wants privacy at a wedding?"

Whether they wanted it or not, they did not have it. Miss Dibbs gazed in bewilderment at the guests who began to arrive in increasing numbers to drink the health of the bridal pair. Could all these people have been invited? And by whom? She had spoken herself to a few English and American friends; but here were natives, too, natives of all sorts; her neighbors in the St.-Barbe quarter, the shop people, fishermen in their Sunday clothes, sailors from Ciboure, quite humble folk and other strangers who appeared to be gentle people—whoever passed in the street, indeed, turned into her garden as if he were expected there, and was made welcome by Esteban and his father and the stately, simple old woman in magnificent emeralds whom they called *madre*. Many who bowed before the bride ceremonially repeated a certain phrase which Miss Dibbs did not quite catch, fortunately, her ear remaining invulnerably English despite many years of residence abroad. These were wishing Emily a healthy and a productive future.

"Do not derange yourself, mademoiselle," reassured the *femme de ménage*, noting her mistress' growing dismay. "There will be enough for all. Never shall it be said that a woman from the Vallée Bethmal was caught by wedding guests with an empty larder!"

That it was Miss Dibbs' larder did not occur, apparently, to anyone; and indeed the various hampers and crates and casks brought down from the hills in Anatole's car were being put to equally good usage. Loaves and fishes abounded; wine of Jurançon and hydromel flowed more and more freely; champagne corks began to pop, thanks to the generosity of Suzanne's husband, who had contributed also from his hotel kitchens at Biarritz a magnificent cake, with a complete wedding party done in sugar on the top. To the spinster's confused mind, the wedding feast began to partake of the nature of a miracle.

A long table was set under the trees for the bridal pair and their more immediate friends; another at a discreet distance for the chosen companions of Anatole and Margitte, including certain sailormen from the yacht's boat, now beached at the foot of the garden path, waiting. From these presently arose a sort of chantey, in which the Basques at the wedding table joined with gusto, Madame Urruty with the rest.

Emily listened in astonishment. "Why, but they are singing one of our own college songs—singing it in Basque!" she exclaimed.

"As my people have been singing it for several hundreds of years, *gatchutcha*," murmured Esteban.

Other Americans caught the familiar air and joined in eagerly: "For he's a jolly good fellow!" they sang; while Anatole, head wagging, marking time with a fork for baton, shouted to the same tune a lusty:

"Malbrouck s'en va-t'en guerre—
Mironton, ironton, mirontaine!"

Emily slipped her hand into her husband's, aware of a foolish lump in her throat. "Just one great family, after all," she whispered—"the old and young of us together!" It happened to be the only family the girl could claim for her own.

What ice remained had been broken by the singing. Speeches began to be made, toasts and compliments in three languages; the rector of the English church—Miss Dibbs' rector—was to be seen, to her great relief, clinking glasses amicably with the gentle old Jesuit who had married Emily to young Urruty. Esteban himself was forced to make a speech his first. He rose, still firmly clasping his wife's hand, and said very boyishly and simply, "My friends, this is the hour for which I was born. And now you will please to go away!"

They accepted the hint amid shouts of laughter; but first the Anglo-Saxons, fired by a sudden determination to make this wedding as much as possible like home, raided the house for rice and slippers, under a pelting hail of which the bridal pair ran down the path to the beach. The sailors were before them; each sprang to his oar. Esteban seized his bride in his arms and strode out into the water to place her in the stern, tulle and satin floating recklessly behind them on the tide. Pedro pushed at the prow, Esteban leaped in beside Emily. They were off! Miss Dibbs congratulating herself with fervor that nothing embarrassing had occurred. With foreign weddings, one could never be sure.

Anatole, however, was saving himself for a climax. Stirred by the patriotic zeal of the Anglo-Saxons, he also had procured footgear; and as the boat pulled rapidly away under a final rain of missiles, he raised his arm for the dramatic *coup*. But he was no *pelota* player; his aim missed, his offering fell short of the boat and into the water, where it floated, only too visible to all. It was an infant's shoe.

The English blushed, the Americans giggled; a groan arose—a French groan. "*Il se perd! Il se perd!*" If it should sink—*ah, Dieu!* If it should fail of recovery and become permanently engulfed—what an augury!

But it did not sink. The sailors stopped rowing instantly. With patient inviting motions of the oars they urged it toward the boat. The little shoe continued to bob and dip innocently out to sea. "Ah, ah, if one had but Nagarro!" cried Bette despairingly.

It gave the idea. A sailor leaped into the sea himself, like a faithful dog, and returned with the omen safe between his teeth.

On shore, cheers mingled with tears; Suzanne, slightly flushed with wine, feeling that the moment had come to register maternal emotion. Anatole, also slightly flushed, flung an arm of triumph about Margitte and kissed her full upon the lips. It was, as he explained at once, purely impersonal, merely a tribute from all mankind to the sex which charms; and the resounding smack with which she countered was also quite impersonal—the *riposte* of the sex which charms for that which ever deceives.

It happened to be the episode Emily remembered most clearly out of her wedding; that and the sudden shout of the sailors as she and Esteban set foot at last, together, on the deck of the Gathid; a high, wild, ringing cry, echoing back from other boats in the Port des Pêcheurs, from the jetty, from all along the shore, dying away among the hills beyond. For the second time in her life she had received the Basque salute, the *irrazina*:

"Ahai-i-i-i! Heu! Heu! Urruty! Urruty! Ahai-i-i-i-i!"

Remembering, Emily raised her head and smiled up proudly at the ghostly war banners, the dim old portraits of persons strange to her and long since dead. Among them hung her own, now; she, too, was by way of becoming an ancestor to this house. Unafraid, she took her solitary candle and climbed the worn stone stairs to the room she would share tonight only with Esteban's children. She knew that out at sea her lover, alone like herself in their ship of dreams, would be remembering with her.

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MOTIVE POWER

(Continued from Page 27)

when Vogel must have told you of my having about a quarter of an hour's start, that you should have tried to overtake me on the trail, when it would have been so much easier to have sent the car to get me at the station or even telephone me there to come back."

The sheriff nodded approvingly. "Was it Mr. True you wanted to overtake?"

"No."

"Then it must have been the man that drove the car. More than that, you had reason to suspect that he knew the lay of the land; was quite to home here, in fact."

"Yes."

"Why were you so anxious to meet up with him after he had just treated you so rough?"

Mary Brown gave him a steady look, then shifted her gaze to look as evenly at Marcus. "I did that," she said, "because Vogel had told me that Mr. Orrin had just drawn up a new will. And if what I suspected was the truth, I wanted to do my best to help carry out the spirit and intention of that last will and testament."

She flung out her arms suddenly with a gesture of despair.

"Oh," she cried chokingly, "I wanted only to do what was right! He didn't know. He thought ——" She checked herself, pitched forward, covering her face with her hands.

"'He thought," said Marcus gently, "that his father was asleep."

V

THE sheriff and Marcus sat in thoughtful silence until Mary Brown's gust of emotion had ceased. Then the sheriff said gently:

"Pretty fond of him, ain't you?"

She looked up. "Yes."

Marcus looked dissatisfied. "There's quite a lot that doesn't hang together."

"There's quite a lot," said the sheriff, "we don't yet know."

"Why," Marcus asked, "should young Orrin have come back and sneaked into the house surreptitiously?"

"I pass," said the sheriff.

"Why should he have risked getting shot as a masked burglar?"

"Didn't want to be recognized."

"Why should he have hung round the premises, instead of clearing out when Miss Brown raised the alarm?"

"He wanted to see his father," said the sheriff slowly, "and he didn't know his father was dead. Or maybe he wanted to see somebody else. After locking Miss Brown in her room, he slipped down the stairs that were right handy and whipped in here and hid. Lots of handy places. Behind that fire screen or any one of these long heavy hangings at the sides of the doors and windows. He might," the sheriff continued meditatively, "be tucked up in one of them right now."

"Then you believe," said Marcus, "that this last man was Gregory Orrin?"

"No," said the sheriff, "I don't."

Marcus was considerably surprised, jarred, like a steeplechaser which, in its cross-country coursing, might pitch onto an old stone wall of New Hampshire granite, hidden under a mass of ivy.

"In spite of what Miss Brown admits that she suspects?"

"Partly because of it," said the sheriff. "I am right sorry to say that I am afraid Miss Brown is still holding out on us."

Marcus frowned and glanced at the girl. She was sitting straight in her chair, staring moodily at the mantel opposite. The sheriff's words did not seem to move her at all.

"What do you think, then?" Marcus asked.

"Haven't got that far. I can only tell you what I don't think, and why. Greg Orrin's general conduct was always headstrong, boy and man. But it ain't in him to murder his father and it ain't in him, even if he startled him to death, sticking his face in the door, masked that way, to turn tail and scuttle off and hide. Even if he'd thought that maybe his father had just fainted, he'd have known from the sounds that the worst had happened, and come out."

Mary Brown looked thoughtfully at the sheriff. "You know Gregory Orrin better than I supposed."

"I knew quite a lot about him up to the time he left college a couple of years ago, and most of it wasn't any too good. But it wasn't bad in this sort of way."

He fell silent again. Marcus asked, "Is he in love with you, Miss Brown?"

"He told me that he was." She hesitated. "He has asked me to marry him."

"Did Mr. Orrin know that?"

"No. I declined Gregory's offer. At least, I told him that he would first have to change his way of living. He would not agree to that."

"Why not?"

"For several reasons. Gregory Orrin doesn't realize it, I suppose, but he is absolutely selfish. What you might call a supreme egoist. He takes himself as a sort of prince. He's always had everything. Gone after what he wants, roughshod. He likes his freedom and doesn't see why, with his position and looks and attractive personality and money, he should have to stop throwing his money away with both hands and get down to some serious way of living. He is a natural-born gambler and spender, and he doesn't want to work."

"Never had to, so far," the sheriff said dryly.

"All the same," Marcus persisted, "you are pretty sure, Miss Brown, that this man was Gregory Orrin?"

"I was."

"Why?"

"For the reason you've considered: That the bloodhound made such a fuss when I drove in. I've had a lot to do with dogs and there was no mistaking the joyful noise this one was making. But since Vogel says that the car was one that the Orrins used here, that might explain it."

"But you must have seen him pretty well while he was driving," Marcus objected.

"I didn't, though. He had on an overcoat, with the high collar turned up, and didn't look round. Besides, I wasn't thinking about the driver, and I thought Gregory was with his polo team in Aiken."

"How did the man inside explain himself?"

"He merely said he was going on to a farm a little farther along the road. Country-station cars take as many passengers who happen to be going their way as they can carry."

"That's right," the sheriff agreed. "There's another little point or two. Did Vogel tell you that the will had been drawn, in the hearing of this driver?"

"Yes. Vogel heard the car drive up, and came out and opened the door for me. The first thing I asked was: 'Is the lawyer here?' Vogel said, 'He just left, miss. He wanted to walk to the station and I set him on the lane.' That upset me, because I thought that I must have been needed to do the typing. I said, 'Then his business with Mr. Orrin is finished,' and Vogel answered, 'Yes, you're too late, Miss Brown. The job's done and the lawyer's gone.'"

"Was the word 'will' spoken?" Marcus asked.

"No."

"Then," said the sheriff, "the first thing you thought of after learning that Mr. Orrin was dead, was that the man who had grabbed you must be somebody that suspected a will had been drawn and appeared to have some interest in it, and the only such person you could think of was young Orrin."

"Yes."

"And then you remembered about the dog and took out over the lane? You thought maybe you could overhaul Gregory Orrin?"

"Yes."

"But you didn't think he had any hand in his father's death? Even knew about it?"

"No."

"But you did think he might suspect that the lawyer had the will?"

"Yes."

"So what you really were after was to keep him from falling foul of Mr. True?"

"Yes."

"Then," said the sheriff, "you had reason to believe that Gregory had reason to suspect that his father had made a new will, cutting him out."

"Yes, I suspected that."

"Why?"

"Because Mr. Orrin had said to me not long before, 'If Gregory were married to a girl like you I'd feel safe about him.'"

The sheriff nodded. Marcus looked at him a little puzzled. "Don't you believe now that it was Gregory Orrin?" Marcus asked.

"Well, I'm a mite shaken. It's possible he was hiding somewhere—in the coat closet, maybe—and didn't hear all that was going on, or at least not enough to learn that his father was dead. Then he might have peeked out and seen you come in and get the rifle and slip the brief case into the drawer."

Marcus nodded.

"It looks to me as if Mr. Orrin had written to his son at least a week ago and told him what he planned to do; said that it was his wish that he marry Miss Brown, or perhaps assumed that such was Gregory's intention, and stated that he was going to make this change in his will. Then hearing of his father's accident and not knowing just how serious it might be, he hurried home."

The sheriff shook his head. "There's still a hole in it. Why should he have come this way, stealthy-like?"

"No. That doesn't check," Marcus admitted. "Besides, merely driving a car wouldn't account for the burned oil on his finger tips. Whoever grabbed Miss Brown had been handling the machinery or dirty tools just before. I think we'll have to say that Gregory Orrin is out of this."

"Yeah," said the sheriff, "our dam don't stand the strain. Don't even hold water."

"Then who?" Mary Brown demanded.

"The people here are out of it," Marcus said. "None of them knew what the new will contained, and even if they had, it couldn't affect them."

"Back where we started from," said the sheriff.

Marcus looked at Mary Brown. "You might as well go to bed. We shall have to know some more before we can start anything fresh. All we know now is that there was a masked man and that he gave you a pair of very sore shoulders."

"In other words," said Mary Brown, "that I'm let out of the suspicion of making it all up."

"Well, that's worth something," said the sheriff and smiled. "Looks to me like the doctor was right. This fellow stuck his head in Mr. Orrin's room and gave him a shock and his heart went back on him. Then the fellow locked you up and came down here and hid, and saw Mr. True come in and get the rifle and put his case in the drawer. Then when Mr. True went out, he forced the drawer and got the case and did his get-away. But why he was here at all, and what he was after, is something we don't know and have got to find out."

Mary Brown rose wearily. "I'll go up then," she said. "Good night."

She went out and up the stairs. The sheriff sat leaning back in his chair, fingers spread and their tips together in front of his face, which again reminded Marcus of that of an old hound, as it lifts its head from a baffling trail, striving to catch some random scent from the air.

"We'll have to talk to that garageman," Marcus said, "the one who came with Miss Brown."

"That'll be Sam Cummins," said the sheriff. "Not much of a fellow. The town scalawag. No great harm in him, at that. Gregory used to run round with him some when they were boys."

There came the noise of a car outside. "There's my wagon," said the sheriff. "Guess I might as well trot along back. I'll want to talk to Sam. Don't think we can call this a murder case, Mr. True. Not even housebreaking." He rose, then turned and asked the question that Marcus had expected:

"What about Miss Brown? She held out on us a mite at first. Think she's told us all she knows?"

"Yes, I think so. She wanted at first to shield Gregory."

"Believe she's in love with him?"

"I'm afraid so."

"And he playin' fast and loose?"

"Trying to do both, I should say."

"Well, he could do a heap worse than marry her."

"If he wouldn't before, he's not apt to now," Marcus said. "I'm the one that's fallen down in this business. I hadn't any right to let that document go out of my possession."

"Well, it was natural for a he man to arm himself and take out after the rascal," said the sheriff, "and in that case the will would seem to be safer where you put it. We may turn up something yet. You going to stay here another day?"

"I think I'd better."

The sheriff said good night and went out. Marcus sat thinking, and his thoughts were very bitter. His ill-advised action now looked as if it had cost this girl, whom he more and more admired, a very large fortune. But there was this about it: That the thief, whoever he might be, must quickly realize the value of the document and would be apt to offer it for a price, whether to Gregory Orrin or to Mary Brown.

There was nothing to do about this for the moment, so Marcus dismissed it from his mind for the problem of why a masked intruder should have been lurking in the house just at that moment, and with what possible motive. He dismissed the personnel there present. Vogel, McNeil, the chauffeur and Simpson had none of them any reason at all to suspect the character of the will, and, even if managing to eavesdrop, the subsequent procedure would not have got them anywhere so far as getting possession of it was concerned. He was presumably well on his way to the station when Mary Brown had been manhandled, and he had not been followed.

But this masked man was real; Mary Brown's bruised shoulders, her georgette blouse were evidence. Marcus' mind process fetched up short at the georgette blouse. His readings—nature and adventure stories that he was rather fond of perusing—halted his thought. He glanced at the blouse laid by the sheriff on the table and left there by Mary Brown. Marcus snatched it up eagerly. The marks on the left shoulder were blurred from Mary Brown's vain attempt to clean them off—an act so quickly discovered by the sheriff. But the smears on the right sleeve had not been touched. Marcus' eyes fastened on them reflectively. No, the most-gifted and best-trained bloodhound could not be expected to take a trail in scenting finger marks on a blouse that had just been worn. If following any, it would be that of Mary Brown. But the idea was worth something, if only in suggesting another.

The men, Marcus' theoretic knowledge of trailing told him, had gone about the business stupidly. They had taken the dog in leash from its kennels by the garage and, starting to circle the premises, had put it

(Continued on Page 135)

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almost immediately on the trail of the fox. This animal had circled the grounds, passing near the lane where Marcus had been. But the masked man would have gone in an opposite direction, passed by the upper end of the grounds, not following the road, of course, but going toward the road through the woods; but in what direction? It occurred, then, to Marcus that no fugitive of any sense could have listened to the baying of a hound without its occurring to him immediately that an attempt would be made to use the dog in his pursuit. He probably would not have expected this to be abandoned immediately, because the dog had been started on a wrong scent.

What, then, could be the procedure of practically any person anticipating that a bloodhound be laid on his trail? The answer was easy—to cross water. And there, down below, was the lake, a long and narrow one, out of and into which there flowed, probably, a stream. But to avail oneself of the lake a boat would be required, and there was the boathouse that must contain rowboats and canoes. Marcus had passed the fork in the lane leading down to it. He decided to investigate the boathouse. This time he did not bother to take the rifle, reasoning that nobody was going to remain on this side of the lake, and if a boat had been taken there would be no telling in what direction it had gone, whether up or down or across. Marcus wished merely to discover if this had been the line of retreat. He went out of the house and hurried back over the lane, turning down on the path to the boathouse. Here he discovered immediately that so far his reasoning had been exact. The door of the boathouse was open, whether forced or never locked; and there were signs of a boat or canoe having been dragged out and down to the water's edge. Probably a light rowboat, Marcus thought, because there was a canvas canoe with a pair of paddles in it against the wall.

His deduction, Marcus reflected bitterly, had come a little late. He and the sheriff should have first thought of this, and organized a pursuit with the bloodhound, instead of building up a worthless chain of evidence and the questionnaire of Mary Brown. Here was something tangible. Marcus stood for a moment thinking. He was now handicapped by a lack of all local knowledge of topography. There seemed nothing to gain by taking the canoe and paddling aimlessly around the lake. He decided to do this very thing, not because it promised anything as a quest but because the night was so lovely, the conditions such as he most enjoyed, and he did not believe that if he went back to the house and to bed he would be able to sleep. A moonlight paddle in that crystal air, close to the shore, would soothe his spirit, compose his mind.

He picked up the canoe by its amidships spreader and, to avoid any noise that might be heard in the house and lead to inquiry, carried it down a few paces and slid it gently into the water, then got aboard and picked up a paddle. He set out along the shore, heading toward the lower end. The water was high and he kept close to the bank; almost under the overhanging branches of trees on which the leaves were already well sprouted. All this part of the shore, he had been informed, belonged to the Orrin estate.

He had gone about half a mile when he saw just ahead, at the top of a low ledge that rose sheer from the water, what seemed to be a small cottage, bulking darkly in the shadow of the trees. Something gleamed close to the water's edge, and he discovered this to be the side of a canoe, the mate to his own, alongside a landing place of stone.

Marcus permitted his canoe to glide, steering close into the bank and keeping in its black shadow. An eddy of the faint air stirring brought the odor of wood smoke. Drawing closer, he discovered the building to be a pretty little structure, like a children's playhouse, built, he imagined, for the Orrin youngsters when they were small. Gliding silently close to the ledge on which it stood, he saw that it was a miniature log cabin, with a porch on the front and one side.

Not a light showed, but the smoke betrayed the fact that it was tenanted. There was not apt to be smoke from any other source. Then, as he glided up to the canoe moored there, he made a still more important discovery. Its side looked wet and glistening as if it had been heeled down when somebody stepped out of it not very long before, or else freshly painted.

Marcus wished then that he had brought the rifle. By luck, rather than definite plan, it looked as if he had stumbled on the masked intruder, and Marcus now believed that this must, indeed, be Gregory Orrin. Nobody else would be apt to follow this line of retreat and come here to the little cabin to pass the rest of the night and to plan subsequent movements. The cabin would furnish, also, the opportunity to examine the contents of the will

It occurred now to Marcus that he might be in for a tussle. Gregory, he reflected, might be a far worse egg than either Mary Brown or Sheriff Clark suspected. Possibly his father had been aware of this, and had thus been moved to make his change of will. Feeling his own physical condition to be far more precarious than the doctors had said, Mr. Orrin might have seen fit to make Mary Brown what he believed would virtually amount to being trustee of his son's fortune. He may have had reason to believe that the two were in love, but that it would require some such coercion to make Gregory marry the girl. It flashed across Marcus' mind that if Gregory were aware of his father's death, then his first act on reading the will would be to destroy it. There would be no object at all in keeping it. If, on the contrary, he did not know the truth, then he would regard the document as of no importance whatever, since its absence must be at once discovered and a new will promptly drawn.

Marcus was ill found for a clash with this athletic desperado of a millionaire's son. The odds were always with such, since the knowledge of his family's wealth leads to a disregard of the damage done his antagonist. Marcus had not even a pocket torch and, although himself athletic, doubted that he would be a match for Gregory Orrin, whom he knew for one of those trim but tremendously strong, wiry, concentrated masses of bone and muscle of the sort from which star athletes are made. Quarterback of his college team, shortstop, sprinter, holder of light and middle weight boxing belts, Gregory Orrin might yet have been taken, on the street, for a sturdy high-school boy, about five feet nine and weighing not over one hundred and fifty stripped. An ideal polo weight, he was one of those deceptive young fellows that sometimes make bigger men look as if stuffed with straw.

Bearing this in mind, Marcus proceeded with great caution. He managed to get out of the canoe without a sound and, the bright moonlight aiding him to step noiselessly, he stole to the foot of the wooden steps leading up onto the porch of the cabin.

This was built, Marcus perceived, out to the very rim of the ledge, which it overhung a little, so that there was from its rail a sheer drop of about ten feet, into fairly deep water. The fortunate young tenants of this toy cabin could sit on their front porch, catch perch and sunfish and swing them onto the kitchen table. All very fine, Marcus reflected, when such blessings were combined with discipline, or had a controlling agency that kept them from leading into the conviction that they were darlings of the gods, and abusing their favor as such. He now started cautiously up the wooden steps. A porch climber of experience would have trod where the planks were nailed, and let his weight down slowly. Marcus did not think of this, and the first plank creaked with a noise that, in the breathless hush brooding over the place, sounded like the drawing of a tight nail or fiddle bow. Marcus stopped short and listened. No sound came from within. He went on up, correcting his error by treading on the inner edge of the planks. Reaching the porch, he moved stealthily along against the front of the cabin.

He had just reached the closed door when he heard a stir within. Better to announce himself, Marcus decided and said briskly:

"Mr. Orrin. This is Mr. True, of the law firm of Parker, White & True."

There was not a sound. Marcus stepped in front of the door and rapped three times on it. He had scarcely done so when it was flung suddenly open. Before he could step aside or take any action of a defensive sort, a body cannoned against him, his two shoulders, or rather his upper arms near the shoulder, were seized in a pinching painful grip and he was thrust violently backward across the porch. With no time to catch his balance, the low rail took him just above the knees, when, with a final shove, the grip on his arms relaxed and Marcus did a clumsy back dive, landing in the cold water with a tremendous splash.

What with the shock of the attack, the fall and the icy plunge, Marcus was a good deal confused. He did not strike bottom, but rose floundering wildly, got his bearings and took a couple of strokes that brought him to the foot of the ledge. A figure was stepping into a canoe and, as Marcus looked around, shoved clear and shot out on the lake. Marcus found himself able to touch bottom, and stood up in a couple of feet of water. A low laugh reached him—a sort of gurgling laugh. Then a paddle flashed and the canoe headed for the lower end of the lake. Marcus floundered to his own canoe. He clambered into it with the intention to give chase, then discovered that the paddles had been removed. The other was by this time skimming rapidly away, aided by a fresh little breeze that had sprung out of the north.

Marcus did not call after the retreating figure. He was satisfied that the marauder was, indeed, Gregory Orrin. The size, the vigor of the onslaught, left no room for doubt. But Marcus was now convinced that Gregory Orrin was unaware of his father's death. Hard-boiled the young man might be, but Marcus did not believe that he would have carried on this prankish behavior had he known of his father's sudden decease.. Nor would he have laughed in that chuckling boyish way, that had sounded less like sneering than sheer amusement.

Marcus went back into the cabin. He found, then, that he had no matches; the moon was getting over the rising ground to the west and the toy camp was in the shadow of the young spring foliage. But the reflected light from the lake through the open door showed the contours of the interior and the center table on which lay a square object with a sheen. Marcus saw that it was his brief case. He next discovered that the will was inside it and that it had been examined, because, whereas Marcus had laid it in full length, the document was now doubled. This fact confirmed his belief that Gregory was in ignorance of his father's death, though it did not explain why he had seen fit to act in such a silly fashion. But in his relief at having recovered the will, Marcus did not bother about the rest. He took his brief case and went out, found a piece of dead branch that would serve as a paddle of sorts, and getting back into the canoe, worked along the shore to the boathouse, where he tied up to the jetty and went back to the house. Here his first act was to examine the will, which to his infinite relief had not been tampered with. He had brought a change of clothes, so he went to his room, rubbed down and dressed, hanging his wet things by the radiator. He tried, then, to call up the sheriff, but got no answer from the central station. Marcus did not greatly care. He had recovered the precious will undamaged, and that, after all, was the main thing. It rendered unimportant the vagaries of that pampered but now practically disinherited young man Gregory Orrin.

(Continued on Page 137)

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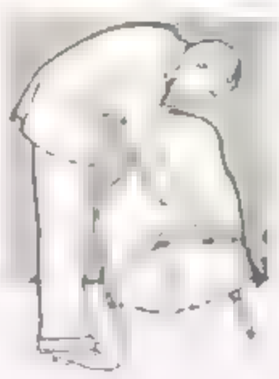

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(Continued from Page 135)

It was by this time three of the morning and Marcus decided he had better have a little sleep, having worked all the night before at a brief thrown on him by the sudden illness of the senior partner. Then, as he was about to get into bed, there came a soft rapping at his door. He switched on the lights and opened it to find Mary Brown standing there.

"I couldn't sleep," she told True, "and I heard you go into your room. I came to tell you that it wasn't Gregory Orrin who was here."

"How do you know?"

"Just after you and the sheriff went out he telephoned from Boston."

"Are you sure it was he?"

"Yes. For one thing, it was his voice and besides, he mentioned something nobody else would refer to. He was fearfully shocked to learn of his father's death. Of course, I had to tell him."

Marcus was hopelessly taken aback. "Come in," he said, and then as Mary Brown hesitated, "or come downstairs, if you'd rather."

Mary Brown went down. Marcus followed her, carrying his precious brief case, which he was now determined should not leave his person. As he entered the library she looked at him and gave a gasp of surprise.

"Where did you find it? Is the will ——"

"The will's inside."

Marcus told her briefly what had happened. She listened in amazement. "You're pretty keen, Mr. True."

"It was Gregory all right. He is a worse scoundrel than I thought. Hard as nails."

"But how could it be, when he telephoned from Boston?"

"How do you know it was Boston?"

"Why, he told me so. Besides, it sounded faint."

"He was calling you from the log cabin. It would have a telephone and lights."

"But if that were so he wouldn't have rushed off and left the will."

"He didn't think it worth while to destroy it. Look here."

Marcus drew out the will and spread it on the table. At the top of the first sheet were written and underscored the words: "Two copies."

Mary Brown looked puzzled. "But you told us this was the only copy."

"It is. That 'two copies' is instructions to the typist to make it in duplicate, which were then to be duly attested as true copies of the original. Once a document is properly drawn and signed and witnessed and affidavited, you can make as many copies as you like. He took it to mean that this was one of two copies."

Mary Brown looked unconvinced. "Vogel took the message and said that long distance was calling me."

"Gregory could have told him that. Held the mouthpiece at a little distance and put a high flat tone in his voice. I'd say he'd be the sort for such a monkey trick and to think of an alibi. Besides, I tried to call up the sheriff just now and there was nobody at the local central. The sheriff didn't think to give orders for somebody to stand by—I doubt whether they have an all-night service, except in the summer season."

"I can't believe it of Gregory," Mary Brown said slowly.

"He certainly did not know that his father was dead when he left this house," Marcus said, "and when he learned of it from you, he would see more than ever the necessity of proving an alibi. It would look too rotten for him. Just what did he say?"

"He called me by a nickname of his own, and said he'd learned at the bank that I'd come here. He had come up from Aiken, he said, because he was worried about his father, and asked how he was doing. When I told him of Mr. Orrin's death he seemed unable to speak. Entirely overcome."

"Did you tell him the rest?"

"No. Time enough for that, I thought. He said he would start right up here by car."

"Well, we'll see."

Mary Brown said slowly, "If you are right about him, Mr. True, I shan't accept this bequest."

Marcus raised his eyebrows. "That, of course, is your own affair, Miss Brown. Mr. Orrin's intention now seems clear enough. He believed that you were sincerely devoted to his son, loved him deeply. He believed also that Gregory loved you and that he would be pretty sure to marry you if he found his status changed to that of a young man obliged to work for his living, or at least the sort of living that he wants and to which he has always been accustomed. Briefly, Mr. Orrin believed that if you were married to his son and held the purse strings, you'd make a man of him, and failing that, Gregory was bound straight for the devil. So if you really want, as you said early in the evening, to carry out the spirit and intention of this will, then the way to do it is to marry Gregory."

Mary Brown looked at him intently. "If by any chance you should be right about this, Mr. True, would you advise me to marry Gregory?"

"I certainly should not."

"Then what would you advise?"

"To accept this bequest and let him work out his own salvation as best he might—no doubt as his father intended that he should in such a case."

Mary Brown was silent. Marcus said gently, "I think I'll modify that last advice, depending on one condition. Are you, in spite of everything, in love with Gregory Orrin?"

"Yes, I am," murmured Mary Brown.

"Then marry him anyhow," Marcus said, "and do the best you can with him."

He had scarcely spoken when the telephone rang. The pair stared at each other in surprise. Then Marcus got up and went to the instrument.

"Mr. True speaking."

"This is Sheriff Clark. Anything turned up there at the house?"

"Yes. I tried to call up a few minutes ago and got no answer."

"Operator must have stepped out for a spell. What's happened?"

"I've recovered the will, O. K. Not certain who took it. I'll tell you later."

"Well, that's fine. I haven't seen Sam Cummins yet, but I have an idea who 'twas rode with him and drove the car. Reckon we'd better talk about that later too."

"All right." Marcus felt, more than ever, sure about his conviction. "When will you be out?"

"After breakfast, I guess. No great hurry as things stand. I've called off my boys and I guess there's no need of any inquest—death from natural causes will stand. The doc talked to Mr. Orrin's specialist on the phone, and he didn't seem anyway surprised. Said his heart was right feeble and there might have been some damage to the spinal cord. Mr. Orrin complained of numbness in his feet."

"Were we pretty near right about the masked man?" Marcus asked.

"Pretty near," said the sheriff in his laconic way. "See you after breakfast then."

Marcus turned wearily to Mary Brown. "I'm afraid," he said, "that you've got ahead of you that hardest of all labors of love—the reformation of a hard egg."

VI

FOR once in his life Marcus True found himself in dread of the performance of his professional duties. He shirked the responsibility of saying what he wanted to say to Gregory Orrin, on the arrival of that ruthless, selfish and, as he had shown himself to be, cold-blooded young man. He figured out the approximate time Gregory might allow for his fictitious driving of a fast car from Boston, and decided to absent himself from the premises on his arrival. It occurred to him then that there was really no imperative reason for his remaining there at all.

He had been summoned to draw the new will and take it back to his office and have it duly copied and filed. Why not, therefore, confine his efforts to this duty and let the rest of them straighten out their complications the best they might! This inspiration struck him as he lay watching rays of a very lovely sunrise streaming in on him. Marcus had learned that there was a morning train for Boston at 6:10. He decided to take it. There were some rather pressing business matters requiring prompt attention, and he could attend the funeral and read the will immediately after.

This plan he put into immediate action, got up and dressed and went down into the kitchen, where he found Mrs. McNeil, who ordered the car and provided him with eggs and coffee. She was a decent, quiet woman, shocked and silent by what had happened. Vogel was not yet up and Marcus was glad of it. He did not want to see or talk to anybody, not even the sheriff, whose information he could anticipate. The whole night's strain and its result had left him nervous and depressed. He hated to think of a lovely girl like Mary Brown marrying a scalawag like Gregory Orrin, even though she were in a pecuniary way highly paid for it. Marcus was not sure that the final advice he had given her was of the best.

The chauffeur drove him to the station, where he got aboard the train without seeing anybody familiar to him. It was a limited express and stopped next at another station that must be, Marcus' view of the landscape told him, close to the southern end of the lake, much nearer the Orrin estate in an air line, but probably less accessible by road.

Changing in Portland, Marcus noticed on the other side, on the next track, a train about to leave over the same line, as announced by a guard: The passengers were getting aboard it, so that there was a double stream—those getting off his own train and those boarding the outgoing one. He had taken but a few steps when he saw, approaching, a girl whose face was distinctly familiar, though he could not for the moment recall it. Marcus turned to look at her as she passed. He was baffled, unpleasantly puzzled at a familiarity that was yet entirely elusive as to this girl's identity. Marcus, who prided himself on his power of observation and an ability to place people, was much disturbed to find himself at such a loss.

Moreover, it was not a face or figure that a young man would be apt to forget, while the *tout ensemble* of this young woman was not only merely attractive but distinguished. She was uncommonly pretty, a big girl, but gracefully such, with the elastic step and movements of the modern feminine athlete, with a vigor that suggested the championship class in events of a sort to demand great strength—swimming, rowing, lacrosse. Her face was squarely oval, boyish, with a short straight nose, eyes that held an intensity of blue, like brilliant double violets, and dark chestnut hair that was closely bobbed.

She was swinging along in a springy elastic way, carrying her own suitcase as if it were a wrist bag, and the expression of her fresh face conveyed to Marcus not only a joy of living but something of that determination which one might see on the face of a girl athlete on whom the credit of her college is staked with the winning of some arduous event. He turned again to see her stepping up into the car. In some fashion his gaze drew her own eyes and held them. For a moment she remained thus poised, displaying with indifference the strong but shapely extremity of a hurdle racer. There passed between them then a flash of recognition that was mutual.

It was Beatrice Orrin. Marcus remembered having met her a brief moment three years before, when she had come with her father into the law offices of Parker, White & True on some slight errand. She had changed, matured from a gangling schoolgirl into the sort of Spartan young person that he now beheld. The next moment she was coming back toward him with a smile of recognition that was almost a laugh. Marcus was suddenly stricken aghast to realize that Beatrice was on her way from Vassar to her father's bedside, with no knowledge of his decease, and that it was now incumbent upon him to give her the tragic news. But the station platform was no place to do that.

Moreover, the train was on the verge of starting. At that very moment the long-drawn "All aboard!" was called.

There was no help for it. Marcus felt it his duty to ride back with Beatrice at least a part of the way, and to prepare her mind for what had happened. Evidently she had decided to go to her injured father and left before the receipt of Vogel's telegram. Almost to where he stood, she stopped, laughed, made a sort of despairing gesture and turned to go back and get aboard the train.

"Sorry, Mr. True!" she called. "How's daddy?"

Marcus hurried after her. "I'll go with you part of the way," he said. "I want to talk to you."

The train started as they entered the car—a Pullman. There were a number of vacant chairs, and Marcus observed, as they passed, that the drawing-room was unoccupied.

"We'd better sit in here, Miss Orrin." He felt the need of anticipating a breakdown. Now to make matters worse, harder for him, she glanced at his serious face and seemed to be amused at its expression.

They went into the drawing-room and seated themselves. "I suppose you've just come from Lake End," Beatrice said, and laughed again. She seemed a brimming font of laughter, this pretty girl. There was also, Marcus felt instinctively, a sort of antagonism about her, a defensiveness, like that of a child who feels that the teacher is about to reprimand it.

"Are you going to say that I'm rather late in going to father after his injury?" she began, and then at something in Marcus' look, she cried suddenly, "Has anything happened? Is he dangerously hurt?"

"Rather more than that," Marcus said gravely.

Beatrice took it bravely, but her face blanched, and her instinctive grip on Marcus' forearm tightened so tensely that it hurt. "Tell me all."

"Your father died suddenly last night about 10:30. Either he was more injured than the doctors thought or his heart suddenly failed him. It was none too strong."

Beatrice stared at him less in grief, as Marcus vaguely felt, than with a sort of overwhelming horror, as if he had told her not only of tragedy but of something terrible in connection with this. She seemed unable to speak, frozen, petrified. Marcus did not know what to make of it. He had gathered that Mr. Orrin's children had, though affectionate, no doubt been for the past few years very much detached from him. Beatrice had scarcely been with her father at all, so that it surprised Marcus to find her reaction to the news of his death so overwhelming.

Feeling that he ought to break her curious state of stasis, even if seeming brusque, Marcus said abruptly, "You mustn't be so shocked, Miss Orrin. Your father was past sixty and had recently suffered a violent injury. Men who have been so confined to a desk for many years haven't much reserve force."

Beatrice's face hardened. "Father had. He came of strong stock and was always temperate. He should have lived another twenty years, and might have, if he had been let."

"What do you mean?"

"I believe that he was murdered."

"By whom?" Marcus asked.

"By his secretary. That Brown woman. Another of father's secretaries at the bank wrote me that he had sent for Mary Brown."

Marcus perceived that here was a bit of jealous intrigue, and that it had no doubt prompted Beatrice's leaving Vassar at a very busy moment. Sitting facing her, he was conscious chiefly of her blazing blue eyes, dark as sapphires, and as bright and

hard. He realized the need of a shock absorber, a heavy fender, when this girl and Mary Brown came in contact. There was, Marcus felt, no give at all to Mary Brown, nor a great deal of take.

"Nobody murdered your father," Marcus said; "though for a while we suspected something of the sort, whether from a lethal instrument or merely the shock of intrusion."

"By whom?" Beatrice asked quickly.

Marcus described then the violence to Mary Brown by the masked intruder. He told only of this one episode, saying merely that the intruder had escaped, and had not been reported at the time of Marcus' leaving. He did not mention the seizing of the will.

Beatrice listened intently, then asked, "Has my brother, Gregory, been informed?"

"Vogel wired him at Aiken. He also wired to you at Vassar."

Beatrice glanced at the brief case at Marcus' side. "May I ask what took you out there, Mr. True?"

"Your father wished to change his will."

"Indeed? In favor of this Brown woman?"

"To some extent."

"I thought so. Did he tell you why?"

"No," said Marcus, "nor did I feel authorized to ask. Your father, Miss Orrin, was a man of infinite pride and delicacy. He was fastidious to a degree where he would not have aired his personal family affairs to his lawyer, or cared to explain the motive of his action even in his will."

Beatrice nodded. Her blue eyes filled, but did not soften. "He was a very great gentleman, I know. Will you tell me what you yourself think about this will, Mr. True?"

"I ought properly to tell you nothing," Marcus said. "I will say that I believe your father's action to have been wisely and thoughtfully considered, and that its result will be for his family's best good."

"Then your sympathies are with this Mary Brown person," Beatrice said.

"My sympathies are always with my client, Miss Orrin. In this case they are directed toward serving to my best ability the spirit and intention of your father as written into his will. I honestly believe that Miss Brown wants to do the same."

Beatrice did not speak immediately. The conductor looked in to take the tickets. As Beatrice handed over hers, Marcus noticed two facts. One was that her gloves were very soiled, in most untidy condition for a young woman so smartly dressed. He observed also, as she reached out her arm, a faint green smudge on the under and outer part of her coat sleeve, near the elbow. As the conductor passed on, Beatrice half rose and swung shut the door. Dropping back in her seat, she stared at Marcus with a challenging expression that gave a frosty look to her violet eyes, for they were of a purple blue in some lights.

"Did Mary Brown know of father's intention toward her, Mr. True?"

"She told me frankly that she did," Marcus answered. "More than that, she told me so at a moment when such an admission looked very damaging to herself. Later, she said the same thing to the sheriff."

"Why damaging?"

"Because just before it was discovered that Mr. Orrin had died, Miss Brown had raised an alarm by stating that as she was leaving her room a masked man in a dark overcoat had grabbed her by the shoulders, flung her back into it and locked the door. It seemed an impossible story, with Vogel and the others about, and it awakened a suspicion that Mary Brown might have invented it for reasons of her own."

"You mean suspicion that she might have been accessory to father's murder?"

"Yes."

"Who else was suspected?" Beatrice asked

"Your brother, Gregory."

Beatrice's eyes opened widely. "Good heavens! Why?"

"Because when Miss Brown arrived your bloodhound bayed as if welcoming a friend, and the dog had never seen Miss Brown. That suggested that some member of the family must have been about the premises. There was nobody we could think of but your brother and yourself."

"And you mean to say," Beatrice cried, "that you suspected Gregory of having had a hand in the murder of his father?"

"No. Merely that he had driven the car in which Miss Brown arrived and that he was the masked man who had locked her in her room."

Beatrice did not comment on this statement. For several minutes she looked out of the window without speaking. Then, with a sudden wrench, she jerked the window up, and the next instant as quickly put it down again.

This act drew and held Marcus' attention for two reasons, the first that he knew from experience the muscular effort needed to raise a car window like that, and Beatrice had merely turned in her seat, hooked her index fingers under the clips and snapped it up as one might crank a flivver, a revelation of feline strength that told its story. The second detail was that of her glancing through the window, then closing it again. Evidently she had overlooked the fact that it was double.

Her opening it at all was subject to query, as the heat was turned off in the car and it was pleasantly cool, even with the door closed. In fact the draft from the ventilator struck down freshly on Marcus' head. It would seem therefore that there was no great reason for Beatrice wanting the window open, unless it were to throw something out.

She looked again at Marcus, and there was an expression on her mouth and eyes that made him feel as he sometimes had when, as a small schoolboy, he had tried to fool an athletic young teacher, who had looked something like Beatrice, into thinking that his alibi was good. Beatrice was far prettier, younger, fresher. She was, in fact, a decided beauty of the robust type, strong but intensely feminine, a sort of vigorous pastoral nymph and, as Marcus had by this time decided, no very docile one. Her squarely oval face, with its lawless blue eyes and boyish nose, gave the impression of a daring not always confined to legitimate sports—an air of escapade, adventure and a defiance of restraint. So far, Marcus thought, the flame of her youth had never burned exotically, but applied itself to the arson of rules and conventions that might seem hampering to her free pursuits. He rather wondered that a girl who looked like this should have got through college without a clash. The Orrin children, brother and sister, he decided, were physically and temperamentally much alike; typical offspring of so quiet, orderly and self-contained a man as their father had been. They were like the proverbial children of clergymen, in whose natures and conduct the lifelong inhibitions of the parent are apt to break out.

Beatrice's eyes went now to the brief case. "I suppose you have a copy of the will in that. May I look it through?"

Marcus had been expecting this. He picked up the brief case lying at his side and laid it on his knees, glanced down at it, and with the tip of his gloved finger rubbed at a little green smear that showed on the morocco.

Then fastening his eyes on those of Beatrice, he asked quietly, "Why, Miss Orrin, should you want to read this will *again?*"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

FROM PICKLES TO MOLASSES

(Continued from Page 17)

up at us through twenty feet of water, or stood on their tails to take note of the curious contraption that floated above them.

I could tell about the black groupers and certain huge parrot fish, with their black bodies and brilliant azure markings about the head. Some of them must have weighed twenty pounds. I could describe the yellowtails, the grunts, the porkfish, the filefish, the big-eyed squirrel fish, the hinds, the tangs, and a lot of others, if I knew the names to which to attach my feeble effort to translate their beauty into cold type. But the impression made by the multitude of these gloriously beautiful creatures, the vividness and eccentricity of their coloring, and their violent contrasts with each other are far beyond my pen.

A Fish With Personality

For the most part the fish we watched paid us not the slightest attention, but went about their fishy business as if we were in another world, as indeed we were. Unless we appeared to their untroubled eyes like mere black silhouettes against the brilliant sky, which seems reasonable, the ice-clear water and unwrinkled surface must have given them nearly the same chance to see us that we had to see them. They showed, however, little sign of modifying their behavior because of us, until a piece of crawfish floated down among them, free or on a hook. That changed their humor instantly, for crawfish meat is the best-loved morsel on the reef. That made the difference between loafing and getting a living—a living that might be very short indeed.

"If I bait this trap with crawfish," said the captain, speaking of a kidney-shaped woven-wire apparatus with an upward-pointing entrance in the middle of the concave side, "and let it down with my buoy line tied to it, not a Nassau grouper will go in; but if I leave the buoy line off they will. That isn't easy to believe, but I'll show you."

Easy to believe it certainly was not. I was willing to wait and see.

So down went the trap liberally baited with fresh amber-colored crawfish meat, buoy line attached—we would have better luck, said Captain Lowe, if the bait were only good and stale—and we went off to see more groupers, more angel fish, more parrot fish, more swarms of fish with wholly impossible colorings in one coral canyon after another along the length of the reef.

In half an hour or an hour—time was forgotten—we were back at the buoy. There was a big Nassau grouper outside the trap looking in, and a big black grouper inside the trap looking out. That was the first half of the proof. So far the buoy line had done precisely what the captain said it would.

It seemed impossible for so large a fish to get inside so small a trap, but there he was, and obviously most uneasy. Both groupers, captive and free, eyed us with the closest attention. And when the captain spliced the grains pole to another, hooked the grains into the wires, and began to lift, it was perfectly possible to see the increasing anxiety of the grouper in the trap as he neared the surface. His final panic as he reached the surface soaked us both liberally. That fish was very human.

As a game fish, the grouper may leave much to be desired. He bites, indeed, with ferocity, but being hooked his idea is not to run but to hide. Down he goes to the nearest rock and under it, and if you save him, it is either because no rocks are handy, or because your tackle is strong enough to let your engine tow him promptly out of the danger zone. It is as a personality that the grouper shines. He has a mind and uses it. The average angler holds him in less respect than he deserves.

"I want one of those Nassau groupers," said the captain. "They're the best eating fish on the reef. We'll set the trap again, drop the buoy a hundred yards away, and we'll see what's in it when we get back from the Beacon." Which we did accordingly.

By this time my back was nearly broken from stooping over my water glass and my knees were sore against the boat. But back and knees counted for little over against the keen excitement of this glorious day. What I wanted most of all was more of the same.

Molasses Beacon, two or three miles to the north of Pickles, stands on widespreading iron legs on top of the reef at the edge of the Gulf Stream. It is an automatic light. The sunlight is supposed to turn it off and the darkness to turn it on, but today it was sending out its flashes in the noonday. Thither we chugged away in the tender.

In Pursuit of a Turtle

Before we had gone halfway a loggerhead turtle broke water close aboard. It was a lady turtle, and she was far too big to be taken into our fifteeen-foot boat, even if we had wanted to grain her. So, with no hostile purpose, we turned and gave chase, just to see her close at hand in the radiant water. She did all her swimming with her front flippers, and used her hind legs only to steer. Her head was bigger than a football.

Clearly this turtle was no match in speed for the little tender, but clearly also, we were no match for her cunning. Every time we caught up to her she turned sharply, passed under the boat, and headed once more for the deep water; and each time we made the shortest circle we could and made after her again, only to see her fade at last into the deeper blue. Our good wishes went with her. I find I have less and less desire to kill as I grow older.

Molasses Beacon is white with the droppings of sea birds, and not an attractive roosting place for men. Fish love it. Around it just now were barracuda in swarms, as Captain Lowe had prophesied. Also, they were little ones, as he said they would be. Few of them were more than a yard in length. They paid no attention whatever to our efforts to catch them, partly because April is not their hungriest season, partly because they saw us all too clearly. Even when I caught and offered them a live yellowtail, they refused to be vamped.

But an oar moving in the water—that was another story. Curiosity was stronger than appetite. I had read many a time, especially in that great angling classic, Dr. Charles F. Holder's Log of a Sea Angler, that a barracuda will follow a sculling oar, fascinated by its motion. I was sure before that it was true. Now I am prepared to deal with the scoffer, scoff he ever so loudly, for I have seen the thing myself.

For the barracuda I have small regard and smaller liking. I recognize that he fights on the surface, jumps, and is very swift and daring beyond other fish and that he is more ferocious than the usual shark. All that is good—very good—from the point of view of a sea angler.

But his battle is short, and once in the boat he is slimy beyond anything but a gaff topsail cat and smells as if he needed a bath. I think of him always as a low-caste piratical fish—long, low, rakish, and heavily armed.

Scattered anywhere about his mouth are great teeth set fore and aft, and sharp as razors. These very teeth killed a young girl on the coast of Florida not long ago. Another girl, seeing her friend in trouble, swam out into the blood-stained circle and

(Continued on Page 143

Front view

Invisible on the completed roof, the patented "key" on the back of every Genasco Latite Shingle locks each shingle securely to those underneath.

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GEARED · TO · THE · ROAD — MILLER KNOWS RUBBER

(Continued from Page 138)

brought the victim in. For clear courage I know of nothing to surpass that rescue.

I cannot tell how long or how far we floated over the corals and the sand and the illuminated fish of Molasses Reef. Time and distance had little place in that picture. But as we hung between two worlds of equal transparency, Captain Lowe discoursed on the nature of fishes.

"What is the name of that fish, captain?"

"That's a chub."

"Will he bite?"

"Yes, he'll bite, but you can't do anything with him on that three-six outfit. He'll go into a hole in the coral, and you'll lose him."

"How about that one?"

"That's a turbot. He'll bite and you can get him." Which he did and I did, by a narrow margin—and he weighed six or seven pounds.

"What are those?" as a school of blunt-nosed, fork-tailed fish surrounded the boat.

"Horse-eye jacks. You can't do anything with them, or with that mackerel either. It's too smooth and clear."

"How about that one?"

"That's a parrot fish. He won't bite." And he didn't. And so on, and so on. The fish did what he said they would as regularly as if they had their orders.

The Better of the Bargain

Captain Lowe knows the reef. He knows it because, with an observant mind, he has lived his whole life in its neighborhood. Man and boy, he has earned his living from the sea in Florida for nearly fifty years, and the weather and the water tell him what he wants to know. Soft-spoken and kindly, he is a fisherman born and bred, and he can rig a sailfish bait as well as ever I saw it done.

We drifted over a school of yellowtails, and I began to catch a few for bait. Pretty soon came a tremendous smash a hundred yards away. "I'll bet," said the captain, with some show of excitement, "that's an amber jack. Let's go and see."

So we sculled over in that direction, and, by George, there he was! And his mate with him.

"Put on a big hook quick," said the captain. "He'll take this yellowtail." And as I struggled with the clumsy fingers of frantic haste to make the change, the captain sculled ahead of the leisurely amber jack, who looked as if he weighed some forty pounds; and then, to my intense delight, got him interested in the oar just as the barracuda had been. This was a new fact. I had never run across it even in a book. Perhaps the interest of other big fish can be held in the same way. I intend to try it.

At length the big hook was ready. Over went the yellowtail in the immediate vicinity of the amber jack, whom the oar had kept in the immediate vicinity of the boat.

One wiggle of the yellowtail that showed he was alive, and the next second the amber jack could not have consolidated him more completely if he had been a small competing corporation.

I struck that amber jack as hard as my six-thread line made safe, but the proper response was lacking. The strikee failed to recognize the situation. More strikes, but the only result was a little half-hearted run, very much as a lazy old dog makes believe to chase a ball to please a child. So I kept on striking, and finally the truth prevailed, as it has a habit of doing, and the amber jack suddenly found himself with an urgent engagement a long way off.

I was just settling down to what I regarded as a possible two-hour job—for a three-six outfit and a reel without a handle brake are not calculated for quick results with amber jacks—when somewhere in the distance the line grated across a bit of coral and the amber jack severed his connection with civilization and went his way, the richer by one yellowtail and six feet of wire with a perfectly good hook at one end and a perfectly good swivel at the other. What was left of the line came back to me.

There were too many incidents on that motionless but moving day to tell them all. Another turtle; a ten-foot shark waving his steady way under the boat; two black-and-white frigate birds, the most graceful and beautiful of all the sea birds I have known, and the uncanny accuracy with which one of them, a quarter of a mile in the air, delivered a bombing attack that did not miss the captain and the boat three feet; two young army officers who had come all the way out there in an old dory with an outboard motor and caught little for their pains, for this was a day to see fish and not to catch them.

And all the time the pervading impression of peaceful benevolence in sky and sea, with just a tinge of recollection of this same place as I saw it yesterday, white water all over it, and just a tinge of warning from the clouds piling up in the west. It was time to be moving.

And so back to Pickles Reef and the grouper trap through the still glorious and breathless afternoon. The buoy line being detached, this time the trap contained two Nassau groupers and a margate fish besides—which was the second part of the proof. The demonstration was complete. My hat was off to the captain and the groupers both.

The big Nassau that we wanted and had seen before had moved his comestibility elsewhere. One of those we did get was a light gray when he came out of the water, then changed in a moment to a strong mottling of brown, and then almost to black. Except in dolphins, I had never seen such rapid and striking color contrasts.

Plenty of Fish and Few Bites

Then it came time to leave, for the squall which nearly always comes up after midday in such weather was moving in our direction. So to the big boat, up anchor, and away.

The rain struck us before we had gone a mile. It brought along wind enough to double the wetting power of the rain, but not enough to kick up any sea. I took refuge in the cabin, which the captain could not do. What soaking his slicker could not prevent he got, while I kept dry. And glad I was of it when he swung the boat around and headed back, for, said he, "This is about over and we can get another hour or two on the reef."

When we came again in the late afternoon to the iron cave of the black-and-gold angel fish, it held nothing beautiful, but instead the lumpish and almost formless figure of a toothless, harmless, stupid six-foot nurse shark, which made no move to escape, although we were squarely on top of it in less than five feet of water, until I began to discuss sticking a pair of grains into its almost impenetrable hide. Thereupon it departed.

The stillness after the squall was more marked than ever. No more looking through the water glasses. We saw fully without them. Here was another black-and-gold angel fish curving himself about the bastions of coral. He was even larger and more gorgeous than the first, but he refused to bite. Then a hogfish—misnamed, if ever a fish was—his long dorsal spines trailing behind him, bit promptly, but the coral cut the line.

A mutton fish, the biggest of a school, took the next bait. The water was so shoal and clear that I could see his eye as the bit of amber crawfish disappeared into his gray shape.

My little rod would have had its work cut out, but he fled under a natural bridge of coral and the line was severed.

A sting ray under a piece of the wreck, whom the grains could not hold; a big Nassau grouper in shoal water, who got into a hollow coral head and watched us through a hole; and gray snappers, and still another turtle, and at every turn kinds of fish unseen before—it seemed as if there was no limit.

Stick That in Your Tackle Box

But all good times come to an end, as do all bad ones, and the moment came when we could tarry no longer. I hated to leave, of course—hated it like poison—but my cup was full, nevertheless. And so up anchor for the last time that day.

For a time there flew about us, and finally lighted on the tender, a little land bird with a black head and olive-green sides. What it was doing six or seven miles from shore, unless the squall had brought it, I couldn't imagine. It came with us a little way, and then flew off again. I fear it never reached the shore.

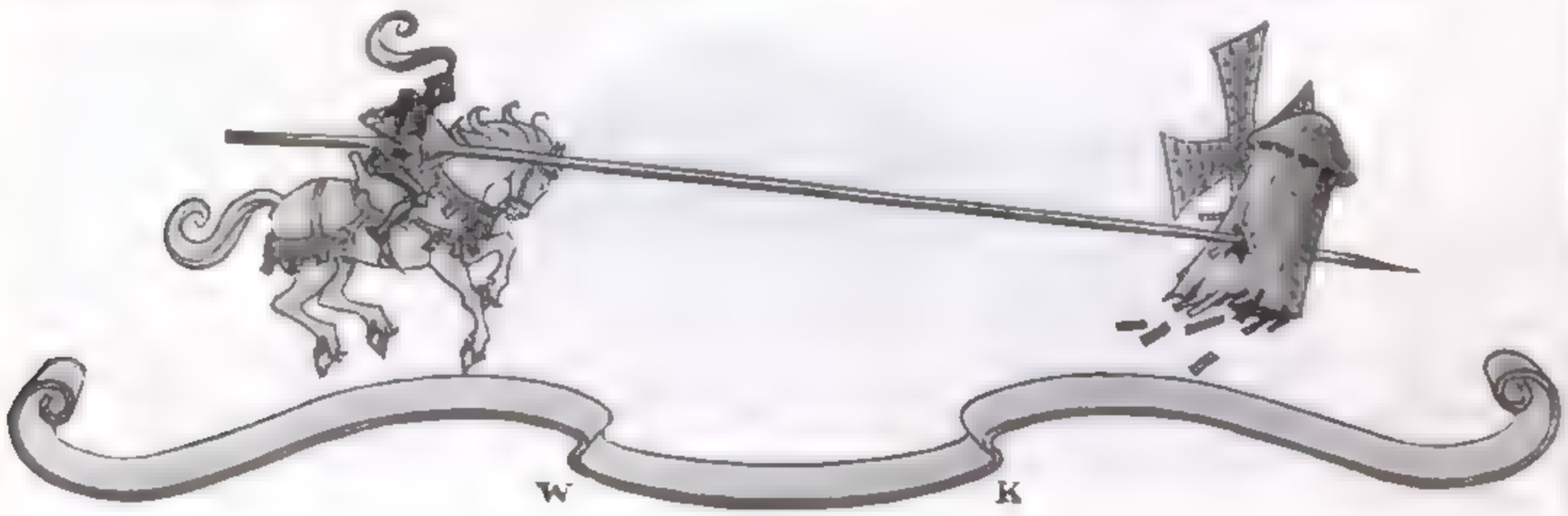
"Captain," said I, as he cleaned the Nassau groupers at the stern, "I noticed you thought little of that squall, or you would have gone in sooner."

"Well," said he, "when a squall is long in making up, there isn't much wind behind it. But if it makes up in a hurry, then watch out."

Which is contrary to the rule among humans, but a good thing for a man who loves sea fishing to paste in his tackle box.

All the way in I watched the bottom change. First the reef, then clean coral sand, then the multicolored animal vegetation of the sea—sea fans and Venus' bathtubs and sea slugs looking like the curved gigantic fruit of some huge tree, and loggerhead sponges as big as barrels.

And as a fitting climax, a barracuda almost as long as I am flashed away from the bow. After such a day I was almost glad he wouldn't bite, but not without a mental reservation. Too much of this kind of good thing is just about right.



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Pinaud's Lilac is a cool, tingling liquid that gives a firm smoothness, a fresh, clear glow to the skin. It is also the safest and most pleasant antiseptic you can use. Infections can't happen!

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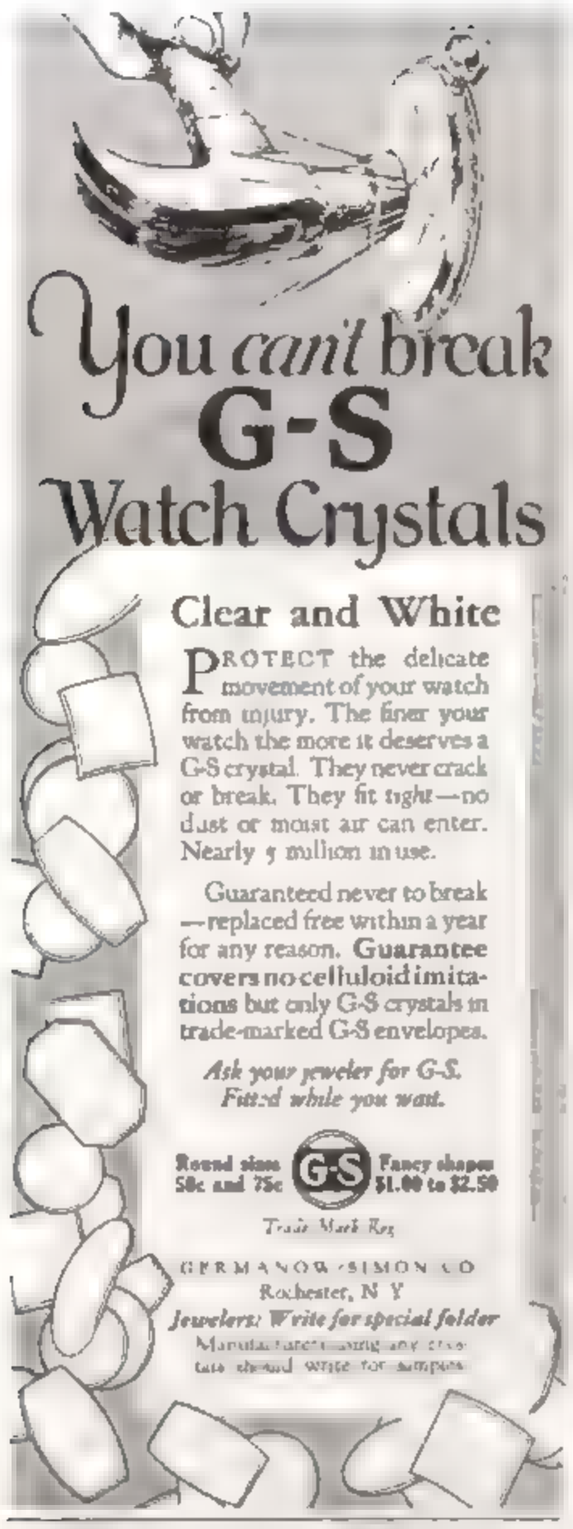
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THE BATTLE OF THE LEVEES

(Continued from Page 7)

own territory, made and fertilized by the river, owned and operated by the Father of Waters and maintained by him for the very purpose of whimsical changes in courses and contours through the hundreds of centuries before De Soto and La Salle ever were even known to destiny. Not the river but mankind was the first invader. If war between them is to be outlawed, it is man and not the river who must give up the stolen land titles. The Mississippi is only reclaiming its own.

And curiously enough there is some recognition of this fact among the isolated and primitive negroes who not only address God in their prayer meetings but, by instinct, the river also. But among us all the river becomes at this season and this occasion a personality—a personal enemy—an immeasurable, eternal, ruthless but just personality. We may be some 200 or 300 paltry years out of superstition, but I stood on one sector of the battle line with a judge of one of the state courts and he said solemnly enough: "Look at that fellow. They think they know what he is going to do. But who knows? Who does? They said he could not do this. And yet he did. It was his wish."

One feels that on the battle line. There is a sense of a reasonably brave attempt to hold this river, cheated, narrowed, confined, looted and imprisoned by man. But as one sees the water rise just up to the flash boards of a new levee topping and begin to trickle through where every drop threatens millions on millions of dollars of crops, property, security, with a trickle, and every trickle with a stream and every stream with a rush and every rush with a breach and every breach with a crevasse and every crevasse with a tumbling, roaring, insucking flood of billions on billions of gallons—there is a sense that, after all, the river has the better of it if it wants.

Under Castle Walls

After days along that battle line one has the conviction that the enemy can win if he wishes. One absorbs the feeling of a personal willfulness which may upset all calculations and overturn all the defenses of mankind, and extend this waste of waters, now apparently limitless, to unimagined distances where even no land bird can set down its perching feet.

But the fight is on now. State engineers and chairmen of levee boards, coast guards of the United States from places like the salt-water New Jersey life-saving stations, who cannot understand some of the white dialect much better than a Canton man can understand the lingo of Szechuen, chauffeurs of trucks, engineers of dump-car trains—will furnish ways and means to go to the Front. The Front is the levee.

Even more than in conflict between army and army in the World War, the whole line must hold. If the breach in the wall comes, it is of no consequence that the rest of the wall is a Gibraltar or a Corregidor—a fact which, curiously enough, the natives never keep in mind. Twenty feet of weakness may mean the invasion and looting of 2000 or 3000 farms and result in 10,000 more stone-broke refugees and in damage of millions of dollars. But if the levee in front of a man's front porch is strong, he whistles and whittles.

It is no wonder therefore that a state engineer who first took me along some hundred miles of fortification wanted to know the cause for every wet spot on the whole embankment. After all, we were skirting along under castle walls, merrily riding a road and kicking up a dust far below the flood surface of the river. The tops of the dikes at intervals showed, outlined against the sky, the pygmy figures of gangs of men nailing boards on braced studding, wheeling earth to back up these ramparts.

Blanketing a Leak

The engineer of the levee board was keeping up a running stream of education for an English doctor who could not have told a levee from a dump pile:

"I suppose any fill of earth, clay, sandbags, concrete, is a levee. You probably call 'em dikes. They call 'em dikes in Europe. A levee is a dam—only it's hundreds and thousands of miles long sometimes. It's built mostly of gravel, sand or clay. Clay's the best. It packs down hard and don't seep any water. A levee that's any good has to be wide across the base—sometimes as wide as a double boulevard—and then it's built up in a slope from the river side and from the land side to a top which is only about eight feet wide. If the material is poor, or gets too much wave wash or current, then you've got to put down revetments."

The doctor was now as much at sea as a pacifist would be in a maze of war terms applying to the engineering problems of trenches and fortifications. He said, "Revetments?"

"Oh, yes; revetments and fascines. They are the armor of the levee on the water side. Sometimes they are made of willows woven into mats and slid down the face of the incline and anchored down with iron rails. Sometimes they are made of a skin of concrete and sometimes of logs driven into the river bed and slanting back so they lie flat on the incline. And you know about blankets?"

"No."

"Well, sometimes when a levee begins to leak and seep it doesn't make any difference how much more material is piled on the land side. Just the other day I found a graduate of an engineering college in the North with a colored gang, working 'em like mules to pile tons of dirt on a leak. He was scared white as mashed potato because the water kept coming through. I told him—I said, 'Put a blanket down,' and so we just dumped a couple of barges of sand so they would slide down the levee incline on the water side. And all the leaks sucked in the new material and closed themselves. The way to keep water out of a levee is to work on the water side."

"I understand," the novice said. "Apparently the science of levees is complicated, technical and full of terms."

"You've said it," the engineer replied. "And it ain't only that—you've got to know your river. It will do things no hydraulic engineer will ever believe. They say water won't run uphill, but I've seen water back up for miles here just as if it was waiting for the water ahead of it to go along out to the Gulf so it could have a clear flow of its own. They say that the waters of the crevasse above here are moving down at fifteen miles a day, but when they broke through—made the crevasse at Stopp's Landing—about 1,250,000 gallons a second poured in and covered 9000 acres and drove out or into second stories of homes and barns more than 100,000 people within four days. And sometimes the waters rise slow and still and creepy, and sometimes they come tossing and gnashing their white teeth and chewing everything to bits."

We were looking over the edge of the emergency ramparts and it was on the sector that the government and state engineers had marked off as dangerous. The Red River was pouring down into the Old River. Backwater from the Mississippi, twenty miles away for the airplanes, added its bulk. Across Old River was a district, already flooded by crevasses, which was pouring slowly into the whole its yellow broth filled with the débris of a little washed-out rural empire.

A Sargasso Sea Going South

But the water was so still! It was as still and vast and windless and peaceful as the stretch of an alkali desert at sunrise. Dead things swirled about gently. A roof beam, shingles, a mattress, an olive-wood souvenir inkstand, ears of husked corn, a pair of overalls—came toward us in a slow, slow waltz, a miniature Sargasso Sea traveling south. But the water was rising. Its thousand quiet little ripple fingers were reaching for the top of the ramparts where a gang of 200 black workers paced with wheelbarrows. They walked with the gentle shuff-shuff of feet over plank runways. They were like the trains of Egyptians who once built futile barriers in the age-old battle with the Nile. They had been singing, but suddenly they had ceased. Again the airplanes, scouting, or carrying serum to the menace of twenty smallpox cases reported in an old isolated hill country, or traveling with orders to send barges and motorboats to some new inundated thousands, coughed and spat their way across the lowering sky.

A captain of a regiment, or, rather, the boss of a mile of the battle line, swore. "Every time they pass over, the gang stops to stare and I lose fifty cubic yards of clay or it costs me the placing of ninety sandbags!"

(Continued on Page 147)

Just Above Murphy's Landing

He probably could have advanced himself in business faster if he'd taken up the Third Great Health Habit. It's an interesting speculation.

How You Can

Protect Yourself Against Invading Germs And Unpleasant Mouth Odors

Let a Three Days' Trial Prove It to You—Mail the Coupon

The history of Bathing and Toothbrushing—the first two Great Health Habits—is the result of generations of education. The Mouth Wash Habit—the Third Great Health Habit—has resulted from the social effects of Unpleasant Breath, and the fact that most diseases enter the body through the mouth. Its benefits have been remarkable, but they still leave something to be desired. How can you better protect yourself against invading germs and Unpleasant Breath? And how can disease germs be halted before they enter the body through the mouth?

A couple of dashes of Astringosol in water will do the business for Unpleasant Breath

The situation naturally requires something of far greater efficiency than ordinary mouth washes offer. A mouth wash, for example, that not only purifies teeth, gums, and throat but stimulates tender, undernourished gum tissues. If Unpleasant Breath is to be controlled, such a mouth wash is essential. And Astringosol will bring about exactly these results. For Astringosol is more than a mouth wash. Use it properly and you should guard against many of the common yet serious infections of the mouth and throat. Against tonsilitis, pyorrhea, trench mouth, for instance, which incidentally cause offensive breath.

For Unpleasant Breath gargle with a couple of dashes of Astringosol in water

Here is a mouth wash so concentrated, of such purifying power that a comparatively weak solution deodorizes the very worst mouth odors.

It Does More

Astringosol is a Mouth Wash *plus*. It is a concentrated mouth wash. Therefore you can use it in stronger solution. You have a wider strength range. It is more than a remarkable deodorant.

For Bad Breath night and morning

It tones up flabby gums, stimulates soft, undernourished gum tissues. It tightens up lax gum edges till they hug the teeth, prevents the growth of micro-organisms that breed between teeth and gums and whose poisons seep through the system. Try a few drops on a moist toothbrush. Employ it like that and it destroys normal mouth bacteria. Dentists use it full strength for the most persistent of all mouth bacteria. Try spraying a light solution on the throat—it is a mighty good argument to use in the case of a cold or of an irritated throat. For ordinary purposes Astringosol should be diluted, but remember that it is not harmful in any strength . . . And also that Astringosol is used in the prevention of Pyorrhea.

It Tastes Better

Unlike many mouth washes, Astringosol is agreeable to the taste. Astringosol brings a tingle to the mouth—like a surf bath to the skin. The mouth feels clean, is clean. And remember that the effects of this Mouth Bath are just as important to your health as the body bath.

Spray the throat with a 25 per cent solution for a cold preventive

It Costs Less

Very little Astringosol—used consistently—is needed to keep Unpleasant Breath at bay. A couple of dashes (thirty or forty drops) ring the bell—the added water costs nothing. That amount will go further than ten to thirty times the quantity of an ordinary mouth wash. And as it goes further in result, it costs less in money.

Finally, keep this thought in mind: ASTRINGOSOL your mouth and keep Astringosoling twice a day, but don't forget to visit your dentist at least twice a year. Because while Astringosol is more than a mouth wash NOTHING can take the place of a Dentist.

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Established 1855

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ASTRINGOSOL

STEARNS CONCENTRATED ANTISEPTIC

DOES MORE - COSTS LESS - TASTES BETTER

It looks clean —but is it?

THE carpet looks freshly swept. The hangings look bright. But are you sure they are clean? Are you sure the fabric-destroying grit is gone?

If they have been cleaned with two actions, you *can* be sure. The motor-driven brush and vigorous suction together get *all* the dirt.

The Premier Duplex has a motor-driven brush and powerful suction. They work together with *double action*. The brush sweeps the surface bright and dislodges the sharp grit. The suction bags all.

The Premier Duplex is always on the job. It never has an "off day" for want of oil. Ball bearings in brush and motor keep it supplied with years of lubricant. It is always ready to get *all* the dirt everywhere in the house!

Premier Duplex

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Manufactured and distributed in Canada by the Premier Vacuum Cleaner Co., Ltd., General Offices, Toronto.

Sold over the entire world, outside of the U. S. and Canada, by the International General Electric Co., Inc., Schenectady, New York

FLOOR POLISHER
This amazing accessory at only $10 extra.

(Continued from Page 144)

"What's that steamer?"

"She's the Kankakee, I reckon, going to take off them folks at the bayou where the bust came last night. But those folks won't move—I know 'em. They'll pull their cookstoves up onto the roofs and float away sittin' down to supper. They've never been overflowed before and won't believe it yit."

A little south, along the Atchafalaya, the railroad bridge, under which boats can usually pass, was stretched out like a black toy bridge, apparently floating on the water. Its tracks were already awash, and a busy little tug was steaming back and forth, towing away pieces of the acres of débris which had floated down and collected against the spans, threatening a small item of $500,000 of emergency work. A train, like those army-supply trains in the war, came puffing through the wabbling danger and cast out of its cars onto the levee incline great tawny piles of new burlap sacks. Workers grabbed them, threw them onto motor lorries—trucks, I suppose—and they were off, rattling down the road to a place needing their soggy strength when filled with sand.

A man with his hat pulled over his eyes and a shotgun in his hand kicked his heels over the top of the last car. "Nobody down the line is going to take our sacks!" said a voice. "Sacks! Price jumped from four to eight cents, and if the fight is long enough we'll spend $500,000 on sacks alone right here in these parishes. Somebody pirated our boardings last week, but anybody who gets our sacks will be a-pickin' buckshot out'n his legs."

A man with a gauge looked along the line of little red flags which the engineers put out to show where the levee needs strengthening. He squinted at the quiet, yellow soup. "Risin'," said he grimly.

Far below us on the levee top, far below the crest of the water, a cattleman who had moved his 4000 head to Oklahoma last week was sitting on the worn steps of the general store with a little paper bag in his bronzed hands. Children were chasing a boy who had a dead rat on a string. The little paper bag contained molasses kisses. The cattleman chewed them, one after another, without offering them to the barefoot children.

He said a few minutes later: "Them cattle cost me about as much to ship as they would bring when the risk of being drownded is figured. . . . No, boy, I ain't goin' to give you no kisses; they might haul yer teeth out."

A Cure for Sand Boils

The river was rising. And everywhere smoke came from chimneys, and negroes played their guitars under the live oaks, under the dripping savanna moss, and the moon rose and there was complacency. There was complacency, complacency, complacency, complacency! It is everywhere—ten feet behind the battle line. Wherever the levee holds, no matter how feebly, complacency reigns. I have seen the same thing in Russia, when the Germans and Austrians were advancing with their battering ram at Warsaw. I have seen it when Mount Etna was pouring out its lava from great wounds in its side and wine-growing peasants had to be prodded to move.

"Those who have been through it regard it with a kind of fatalism," said a man who owns a 1000-acre plantation. "Those who haven't just won't believe it."

A whole district surrounded by water twenty feet higher than the roadways is saturated with—complacency. When local and government engineers speak of certain destruction, the natives often know better. Let the cattle be! If the flood comes, why —— But it isn't coming. Haven't they lived there for forty years?

So on we fared. I was asking the state official what this emergency work cost per mile. He said that it would be more than $3000 a mile, tolling off his figures in a pretense of accuracy. For there is no accuracy left in the valley now. Everything is estimates—war figures—the rough round figures of battle, of supplies, of equipment, of men, of miles, of tons, of cubic yards of dirt—estimates!

"How many wheelbarrows have you got?"

"I don't know. There's forty around that sand boil."

Sand boil? Here's more technicality, and technic and terms and a novelty of the battle for you. When the river is high and the pressure is great, apparently the water sometimes bores a core under the levee, and sometimes pushes that core underground for 100 yards or more. Then the water in front of the levee being much higher than the land surface behind it—pop!—a geyser of water leaps suddenly out of the ground. Sand boils have their terrors.

I met a sector foreman on the battle line. He was the local sheriff, ready with his gun they said, but a sand boil whitened him. If it kept on it would pull the levee down!

No one knows what a sand boil would do if it were let alone. The wise levee doctors have discovered how to cure boils. They circle them about with a tube built of sandbags until the column of accumulating waters in this tube is a counterbalance to the pressure of the river on the outer side. Then the water ceases to flow in.

The Battle Line of 1927

A day later, after I had seen a whole territory of sand boils—enough so that one thought of them as a systemic affliction of carbuncles—I was climbing a levee inclosure through a tangle of wild flowers which had not yet been cut off, dried and burned to keep everything dry on the dry side, and suddenly I was walking on a bed spring. It felt like walking on a bed spring. It felt like running across elastic ice, the ice we used to call in school days tiddledeebendoes.

"Looka here!" yelled the chauffeur of our car. "He's on a water blister!"

There you are—another trick of the levees! The river goes after the fortifications of men a good deal as an enemy army goes after them. It tunnels and explodes mines right under us or it finds ways to hide a sally party under the most innocent of surface appearances. The water blister is an accumulation of a leak of the levee that is hiding under an innocent surface. And the levee doctors prick it and drain it and put down a blanket on the outside.

The river seldom pushes a piece of healthy levee out of place to make a crevasse. When breaks come—when a crevasse opens—the cause is seldom mere pressure of the river; the cause is that the current strength or revetment weakness has created an unseen cave-in of the outer wall of the levee beneath the waters. Or the river has reached up with its little fingers or wind-blown clawing hands and has begun to pull itself over the top of the rampart. It eats a little piece first and sends in a few gallons; they tear a wider hole, the gallons become a river, the river tears the sides out and the wound spreads wide. A yard, a rod, a great yawn, then a mile of rushing water, hungry for the rape of dry land. Or the river bores in and wets the whole levee until it sloughs down like a weak, drunken old man. Or a wave wash, licked into an attack of mounted cavalry, gallops onto the outer surface and washes it down. When the sea wall at Vicksburg was threatened, a group of men watched a navy hydroplane driven by a thoughtless pilot kicking up a wave wash in the river, and there were mutterings that it was time to go for rifles to stop him.

As one goes faring on along this battle line of levees threatened by this attack or that, according to the strategy of that old giant, the river, it is impossible not to see the disorganization in any permanent levee defense. I saw from land and water side the great Morganza, or Morganaea, Levee near the corner where the Red, Old, Mississippi and Atchafalaya rivers go into conference. It is a real Verdun. But within a few miles protecting the same position I found a long stretch of levee, thin, leaky, low, where negro convicts from the state farm were patching the feeble topping.

And there where the river was licking the boards, backed by sacking with loose dirt thrown in behind it, another taciturn old man looked over at the water which spread out from the ripples within arm's reach, to a horizon of the cold yellow broth.

"Risin'," he said with a shrug of his shoulders.

"No chain is stronger than its weakest link," Secretary Hoover puts it.

They have tried to confine the river in a trough—in a narrower and narrower trough. Every acre of delta land, of the river's own, stolen from the river by man, makes the trough narrower and narrower, and, of course, the kindergarten teacher knows that this means the sides must be ever stronger and ever higher. At places they are strong and high and spell security; at others they are thin and low and spell disaster. There will be lots more to say of this later, for the present condition is something of a poser not only for that little black child swinging a pink sunbonnet on the dusty road down there but for the whole nation. Just now the center of the drama is not the strategy of wars in ten years or twenty years, but the battle line of 1927.

Just as in the Great War, the fight is carried on with varying spirit and strategy from section of levee to section of levee. Just as in the Great War, those who at a distance have news of the victories or disasters of that fight see it through a telescope. In the protected cities men write like this:

"No man or set of men, no organization or committee, can yet imagine or appreciate the magnitude of the affliction which has befallen the citizens of the Mississippi Valley. The property damage may amount to more than $750,000,000, but another week or two may show us that this is exceeded by a vast amount. Any statement or comment or suggestion as to the loss of life would be an idle guess."

Who can say how much the permanent loss is? Who can say who is alive on some wooded hill or who is floating face downward in the yellow soup? Only this morning an old woman, arriving on a flat-bottom boat, was asked where her menfolks were. She replied wearily: "That's what I want to know. They left to drive out the stock. The water, she riz up to the sill and she came on over my dining-room table and she come up the stairs and she come up to the attic, and when the house was rockin' off to follow the barn and chicken houses and corn crib, I cut a hole in the shingles and climbed out onto the roof and someun came and got me. Don't ask me about my folks. I don't know whether they's alive or dead."

Nightfall at the Front

She, at any rate, with her ginghams and her aprons and her specs and her face, molded by the years of hard-worked life, is alive and ready to be sent to the rear. One may observe, as a war correspondent, through this glimpse of the microscope, and it may be that all things stupendous are seen as clearly through that glass as through the statistics and the maps and the telescopic vision.

Night is coming on along the levees. Here and there, where the river threatens to carry on its assault through the dark, fires are burning; trains of all the railroads of the valley, which have poured men and materials freely into the battle, toot and puff, shuttling back and forth with loads of clay and sand for the levee tops; torches and flash lights move here and there under the dark sky that has obscured the moon. The owls hoot in the live oaks and cottonwoods. The river climbs up, swallowing the tops of trees now hardly visible in the swelling stream of that endless waste of

Continued on Page 149

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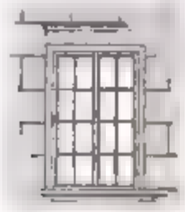

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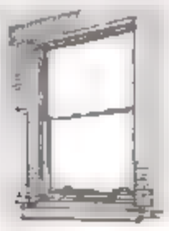

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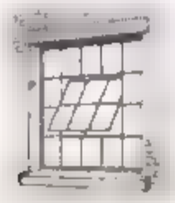

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The Lupton Steel Windows used throughout this attractive 5-room house listed at only $328

A new suburban home, its lasting window convenience insured by Lupton Casements. They listed at $470

Rain or shine, the Lupton Windows of this house open easily, close securely. Total list $520

(Continued from Page 147)

water that is no man's land. Here work must go on through the night with the sound of rushing waters in the ears.

We meet the famous little stout-heart of the Pointe Coupee horseshoe. Oh, that little man in black with the same style derby hat he has worn for forty years tilted on the back of his head! Who is he? He is Father Savorie, the priest

"My people are doing well," he says, looking up from his five feet of gigantic stature. "Yes, my people, they were the French of Acadia. This is the home of Evangeline. It is fine morale among these people. Maybe some are a little crazy, but to those I say, 'We need you not here. Go to Oklahoma.'"

The big red-headed ex-service man who saw the fighting at Argonne laughs as he leans out of our steaming muddy car.

"Oh, well, father, you have influence with God. You ask Him to stop the water at another six inches."

Like a whip of wit comes the reply: "Oh, yes, I spik with Heem. You spik with dat other fellow."

So on we fare along the battle line. Our headlights show great flocks of birds migrating to new territories because their food supply has gone from a territory of 29,000 square miles. As for the wild land animals, one has seen them on drifting wood or swimming or dead all day long—those that walk on legs and those that crawl on their bellies.

Along the tops of these levees we are passing in the night tours, young militiamen and young volunteers are on patrol, rifles hung on forearms, because situation after situation exists where a disaster to one district may mean the complete salvation of a whole territory not two miles away across a tributary basin where another line of levee still holds. A crevasse on one side may let in enough water, may capture enough territory, to satisfy the river and the other side may be saved, the water may fall, the crisis be passed, the labor may cease, security may reign. And there is always the bad man who may take a skiff and go across and in an hour of destruction under cover of night start a break to widen into a yawning crevasse.

"Don't climb that levee!" a section foreman called after me. "You'll get shot as sure as Hades. Only last night one of our guards got jumpy. He killed an old horse that had wandered up along the top."

The Signal Corps

We make a new turn on the tortuous road and lights and moving men indicate another emergency of the battle.

"What's up?"

The field officer reports to the general on inspection. He says:

"What's up? Why, we had a barge of sand all unloaded. We were blanketing just where the levee makes an angle here. When the wind rose a couple of hours ago she was empty, and she began to climb the levee. We got her off, but it beats the devil how a barge will climb a levee in the wind and tear everything to pieces."

We climbed up to look at the damage. The waves of this fresh-water ocean were whipping up, rolling in, throwing spray at us. The wind and dark were blinding, the ominous purr of vast waters mingled with the ominous whine of the wind, and the ominous raindrops had begun to fall. Far out in the waste a stern-wheel river steamer which might once have been piloted by Mark Twain churned along, and a searchlight showed the refugees crowded on her decks.

Standing there, after miles on miles of memories of the battle front, one knew that the telephone and telegraph wires were busy reporting to staff headquarters. An accident here, a loss of ground there, so many thousands of sacks needed four miles west of such-and-such a town, serum by airplane tomorrow for such-and-such a place. Food had not arrived at A, and B was sending out its stock—cattle, mules and hogs. The levee was in danger at C and Miss D was on her way to E by hydroplane to report goodness knows what; on F Ridge there was not much space left and all the diamond-back rattlers of the region were claiming it.

"Somewhere back a few days ago and a thousand miles ago there was the recollection of a jazz tune, white shirt fronts, laughing women with pearls, limousines crawling along between great walls, on black pavement. What has become of all that?"

The young representative of a Northern corporation owning vast acreage in the cotton and sugar-cane section was asking this question.

It was very hard to tell him what had become of all that.

"It's blotto," said he, impressed.

Earlier in the day he had looked at the desert of yellow soup and said grimly, "Join the Navy and see the world!"

Complacency and Talk

But now he was adjusting himself to a more primitive conditioning of mankind and a more comprehensive set of realities.

"Funny, but you have to come out here to see this thing," he said. "It doesn't come to anyone in conferences on relief, or engineers' conferences, or tours of the big politicians and then conferences, or conferences about where in time the credit is coming from to pay the bill. No conference ever showed this to me. The big stuff is out here. This is the battle!"

He was much more excited about it than the natives behind the lines. Behind the lines, all through the whole region, there is complacency and incessant talk. It is just like the war. There is incessant talk on one subject. The subject is The Water.

No one speaks of the flood; they speak of The Water and the voices give it capital letters large enough to create a sense of superstitious awe.

They say, "What is The Water doing at Bayou Rouge?" Or, "My brother, whom I haven't heard from in two weeks, is safe in Greenville, and The Water is going out."

And they joke about The Water. There will be enough yarns to last a half century. I heard one man below Baton Rouge laughing all over an acre because his own well had gone dry!

"The Water has me beat," said an old planter. "It's been takin' away from me steady for forty years and I'm goin' to give it my piece of land and git thanks for it. The Water is a better man than I be, and now it has outdid itself. I can tell you stories! Looka here, a man named Gilfin, living just four miles south of me, had a cow ——"

The Water! The Water beyond the battle line of levees! It looks yellow from the ramparts, almost red from airplanes. It has swept things clean and it is taking its spoils of dead creatures and broken timbers of flotsam and jetsam, hodgepodge and what not, out to sea.

The Mississippi has had its own willful way perhaps for the last time. It has claimed its own lands with a roar and it will abandon them with a sigh. It will leave a newly fertilized territory but an empire swept with devastation. It will leave its sun-dried silt caked over nearly 30,000 square miles of the United States. And it has wrought such changes!

Just last night as we swept along the last miles of the day's tour of levee, a head rose over the top of the dike. A long sinuous body followed—a refugee!

The thing came down the incline on the land side of the levee through the weeds and grass and dragged itself across the road on its belly and fell weakly into the drainage ditch.

Even the railroad section foreman, who had lived in this town for years and knew the power of The Water, opened his eyes. "Dog-gone me!" he exclaimed. "That's the first time an alligator has come into this parish in forty years!"

The Water!

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TIT FOR TAT

Continued from Page 25

Ellsworth compressed his lips into a narrow line. "I'll deliver the message," he said shortly.

III

DON was awakened in the small hours of the morning by the clamor of an earnest man beating vehemently upon a suspended iron tire with a crowbar. The tire hung at the door of the volunteer fire company's edifice, and the sound of it was guaranteed to penetrate the remotest limits of the vicinage.

Don hurried forth, as any good newspaper man was in duty bound to do, and discovered that Lucas Bream's barn was in flames.

The fire company, which had been without duties to perform for a long period, welcomed the event. It abandoned the barn as beyond salvation and set itself to wrecking Mr. Bream's dwelling. It chopped holes in his unthreatened roof, bashed in his windows, trampled his garden, broke his dishes and otherwise disported itself with enthusiasm and violence.

The barn burned, and with it one ancient horse and a milch cow. What remained of the dwelling after the volunteers had worked their pleasure upon it continued to stand without so much as being singed. But rumors filled the air. These rumors had to do with the odor of kerosene and the presence of excelsior.

"The fire bug again!" was the exclamation which passed from lip to lip.

Every small town, at one time or another is blessed with the presence of a fire bug. He is, indeed, a blessing, because he is a mystery. He causes the citizens to look at one another askance, and scarcely a murder affords so much food for conversation and speculation. Fire bugs apparently belong to a race apart; they run to form, emulating one another in the malign art which they have made their own. Generally it is vacant houses to which they put the torch, or outbuildings or barns. They exhibit a certain discrimination and care for human life, and one would guess them to be animated by no malice, but rather by an innocent desire for lurid entertainment of the bonfire variety. . . . Sugar Hollow's incendiary had been inactive for a period of months and his return was welcomed by the populace.

"When I got there," shouted an ardent fireman, "the' was reek enough of kerosene to knock a body down, and you could see where he'd lugged his excelsior."

"It ketched in three places to once," declared another "The' hain't no question but what it was set. I cal'late we'll have to git together the Committee of Public Safety and a length of inch rope."

""Tain't to be put up with, seems as though. Nobody's safe in his bed no more. Suthin's got to be done or the hull town'll go up in flames."

"It could be anybody," said another. "The feller that done it may be right here amongst us."

"And likely he is!"

"Life or limb hain't safe in this town till he's hunted down "

So public opinion took shape, demanding stern and immediate measures for protection, and the Sugar Hollow Sentinel was provided with copy and editorial subject matter for an indefinite period. Don made such investigations as were possible in the night and the confusion. Then, instead of retiring again to his bed, he went to his office, where he sat down before his desk, not to write, but to consider. It is not of record, for no man saw him, but it is nevertheless a fact that more than once during the ensuing hours he chuckled.

From his safe he took a sizable notebook in which he kept a diary; not a diary of his own comings and goings and utterances and thoughts, for he was too busy and too much interested in life as it passed before his eyes to engage in introspection. And this record he studied with the care of a student about to undergo a vital examination. Then he laid his boyish head on the desk top and slept peacefully and restfully.

In the early morning, Horrible, the printer's devil, arrived early for the sweeping out, and aroused him. Presently Jake came in, scowling ferociously.

"Fire bug," he said in a gentle, vague voice as he passed his employer.

"Break up the first page. I'll be giving you a two-column lead, eight point, double leaded," said Don.

"Nobody's got no idee who done it," said Jake, waggling his head and clucking in amazement that such wickedness should cumber the earth. "Kerosene ile and ever'thin'," he said dazedly.

"Folks is terrible upsot," said Horrible.

"I never see the town in sich a stew," said Jake.

"The' ought to be clews," said Horrible. "Detectives allus finds clews."

"Jake," asked Don, "are you an expert on kerosene? Could you, for instance, detect the difference in the odor of a gallon of it belonging to me and a gallon belonging to, say, Horrible?"

"No, nor nobuddy else neither. All kerosene smells alike."

"It ought not to. Take perfume. Kerosene is a liquid and perfume is a liquid. Am I right so far?"

"You be."

"Therefore, perfecting a syllogism, kerosene and perfume are the same thing."

Jake scratched his head and blinked. Horrible allowed his mouth to fall open.

"But," said Don, "there are different odors to perfumes. Violet and jasmine and so on and so forth, ad infinitum."

"Dunno's I ever smelt that infinitum smell," said Jake.

"Also," said Don, "you may often identify individuals by the smell of the perfume they use. Why not, then, identify kerosene by the odor of the person who uses it? Tell me that!"

"Dog-gone!" exclaimed Horrible rapturously.

"It's a clew," said Don. "And there's the excelsior."

"It's all alike."

"No, indeed! There's excelsior you pack dishes in and excelsior you pack other things in and excelsior that goes in the chorus of the song. On the banner with the strange device. Maybe this excelsior is that excelsior. The lad who climbed mid snow and ice. That, also, is a clew."

"If you kin tell one handful of it from another," said Jake, "then you're smarter 'n what I be."

"Who am I," asked Don, "to deny the truth of so sincere a compliment? Now let's have your report, both of you And then run out and get Pazzy Baker."

"Don't need to," said a voice from the door. "Here I be."

"Were you on the job last night, Pazzy?"

The very fat man with the very ruddy cheeks and the pants which bagged alarmingly in the seat stepped farther into the composing room. "Cal'late I never missed a trick," he said.

"Come in then and let's have the horrid details," said Don.

Whereupon he withdrew to the editorial desk with Mr. Baker, and as that citizen without visible means of support became voluble, Don made rapid entries in the diary which he kept in the guardianship of the safe.

"If he ketches me a-watchin' him," said Pazzy, "he'll run me so fast I'll shed off fifty pound of flesh."

IV

DON OAKES walked across the street to the livery stable where he boarded the conglomeration of rusty, unpainted metal which he called an automobile. Its top was torn, its mud guards flapped and its motor uttered strange cries of agony at the most unexpected of times. Yet it ran; it proceeded from place to place; and Don was fond of it. He backed it out of the barn, bringing it to a sudden stop as a man shouted a warning and a girl's voice arose in a startled cry. He had escaped narrowly backing upon Doctor Noble's daughter, who now stood fixing him with glinting eyes.

"It would be you!" she said sharply.

"Startled," said Don, "but uninjured. Bucephalus, Bucephalus, you almost got us into trouble!"

"They ought not to let you drive it," Iris said sharply. "Backing all over people without looking!"

"Beg the lady's pardon," Don said to his car; and then to Miss Noble: "He's high-spirited. I can hardly control him when he's had his tank filled. But not vicious. I wouldn't want you to think there was one vicious dent in his whole body. . . . May I take you anywhere—by way of apology?"

"Do you think I would ride with you—in that!"

"A poor thing, but mine own," he said. "Or in anything else."

"I despise generalities," he said. "It is because they are so general. . . . Why should the spirit of mortal be proud? Mine isn't."

"No," said Iris; "it ought to be ashamed."

"We always get back to that subject, don't we? No variety at all. Emulate Cleopatra. Time could not age nor custom stale." He bowed as if he were seeing her for the first time. "I trust you are in good health, and this and that are satisfactory, and all's well with the world."

"If I were a man ——" she began, but he interrupted.

"It would be terrible," he said earnestly. "Perfectly terrible. I cannot contemplate your being a man—not with equanimity. Therefore, if you will not ride with me, I must ride alone. It were better thus. He travels fastest who travels alone. Try sometimes to think more kindly of me—when I am gone."

With which he set the car in rearward motion again, backed into the road, wheeled and headed away at speed toward the courthouse. Iris stood biting her lips and frowning into the cloud of dust. Never, aside from the weaknesses of his character, had she met a young man whom she could despise with such abandon.

Don stopped before the courthouse and ran up the steps. In the door he met Big-Foot Mosher, working leisurely at his profession of bodyguard to Sheriff Fox. "Is your patron in?" Don asked.

"My what?" growled Mosher, clenching his fists.

Don touched a huge knuckle daintily and smiled into Mosher's eyes. "Funny, isn't it? You want to, but somehow you just can't. How do you account for it?"

"You git away from me," Mosher said venomously. "Some day I cal'late to bust you in two."

"Before then," said Don, "you'll be so busy dodging the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune that you'll forget. . . . Have you caught the fire bug?"

"None of your business," said Big-Foot graciously.

Don passed on to the outer door of the sheriff's office and entered. He passed through the railing and to the door of the private room where Sheriff Fox maintained his state The door was closed.

"Sheriff in?" he asked of a clerk.

"Busy."

"You'd hardly believe it," said Don, "but he's going to be busier." And so saying, he thrust open the door to discover the sheriff, the prosecutor and Supervisor Mather in conference.

"You don't need to scowl," Don said to the sheriff. "After this I'll take it for granted when I come in. You can save wear and tear on the classic features. . . . Have you caught the fire bug?"

"No; and now that I've told ye, clear out."

"Do you desire greatly to catch him?"

"We're huntin' high and low."

"What," asked Don, "will you give me for him? You to keep all the glory of the capture."

"I don't want nothin' from you—not even information," said Sheriff Fox.

"Just a minute, sheriff," said young Ellsworth. "Better listen."

Fox grunted and slumped down in his chair. Then he grinned through his beard, showing yellow teeth. "You cal'lated to do suthin' if Doc Noble wan't let free today," he said with a sneer.

"I'm still calculating," said Don.

"What," asked Ellsworth, "about the fire bug? Have you discovered something?"

"I've discovered an infinity of things, and some are entomological. They may even appertain to fire entomology. For instance, I can tell you the name of a man who had a grudge against the owner of the burned barn."

"Huh!"

"And I can produce the name of a man who bought kerosene that very day."

"Lots did," said the sheriff.

"These," said Don, "were the same man."

"That all?"

"More—much more. The name of a man who bought a bale of excelsior—also the same man."

"You got to have a heap more'n that before I kin act."

"Merely corroborative details," said Don. "Indirect but damning."

"What else?"

"This man was seen with excelsior in his car—considerable of it—on the night of the fire. He stopped his car in the lane that runs past the burned barn and got out with his arms full of something. Bits of excelsior lie along the lane from where he stopped to the burned barn. He walked up the lane and was gone fifteen minutes. Then he returned, got into his car and drove away rapidly. It was two o'clock. . . . Is that evidence?"

"It is," said Ellsworth. "Who is the man?"

"The fire started a few minutes after he left," said Don. "Now it seems to me those facts make it look pretty black for that man."

"They do," said Ellsworth. "His name?"

"It will surprise, not to say grieve you," said Don. "His name is Fox. Fox is his name and sheriff is his station, and it looks as if barn-burning was his hobby."

"Me!" bellowed the sheriff, leaping to his feet. "D'ye mean me, you whippersnapper? Me?"

"You," said Don, "and none other. The time, the place and the evidence."

"But it's absurd," said Ellsworth.

"Maybe," said Don. "So many things are absurd. But absurd things will happen in the best regulated of families. . . . And I can prove all these facts, sheriff. Just to illustrate, I can tell you every movement you made yesterday. I know when you bought a package of fine cut and what you paid for it. I know what you said to Tom Hall in front of the post office. I know you bought two gallons of kerosene at eleven minutes past two and a bale of excelsior at fourteen minutes to three. I can go through the day and account for every second of it—up to two o'clock in the morning—and beyond."

"I never set fire to no barns!" roared the sheriff. "What for would I do it?"

"There was a grudge," said Don. "Fifty men can swear to that."

"But I hain't sich a fool."

"A point open to argument. . . . But there's the evidence. I think—I'm not sure, but I think—at least two witnesses can be found who would swear they saw you lighting the match."

(Continued on Page 154)

You can't wear out their looks

WHAT about the shoe you have on now? Does it fit your foot and your station? Does it feel as good as it looks? How will it look after the one-hundredth shine?

Well, if the shoe you have on now is a Smith Smart Shoe, rest easy. Its good fit and its good looks are literally skin-deep. Its lustre is not lacquered over, nor painted on. Not in the Smith Smart Shoe!

Lustre in the Smith Smart Shoe is native lustre, inwrought in the fine tight fibre of the leather. Sightliness comes from hand-tailoring of both leather and lining, and is double-stitched in. Shapeliness stands firm on soles and counters of sturdy select tannage. For three generations it has been honestly said of Smith Smart Shoes, "You can't wear out their looks!"

TEN DOLLARS

Lightweight shoes for warm weather . . . Smith dealers are showing this cool, stylish Smith Smart Bantamweight Oxford in Imported Tan or Black Alpine Calf

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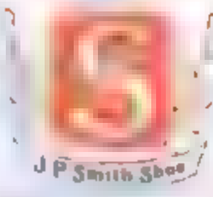

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(Continued from Page 150)

The sheriff was now sweating profusely, and Ellsworth regarded him with bent brows. "Sheriff," said the young man, "what is there to this story?"

"Not a thing!"

"Can you prove it?" Don asked softly. "Is there a single fact I've stated that you can disprove?"

"I bought kerosene for the old woman."

"And you bought excelsior. Now why would you buy excelsior, sheriff? Some men might use it to pack bottles in, but what have you to do with bottles?"

"Were you in that lane?" demanded Ellsworth.

"I —— Dog-gone it, you know I was! You know I was makin' a delivery ——" At this point he stopped suddenly, but Don nodded encouragingly.

"Of course," he said, "if you can prove you were in that lane for some lawful purpose unconnected with incendiarism ——"

"I never burnt no barn," repeated the sheriff.

"People have been convicted of things they never did," said Don. "Now let's take the case of Doctor Noble. He's going to be tried and convicted of peddling drugs contrary to the statutes in such case made and provided. He didn't do it. I know he didn't and you know he didn't. But the jury won't know it."

"I tell you I ——"

"Oh, I take your word for it," said Don. "I believe you implicitly. But will anybody else—when, for instance, I print all those facts tomorrow without comment? What will folks think? They'll think a lot, sheriff, and that'll hurt next election. Maybe there'll be no conviction, but there'll be an indictment, and the story'll travel far. 'Sheriff accused of barn-burning.'"

"You're goin' to print them lies? You dassent. I'll have ye up for libel."

"Not a lie, sheriff. I'll bring witnesses to prove every statement I shall make. Credible witnesses too. Better than the sort you've got shut up to testify against Doctor Noble."

"What's this to do with Noble?" asked Ellsworth.

"Just a parallel case," said Don. "Two innocent men accused of crime—and unable to prove their innocence. Now if the sheriff could just tell why he was in that lane and what bottles he packed in the excelsior! But he can't very well, can he? Nor that the abandoned schoolhouse next to the burned barn is a sort of distributing station. Too bad, Mr. Sheriff."

"I tell you I never burnt no barn!"

"I repeat, I believe you. In fact I know you didn't. But I can prove you did. Kind of sort of ironical, isn't it? You can prove Doctor Noble did something he didn't do, and then—bang!—right on top of it I come along and prove you did something you didn't do. Tit for tat, I call it. Poetic justice, the irony of fate and such like things."

"You are going to print this story?" asked Ellsworth.

"Probably," said Don.

"Which means possibly not?"

"It might mean that."

"In what event?"

"In the unlikely event of the charges against Doctor Noble being quashed and his name completely exonerated," said Don. "Two dope fiends in jail can confess to perjury and to planting that package of drugs in the doctor's garage. . . . Simple enough, isn't it?"

The sheriff frowned uncertainly at Ellsworth, who pursed his lips and stared with level eyes at Don. Presently he spoke. "You win," he said.

"I rather fancied so," said Don. "Let me have the facts of the confessions and the quashing of the indictment against the doctor—in time for the paper tomorrow."

"You may depend upon it," said Ellsworth.

"And by the way," said Don, "a small favor. No word of my connection with this. I shouldn't care to have the doctor feel under obligation to me."

"Certainly," said Ellsworth.

"And good day," said Don.

"A minute. I'll ride along with you," said Ellsworth.

They got into the car, Ellsworth frowning and silent, Don silent and debonair.

"Oakes," said Ellsworth, "what's your game? What are you up to?"

"I," said Don, "am enjoying life."

"You're after the sheriff's scalp."

"And yours and Mather's and the rest of the gang."

"Why don't you nail them on the barn door then? You seem to have the facts."

Don shook his head. "Not ready yet," he said. "I'll ring the school bell when I am. . . . Is this where you get out?"

"Yes. . . . And, Oakes, this is a small town. Is it big enough for the sheriff and you?"

"It bulges," said Don; "it bulges under the strain."

"He will buy you out."

Don shook his head. "Where else on this drab and sullen earth would I find so much fun?" he asked.

Ellsworth alighted and stood looking after Don with set face and level brows. He had the appearance of a determined man, a dangerous man, perhaps. Presently he nodded his head twice. He had made up his mind to something—and that something was not clement for Don Oakes.

V

NEXT afternoon's paper carried the full story of the vindication of Doctor Noble. An hour after its appearance Don met the doctor and his daughter on the street, and paused. "May I offer my congratulations?" he asked.

"Small thanks to you if congratulations are in order," said Iris, and passed on with uptilted chin.

Don Oakes grinned to himself delightedly.

BOOBS AND SADDLES

(Continued from Page 40)

another hunt club, and with our herd of hounds we sets out. I'm all dressed up in a pink coat and the rest of the stuff that's *au fait* with foxes, feeling just about as much at home in 'em as a horsefly would in Detroit.

"You look like a heat rash," comments Ritter.

"Better watch out, redcoat,' I comes back, "or some of the minute men around here'll be taking a musket shot at you from behind a stone wall."

I'm on Milky Way, me figuring that I'm better off on a horse whose neck I'm acquainted with than on a perfect stranger. Pretty soon we arrives at the covert that's going to be flushed, and the serious business of the day begins.

The dogs sniff around and in a couple of minutes they've got something stirred up—a plant of Cyril's, I imagine. Off they go in what I understands is full cry, though it may have been a trifle short, and we follows in what I knows is full fear.

It doesn't take long for the Doughmore Hunt to mess up things. Four or five of the riders, including Jim Magruder, override the hounds and turn them into a snarling, tangled hash of dog meat. Cyril and the grooms sweat blood getting the pack together again and off on the trail.

For a while after that there's no trouble; then it comes like bananas—in bunches. Hank and I and a few others are scooting down a narrow path. Ahead of us is Lizzie and in front of her is a short hedge, not more than two feet high. Instead of taking the jump, the Magruder malaria pulls up her mount short and we comes within an ace of smashing into her. When I starts to bawl her out I notices a powder puff in her mitts.

"What ——" I gasps.

"I just had a feeling," smiles Lizzie, "that my nose was shiny."

"You do that again," I snarls, "and you'll get slapped in the face with a shiny spade."

I stay as far away from that jane after that as I can. The jumps are all short and Milky Way takes them without any trouble. I'm really beginning to enjoy myself.

"The quarry must be ahead," remarks Hank, when the yelling and barking gets louder.

"I quit," says I. "I'll hurdle no quarries. Call me up when you get home, if ever."

"I'm not talking about a stoneyard," growls Ritter. "The fox is the quarry."

Suddenly we comes into a kind of clearing, and there are the hounds in a circle around something, with the rest of the hunt urging them on, excepting Dawfish, who is in among the dogs trying to shoo them away. When I gets close I sees that the animal that's been run down's no bigger than a squirrel.

"That's no fox, is it?" I asks Hank.

"Englishman," says Ritter, paying no attention to my question, "you'd better leave him alone. That's a polecat."

"But," protests Dawfish, "we'll lose the scent of the fox."

"You may lose the scent of the fox," agrees Hank, "but what you'll get if you stick around won't be attar of roses."

Cyril stops monkeying with the hounds and I sees him sniff. Then a ghastly expression comes over his face.

"That's what they call the worry," remarks a fathead Doughmoron, who hadn't noticed anything wrong—yet.

"You should have it," says Ritter. "Come on," he shouts to me.

It also occurs to me that this is no place for a tinsmith's daughter. Grabbing Kate and Tillie, me and Hank departs hasty, just as I feel a drop of rain splash on my hand. In the excitement we'd failed to notice the black clouds forming overhead. In two minutes it's coming down in sheets, and we're slopping and slipping through the brush in what we think is the direction home. It isn't.

To add to the pleasant time being had by all, my pink coat had been made by a cheap crook and starts running rivers of red, making a bum out of my white pants and turning Milky Way into a speckled roan. For more than an hour we slides and stumbles through the woods.

"I'm getting wet to the skin," moans the missus.

"You're not getting wet," I growls. "That's social standing you're getting. The peasantry," I adds, sarcastic, "seeing you in a mudhole might make a natural, mistake, though."

The rain gets worse and worse, Tillie and Kate helping it along by spilling a few weeps. The nags have trouble keeping to their hoofs, and about every five minutes we have to stop to pull a horse and rider out of a wallow. Finally we spots a concrete road through the trees, and as we does so, something flashes by with a mouthful of feathers.

"The fox," announces Hank, "and his kill. Shall I get his tail for you, Tillie?"

"I want to die," wails Ritter's wife, with enthusiasm.

Kate's practically in a state of solution when I gets her home. Her hair's matted over her face and the water's dripping from every part of her ex-nobby costume.

"Well," I remarks, "how do you like following the hounds as far as you've followed 'em?"

"It's just like you," sobs the frau, "to drag me into such an awful thing."

"I apologize," says I, having been married ten years.

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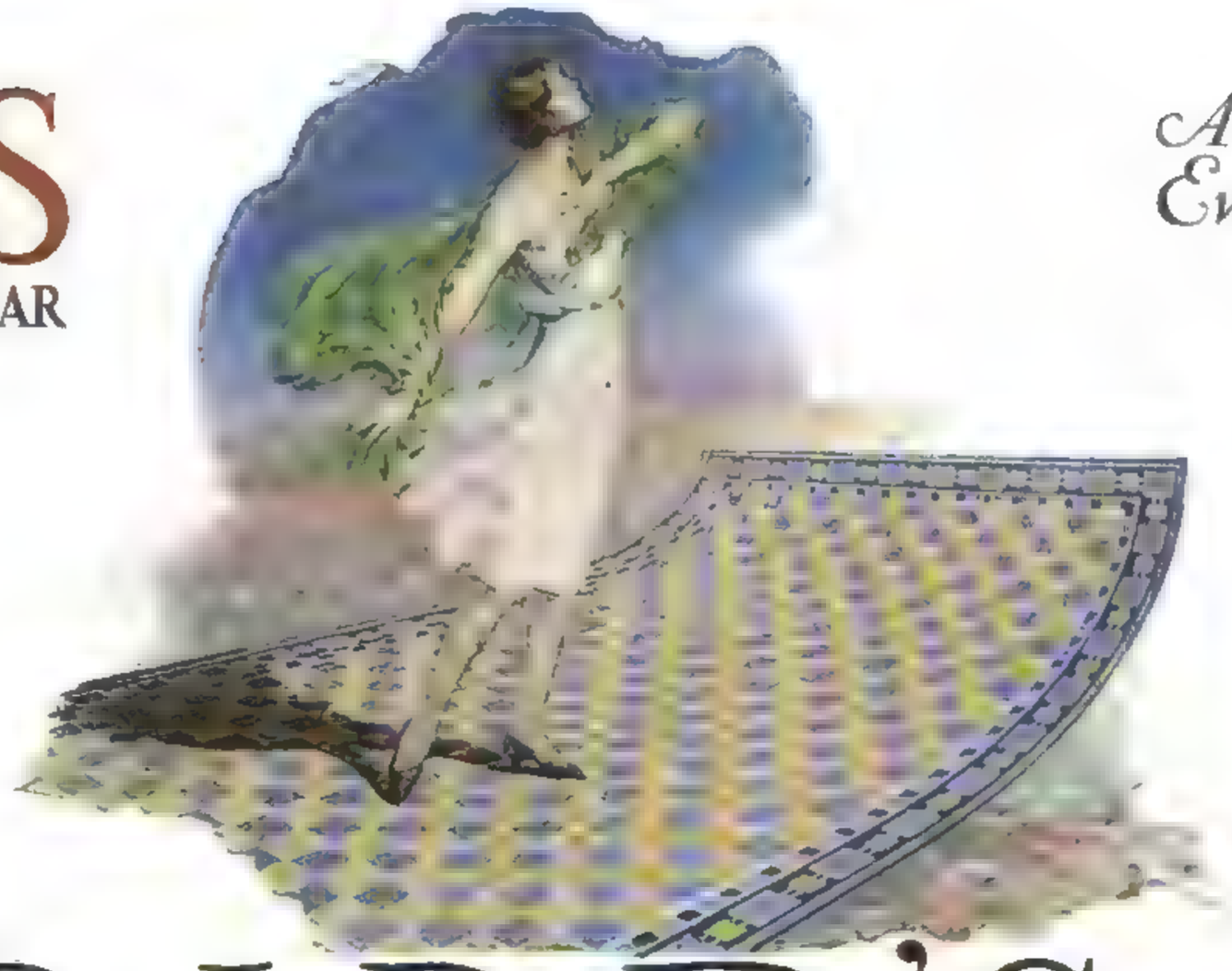

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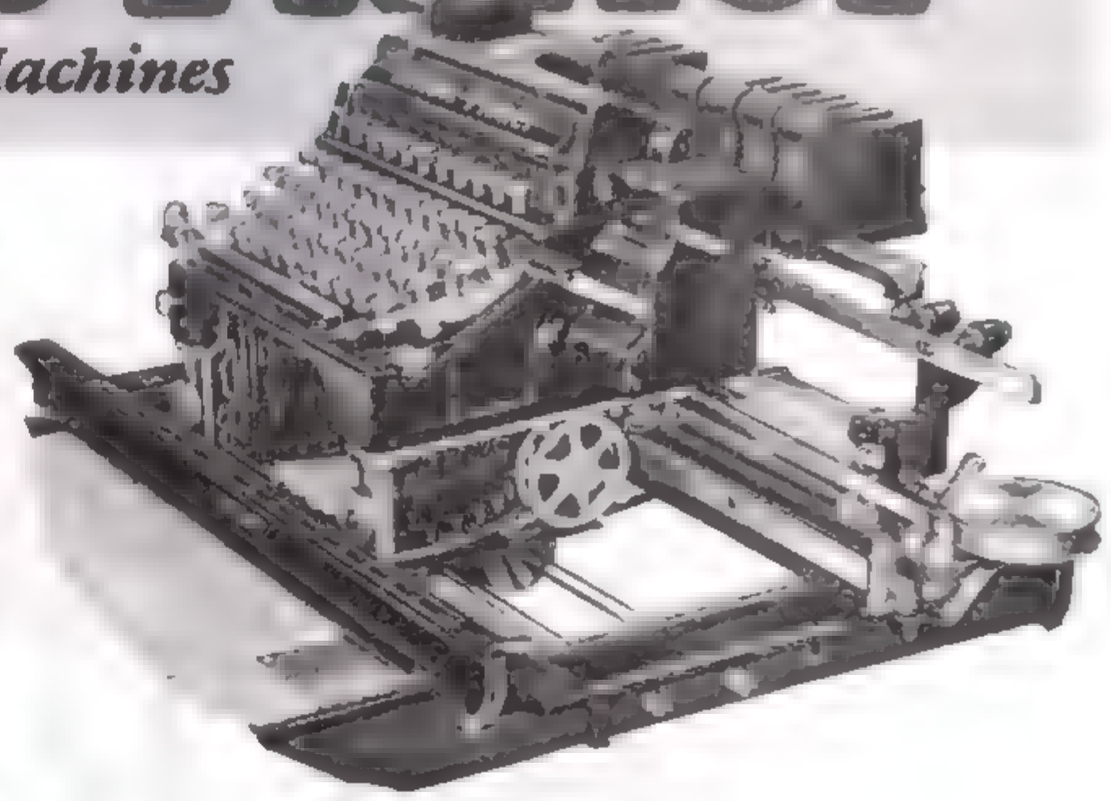

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HUSSY LUCK

(Continued from Page 15

could he ask a girl to share his crusts and become a wanderer on the face of the earth? Milton did not think of it in any such vague terms as here employed, however. When he thought about marriage, he thought of Alice Lanham. Ever since he was a boy in short pants he had worshiped Alice from afar, and never did he build an air castle that Alice did not grace it. When he arrived where he aspired to be—when his position was sufficiently secure for him to contemplate the step—on that day would he ask her. On that day, too, he would tell her all he had been doing, and she would understand and thrill to his work just as he did. Poor Bob! It was a mercy he never got the chance, because Alice had once held her nose above a crater's rim and no earthly inducement could have persuaded her to waste ten minutes on such smelly old things.

She was still single—he knew that much. Often he wondered why; then decided that the men she knew in their home town were hardly the sort who would appeal to a girl like Alice, and the Lanhams lived so quietly that she had scant opportunity of meeting eligible outsiders. This thought heartened him while he was in the north country, and a lot of half-acknowledged hopes buoyed him up on his first visit home in many years.

"Well, well!" exclaimed his boyhood friends. "If it ain't Bob Milton!" He ran into a bunch of them in the Red Front Drug Store, a favorite hangout. "What you doin' now, Bob?"

"I'm a volcanologist—fool around volcanoes, you know."

"Takin' pictures?"

"No—that is—yes, and no. I make a study of them."

"You do? Shucks, d'you mean to say you earn your livin' that way?"

"Yes."

"Har-har! It's a right good thing the ol' hardware store keeps on doin' business, hey, Bob?"

Well, why shouldn't they take this view of it? Bob was entitled to a flock of letters after his name, but so far as producing the wherewithal was concerned, the dingy store at the corner of the town square and Cedar Street had degrees beaten a mile.

"Hear about Phil Rosser?" inquired Bud Mosher.

"No," said Milton eagerly. "Where is he now?"

"Chi—and just burning 'em up. Phil's done mighty well, Phil has. I done heard his dad telling Mr. Maddox only the other day how Phil was drawin' down a hundred a week. Yes, sir."

"That's fine. What is he doing?"

"Biggest newspaper in Chicago, and ol' Phil's star reporter, they tell me. He always was smart, Phil was; and now he's just burning 'em up in the big burg. I tell you Porterville ought to be proud of Phil—yes, and a whole lot of old Porterville boys 've done good too. Look at Al Jackson's boy, will you?—assistant cashier of the second biggest bank in St. Louis, and he 'most runs the dog-goned thing, so I hear."

And now a voice from one of the easy cane chairs against the wall spoke up. "I ain't denying Phil's done awful good," it said; "but I never did think he used Alice Lanham right, and I never will."

Bob turned abruptly away, loudly calling for a cold drink in the hope of shutting off this topic, but the town was one big family and talked over its affairs in that spirit.

"Oh, well, what can you expect?" Bud protested tolerantly, biting another hunk off his cigar to make it draw. "They were engaged sure enough, I reckon, but a man's got as good a right to change his mind as what a woman has, ain't he? That's the way I look at it."

"But she waited for him a coupla years."

"The way I figure it," remarked the druggist, "is this: Phil was away up there in Chicago, flying round with the big bugs, and when he come back home Alice just naturally didn't look so good to him as she did before. The way I figure it, that girl was cut for an ol' maid anyhow."

"Well, it's all off now. And I hear he's fixing to get married."

"No! Go on! Who to?"

"Some girl up there—swell family, too, I hear. They got money—a pile of it, they say."

"Well, if that don't beat all! He always was the luckiest stiff alive. Why, say, I can remember when Phil Rosser ——"

Bob did not wait to hear more. With a loud hail to the postmaster, passing along the sidewalk, he bolted from the store and hurried blindly homeward.

So that was why she had remained single so long! And Phil Rosser, of all men! He felt a hot resentment, not so much against Phil as against Alice, at first. To think that she could love a fellow of Phil's stamp, who played fast and loose with life and was so devoid of character! And then he began to hate Phil. He forgot his old fondness for the amiable rascal, shut his mind tight against all the warm qualities that had so endeared Phil to him—the fellow was a weakling and booze fighter, not fit to touch the hem of Alice Lanham's skirt. And he had probably held her in his arms! It made Bob gnash his teeth.

Milton went through every variety of jealous rage and ended with a great yearning. But on one point he had made up his mind—he would never ask Alice to marry him

On Sunday he saw her in church with her parents. That girl cut out for an old maid? He felt like throttling the druggist. It was true that she did look older than he had expected, but she was a thoroughbred to her finger tips, and how a woman like her could bother to look twice at drunken Phil Rosser —— The same torturing treadmill over again, to end as it had done before, his starved heart aching for her.

And Alice? She nodded amiably to Bob during the service, but the nod was accompanied by a puzzled look, as though she had difficulty in placing him, Milton caught it. He did not wait to speak to her when the congregation filed out, but strode off down a side street to avoid old friends. Next day he left Porterville.

A month later a deluge of announcements swamped the post-office force. If Phil overlooked a solitary one of his friends or acquaintances in the county, nobody could think whom. But home towns eye obligations beyond their borders through an inverted telescope, and only five presents were sent to the bride.

The general attitude was summed up by Minnie May Thurber. "What?" she snorted. "Me send a present to that stuck-up thing? If I'm not good enough to be invited to the wedding I'm not good enough to send a present. They can keep their ol' announcement."

"I think it was downright mean to send you an announcement, anyhow, Minnie May," cooed Bertine Merriwether, who knew all about Phil's early philandering.

Yes, he was married at last. Mr. and Mrs. James Delancey O'Grady announce the marriage of their daughter Amy Elizabeth to Mr. Philip Snodgrass Rosser, and so on. At home after July fifth, 11,037 Easy Street, Evanston, Illinois.

Married and launched on a career, riding high and handsome, after years of storm-tossed drifting—Phil's luck again! And it came to him when he was teetering on the brink. His boss had made up his mind he had stood for enough of Rosser's slips, and had even fixed the date to fire him, when the owner of the paper decided to send Phil to Paris as head of their European correspondence bureau at a salary of ten thousand a year and an expense account that could be stretched to cover another five by a capable rewrite man accustomed to padding.

(Continued on Page 159)

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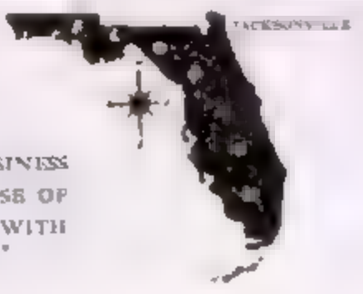

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(Continued from Page 157)

The same story over again for Phil—going along in slipshod fashion, barely getting by, and then retrieving himself by one brilliant stunt. Such had been his record from the day of his arrival. He got no chance to shine during the early months, and failed to create a ripple; then suddenly jumped to the fore with a screaming story of a cat fight on the Elevated which never occurred. Phil wrote it as an excuse for arriving late at the office.

The beauty of the feat was that its truth made no difference, and the city editor told him to browse around and do a human-interest story of some kind every day, and proceeded to feature them in a box; which was pretty soft for Phil so long as the arrangement lasted, because it permitted irregular hours and escape from routine assignments.

Yet he soon tired of the work, and a series of colorless ones ended the sinecure. However, he was now an outstanding figure in the newsroom, and the boss formed the habit of holding him for something to break. Indeed, he became virtually one of the star reporters long before his salary showed the same recognition. Often for weeks on end Phil did nothing but loaf around the office, waiting for something to break, occasionally taking a story over the phone from a district man and making frequent trips down the elevator with the sporting editor to sneak a drink at the Dutchman's around the corner. And when the big things did come off Phil rose to the occasion like a champion and set the whole town talking.

Nevertheless, other men with half his talent passed him as the years slipped by. They just kept pegging along without anybody paying much attention, and after a while shook newspaper work for other fields. Now and again Phil would see one of them shooting past in his own car; twice, when out on stories, he found himself interviewing graduates of the newsroom who had been contemporaries and he marveled how they managed to put it over, as he considered them of very mediocre ability. They marveled why Phil seemed to stick just where he was. True, he drew eighty a week now and most of the reportorial staff looked up to him as a beacon light, but there was no denying he appeared to have gone as far as he was likely to go.

An editorship? Everybody hooted at the idea. Not enough balance—too temperamental—would get the paper into hot water twice a day. And then his habits! He often came down to work so shaky that he was obliged to hold the back of his head with one hand while he gulped a cup of coffee.

Twice during these years he paid visits home, where he was hailed as a celebrity hand in glove with all the big bugs of the land. Porterville boys were sure making their mark in the world! Yes, sir-ree! On the first of these visits he became engaged to Alice Lanham and on the second he crawled out of it. There was a girl in Evanston—well, Phil had met her at a golf tournament he was covering, and she found him different and attractive, and he began to pay her some attention, out of vanity at the start because her family was prominent. Afterward he fell in love with Amy and dogged her around with his usual insistence when really stirred.

She was a level-headed girl, however, and would probably have gone no further than a mild flirtation if an event had not changed Phil's prospects, because there was another man who worshiped the ground she walked on—a man worth a dozen of Phil any day, even if he did talk too much about automobile headlights and dimmers. The aforesaid event was not unusual—Phil got drunk. He got drunk and wandered in late to a steel dinner to report it, and he was pale and perfectly composed, and the toastmaster did not suspect his condition, but pounced on Phil and almost ordered him to fill in for old Bassett, editor of the Bugle, who had sent word at the last moment that he was ill and could not respond for the press.

"He got cold feet, that's what he did," wailed the toastmaster. "Say, can you make a speech?"

"If you wanted a speech," Phil retorted in a crisp, supercilious tone, "what on earth made you invite Bassett? . . . Yes, I'll speak. But it'll be away above their heads."

A flicker of doubt crept into the toastmaster's eye as he heard these words and he scrutinized Phil closely, but the fellow was as calm as an oyster. Whereupon—"That's the boy," he said. "Come on up to the head table."

Under cover of the earlier speeches, Phil took a nip out of a flask, and the liquor steadied and fired his brain. Without preparation he got up on his hind legs when his turn came and almost immediately stilled the snapping of watches. He had not spoken fifty words before those bravely paunched captains of industry were howling with delight. Then he grew serious; his tone changed; he began to shoot it into them. They blinked and puffed harder on their cigars, made uncertain by his audacity. But it was nothing more than good-natured banter, with every shot tempered by an implied tribute to their power and greatness and vision, and they ate it up and clamored for more.

Right? Of course he was right! Just what a lot of us have been thinking all along, but afraid to say! Who was this fellow anyhow? Newspaperman? Absolutely wasted in a newspaper office—brains, I tell you—the real stuff!

The toastmaster had introduced Phil with an apology. When Phil sat down he shook him by the hand. And thirty feet away, a tall gray man was inquiring of his neighbor, "Who is that fellow? Reporter, did you say? Surely not. What paper?"

"Why, the Tooter, I think it is—your own paper, Mr. Johnson. Say, that's a good one! Don't you know your own men?"

The owner of Phil's paper did not reply. An idea had burst on him. The speech had been a knock-out; but, after all, a spellbinder might not be any good for anything else. It was Phil's poise that caught Mr. Johnson's eye, the laughing way in which he chaffed these nabobs on terms of equality—not the least bit in awe of them, and not a trace of effrontery, either—simply good-humored raillery, as a man among friends. Where had Leary picked this fellow up? Ah, now he remembered—the chap who used to write human-interest stuff.

Luckily he did not try to speak with Phil that night, for he was more versed in symptoms than the toastmaster. Nor could he have guessed that as Phil stood there, receiving the congratulations of scores, the whole table was a pleasant blur to his vision and he had even forgotten how he happened to be present.

Next morning he had a talk with his city editor. That is to say, Mr. Johnson talked and Leary listened. He hadn't held his job twenty years on the Tooter for nothing, and the instant the proprietor inquired what sort of a Paris correspondent Rosser would make, the city editor knew that Phil was going across, no matter what he might say. Therefore, like a prudent man, he replied that of all the newspapermen he had met in his wide experience, Phil looked like the best bet; which confirmed Mr. Johnson's opinion of Leary's sound judgment and relieved Leary of the trouble of firing Phil. Let him go, the big mutt! He would last about six months over there. And he was now the news editor's worry, not his.

"What we need abroad," declared Mr. Johnson, "is a man who can mix with the highest of 'em, a fellow with poise and—and ——"

"There's no denying Phil's a good mixer," murmured Leary, rubbing the end of his nose, and that settled the business.

Ten thousand a year and Paris correspondent—quite a different proposition from a local reporter! And Amy had a juicy income from her grandmother's estate. Paris! The very place in which she had always longed to live. She no longer hesitated. Her heart spoke clear and strong, and she bade a nobly tender farewell to the automobile-dimmer person, who had to stay close to his business in those parts, and fluttered into Phil's arms.

It turned out quite a fortunate match, too, and she almost succeeded in making a man out of Phil. For some years he led a sober life and really applied himself, and when Phil applied himself he was unbeatable at his own game. He fairly dumfounded Leary, who had been free and profane with his prophecies, and he became Mr. Johnson's particular pet. The Legion of Honor—a fat raise in salary—a secure position—the respect of his fellow craftsmen—all were Phil's. And then, with everything in his lap, he started to slip. Mildly, at first, so that Amy failed to take alarm; but Paris is the worst place in the world for a man with weaknesses—ahem!—and soon he was going all the gaits.

His wife pleaded with him, stormed, begged and threatened. Phil would make any sort of promise, and did, but he never kept a single one. Finally he went on a bender which involved him with the police and could not be hushed up, and the scandal of it reached to Chicago. There was nothing else to do about this case. Mr. Johnson was shocked and grieved, but Rosser must be dismissed instantly.

The loss of his job restored his wife to Phil. She had separated from him a while, but she could not leave him down and out and alone—there was better mettle in Amy than that. Her income was more than ample for both, and she decided to take the penitent away from Paris and travel a while. Perhaps he could strike something just as good as what he had tossed away. At any rate, her first concern was to put him on his feet as a man.

Meanwhile Bob Milton had gone back to chumming with volcanoes. Through the influence of his former chief in the northern wilds, he obtained a post on the other side of the world, to watch on the rim of a notorious performer. It was a good post, as government posts go, but few men have it in them to sit beside a crater year in and year out without growing sick unto death of it. Yet he never thought of weakening. He watched and he figured, and he worked far into the night on calculations, and he recorded whims and moods and habits, so that what Milton did not know of that seething trouble maker is not worth the telling.

"She's due to blow one of these days," he remarked to his assistant, "but I haven't quite figured out when."

That was what he longed to see—an eruption. It would tell him so much he wanted to know, would crown all the long years of work. So he stayed up there, high on the rim of Jumbo, and watched and waited, and waited and watched. Alice Lanham slowly faded from his thoughts until she was nothing but a memory over which he could smile. More important things than that now engrossed him. His book was nearing completion, and in it he boldly struck out, advancing theories of volcanic action and earth tremors that promised to bring such convulsions home to the average man as phenomena in which he had a direct personal interest. To Milton, they were almost as important factors in human existence as the weather.

His book appeared, and learned societies heaped honors upon him. He made no money out of it, however. Not that Bob cared; he would have written the thing, anyhow, if there were nobody to read it. And now he was somebody, and when he went home to attend a congress, all the science sharps there assembled craned their necks to listen as Doctor Milton rose to read his paper. It was horribly dreary stuff—bewildering mathematical calculations, for the most part—but those benighted dumb-bells seemed to think it was great and hung on his every word. And afterward a Japanese and a Frenchman.

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both of whom were at the top of their professions in their homelands and as old as his father, trailed Bob about like schoolboys, asking questions much too silly for a reader to bother about. It was the first thrill of the kind he had ever experienced, yet he could hardly wait to get back to Jumbo.

"Not much change," he noted, after careful inspection of the records, "but all the same she's due to erupt pretty soon, Tom. Yes, sir!"

"How soon, chief?" inquired his assistant.

"Oh, it may be twelve months—may be two years—might be five. That's hard to say."

"Gosh, won't it be great! To think of all the time—how long've you been waiting for this, anyhow, doc?"

"Let's see—eleven years and six months," said Bob, "except for this last trip and one I made to see my folks once. And I won't leave again until she blows. I daren't."

But he did. An urgent message from his family took him home—they needed Bob to straighten out some tangle or other—and he sailed precisely two weeks before the arrival of the ship which carried Mr. and Mrs. Phil Rosser to those isles

It was a greatly improved Phil who walked down the gangplank. The loss of his job, the prospect of his wife's leaving him should he ever break over again, had scared Rosser. For twelve months he had behaved himself, during which time they traveled in leisurely fashion from country to country. Amy planned to return to America and live in New York if Phil's reform took. No more Paris for her!

"What're you going to do this afternoon?" she inquired as soon as they set foot ashore.

"Oh, I dunno. Go in for a swim, I guess. Then I may drop over to see the club a minute. Somebody sent me a card."

"Well," said Amy, "I've got to get a haircut and then have it curled, and after that I want to go to that store Mrs. Wynne told me about, and —— Suppose you meet me here at the boat in time for dinner—say, seven o'clock. You don't want to tag after me all afternoon."

"I do not. Seven o'clock it is. But I wish you'd come in for a swim with me."

At seven o'clock that night Amy wished it too. She regretted it still more at eight, when Phil had not shown up. Their ship was to sail at ten, and at 9:30 Mrs. Phil Rosser hurriedly gathered their luggage together and went ashore. She engaged a room at the hotel and waited for her lost sheep to return—waited in a white shiver of dread.

Throughout those first hours of anguish the worthy fellow was sitting in the back room of various drinking joints, bellowing in close harmony with his new-found pals, and now and again springing to his feet to deliver a speech. They kept yelling for him to speak and Phil was happy to oblige.

"To think of running into ol' Phil Rosser away out here!" the chief of the revelers kept repeating, like a chant. "Why, me and him—he and I used to go to college together back in Gawd's country! Dear ol' Lushers! Here's to Lushers, Phil!"

Gone was all notion of time; Phil had completely forgotten the appointment for seven o'clock. At intervals he would rally and caution his companions to be sure and not let him miss that boat; to which they replied O. K., let Phil leave it to them, they would put him aboard. That ship did not pull out until midnight anyhow.

When they all drove down to the dock about half-past eleven Phil's boat was a good thirty miles out at sea, but that did not daunt those lusty souls. They had agreed to put him aboard and put him aboard they would. They dumped him onto a small inter-island steamer due to sail next morning, paid for his cabin and departed in jubilation. You see, Phil had failed to mention that he had a wife waiting for him—perhaps out of shame for his behavior—and his former schoolmate considered this the creamy kind of jest Phil would be first to appreciate.

Phil turned over a few times in the course of the next twenty hours, peered around him, took a swig from the carafe above his head, and went right back to sleep. It was not until after dark that he came wide awake on hearing a commotion on deck. He got up and groped his way to the rail.

And there what a sight met his eyes! A vast vague blur loomed close on their right—that was land. But away up beyond, billowing to the sky, towered a giant funnel of fire and smoke. Suddenly at its base came a flash like that from a furnace door thrown open, and the lava boiled over the lip of the volcano and started down the mountainside, spreading and twisting, one writhing glow. It looked as though the lid of hell had blown off; it looked like the end of the world.

A dog crouched against his legs, trembling and whimpering. Phil shook his head like a prize fighter trying to clear his brain after a blow; then he became aware of persons near him, of excited jabbering and pointing arms.

"I want a drink," he croaked to the nearest man, who happened to be the chief officer.

"Seems to me you've had more'n enough now," replied the chief, eying him askance.

"I want a drink, I tell you. I know myself. For pity's sake, gimme a drink! I'm a newspaperman and I want to get to work."

The chief hesitated a moment; then he went and brought a bottle. Phil tilted his head back, took a long gurgling swig, shook his shock of hair back from his forehead and said, "Thanks. I'm all right now."

His brain had cleared, his nerves were steady, and as he gazed upward at the awesome spectacle, into his eyes came a responsive glow, something almost divine.

"Let me have a typewriter, will you?" he said, and now there was that in his voice which compelled the chief officer like a command. "And put it here on a chair. Afterward land me at the nearest telegraph office."

With the chief officer and passengers watching from a respectful distance, Phil sat down on deck to write. Once again he rose to the emergency. His spark of genius flamed like a torch to this cataclysm of natural forces. He wrote for three hours, and what he wrote that night became newspaper history. People ten thousand miles away who had never even seen a mountain could visualize the colossal mass of lava, topped with licking flames, moving down the volcano's side through the black night, with the terrible deliberation of irresistible force, spreading out to bury trees and hills and homes and villages fifty feet deep under searing clinkers. They read it breathlessly, every word from end to end, and then they slapped the paper and exclaimed, "Jumpin' Jupiter, that's the finest piece I ever read!"

And editors from San Francisco to London were frantically cabling to establish connection. Here was the greatest bit of reporting since the story of the flood! Offers poured in on Phil. His first story was translated into every civilized tongue, including the Scandinavian. Not quite so good, his follow ups, because the fire in Phil quickly burned out; still, they were adequate, as the dramatic critics say.

That's about all. He stayed on the island a week, sending long messages to Amy every day. The minute his stuff was on the wire, Phil got in touch with her through a query to the steamship office, and most of his subsequent brain effort was devoted to the alibi he would offer. Gentlemen, it was a masterpiece. That volcano story of his was all right in its way, of course, but the material was handed to him. This alibi, on the contrary well, personally, I would give it the palm any day.

He had received a tip about this eruption—no time to let her know beyond the note he sent by messenger—what? She had not received any note? The darned scoundrel! Well, he had to grab a boat without a second to spare, and so on. Amy listened, not believing a word of it, of course; but their craft was now on the crest of the wave and she hoped that if she did not rock it, their troubles might be safely navigated. So she and Phil proceeded to gather the fruits of his triumph. They were to return to America by the first boat, and there Phil was to go on a lecture tour of ten weeks, and after that he would sail for China to do a series of articles for a newspaper syndicate, and after that—why, he could take his pick of a dozen fat jobs!

One day shortly before their sailing date he was standing in the lobby of the hotel, surrounded by a group of admiring listeners, when Doctor Milton entered. He had just landed, called back by news of the eruption. Phil was holding forth about volcanoes in general, their habits and what they signified—he was quite unconsciously quoting whole paragraphs from Bob's book, when the author himself appeared.

"Bless my soul," cried Phil, "if there isn't Bob Milton!"

He gave him an eager welcome, warm friendship in the glance of his eye and the clasp of his hand. "Gentlemen, this is Doctor Milton—you know—The Doctor Milton," said Phil, introducing him around.

They all shook hands. "Pleased to meet you, doc," they mumbled. "Hum—ah—just come from the U. S., you say? What's your line, doc? Medicine or dentistry?"

Then they turned to Phil again. "How soon," they inquired—"how soon, Mr. Rosser, do you figure that volcano will bust out again?"

Phil considered carefully before replying, as was only proper. He tilted back on his heels, rolled his cigar between his lips and weighed his words.

"Well," he said, "I figure this way ——"

Milton mumbled something and passed on. He had to hurry back to sit on Jumbo's new rim.

SAFETY IN THE AIR

(Continued from Page 29)

department. Then it dawned on the manufacturer that endurance and reliability under normal conditions of usage were better avenues to public approval, and as these attributes were developed and advertised the demand grew. The lesson here for the manufacturer of airplanes is emphasized by the recurrence of the speed appeal in motor cars during the past few years. It is based wholly on better roads and improved appliances for control, with which the higher speeds now furnished are relatively safe.

The war threw aviation off the course of economic development. The aim of war is to win, and in order to win men must take maximum risks. Safety was necessarily sacrificed to performance. And since war knows no economic law, the cost of a plane didn't matter, if it could travel faster and maneuver better than a plane built at less expense.

Length of service was likewise a minor consideration. The aims of war could be better served by an airplane built in a week with a flying life of fifty hours than by one built in twice the time with three times the flying life. This was sound strategy, since the long-lasting craft would be just as likely to be shot down during its first hour in the air as the short-lived type.

Another effect of the war was to divert into military channels that part of the industry which had previously devoted itself to commercial air problems. To the use of the airplane as an implement of war we can attribute the abnormal growth and development of aviation during the war years. But as with most products of the forced development of war, a period of reaction followed during which aviation not only ceased to progress but retrogressed. It has been like the spring-flowering plants that one sees in the florists' windows in full bloom in midwinter. They have been forced to bloom in hothouses ahead of their normal time, with the result that often the plants either die unless given great care, or in any event several years elapse before they will bloom again.

The Influence of War

Nearly the entire impetus to aviation development has been given by governments for war purposes. Consequently a premium has been put on design in aircraft for speed, maneuverability and other military characteristics, while aerodynamic safety, which is of a secondary consideration in war, has been neglected. Since the war the infant airplane industry in all parts of the world has not prospered. Manufacturers are unable to develop on their own initiative types that have not a definite immediate sales value. This restricts development for the most part to war types. Some orders, to be sure, are placed for commercial planes to operate over government-subsidized air routes in Europe and for our newly organized mail routes and aerial-service operations in America, but this demand has hitherto been insignificant in comparison with the military demand.

Such commercial planes as are made are naturally an adaptation by the manufacturers of military types to meet commercial needs. The infant air-transport and aerial-service companies are struggling against financial adversity. They are unable to insist on the special design of experimental aircraft which shall show exceptional qualities of aerodynamic safety. Their present most urgent need of a matter of self-preservation is a plane with a high pay load, economical of operation and construction.

Before anything could be done to bring us back to the straight road of economic progress the true situation had first to become apparent to the industry. In my opinion we are now rapidly approaching this point, if we have not already reached it. In other words, the men contributing to the effort being made for new records are discovering that most of them are incidental rather than fundamental factors in the development of commercial aviation. This, of course, refers to enterprises depending on private capital and not to experiments of the regular military services. Their programs properly include scientific research and practical experiments for the perfection of military types. However, in so far as the industry is concerned, their self-interest, in addition to their greatest possible contribution in event of war, lies in the development of commercial aviation in times of peace. Not because of the commonly accepted and erroneous belief that commercial airplanes will be converted overnight into efficient fighting machines, but because of the great airplane-production capacity that commercial aviation will make possible.

Aviation Here and Abroad

This conclusion—in which I think I have the concurrence of many leading manufacturers, engineers, pilots and scientists in America and Europe—may perhaps be clarified by some observations on the fundamental difference between aviation in the United States and other countries. We have fallen into the habit of trying to measure our progress by what is being done abroad, but such comparison has led to most erroneous conclusions. Every reader of a

(Continued on Page 165)

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Machinery—London, 19th February, 1920, pp. 658 and 659.

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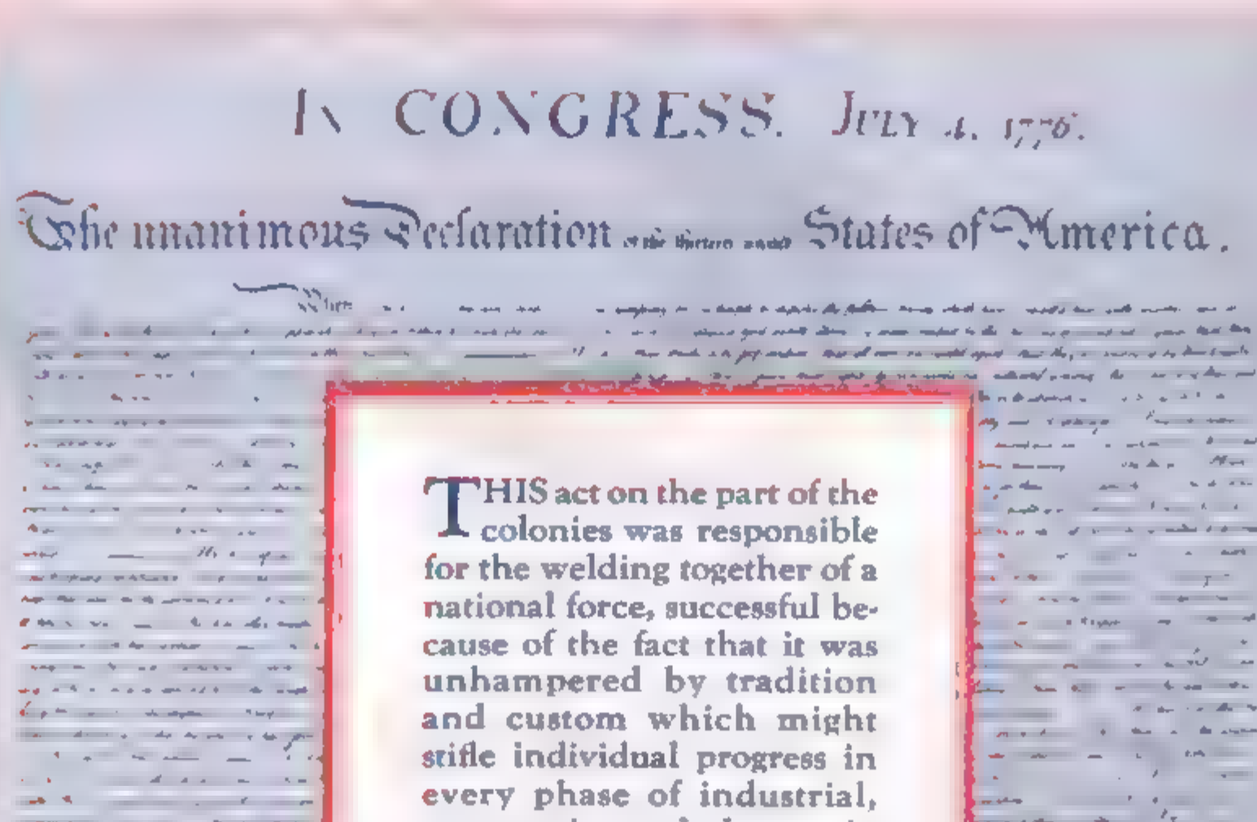

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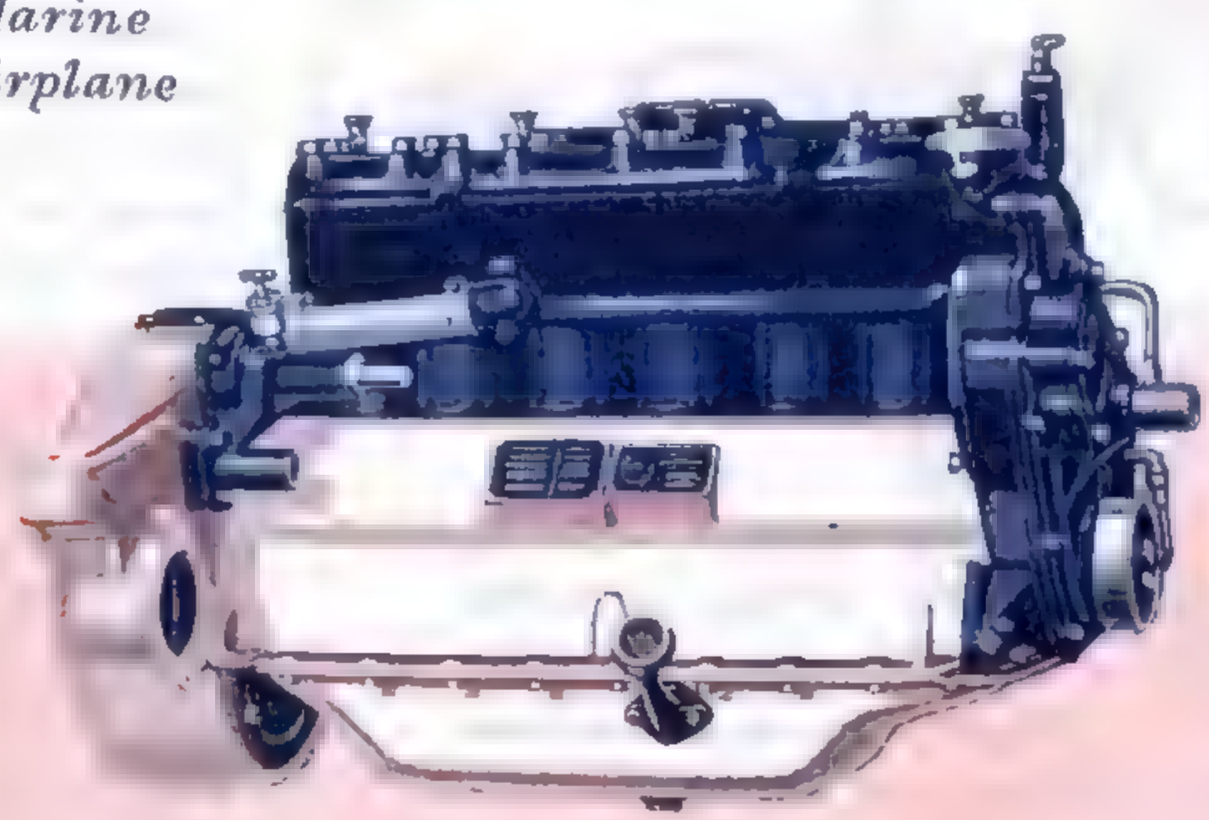

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BLACK & DECKER

"With the Pistol Grip and Trigger Switch"

(Continued from Page 160)

newspaper has heard that Germany, to give but one example, is far ahead of us in commercial aviation. This statement is based on the imposing mileage and passenger records of the organized German flying lines, which have not as yet an exact counterpart in this country. But when we begin to count planes the comparison disappears. The combined German air fleets consist of about 250 planes, whereas in the United States there are now at least 2000 planes engaged in various forms of commercial work, such as photography, surveying, cotton dusting, mail carrying, and so on, most of which are peculiar to this country.

Germany is a small country, densely populated. For this reason, and primarily because her aviation consists of passenger-carrying lines, well organized and widely advertised, her air fleets stand out before the world. The United States, however, is so much bigger and more sparsely settled that nearly eight times as many planes are swallowed up, and to the average citizen the drone of a motor overhead is still rare enough to make him crane his neck. But the futility of comparison is even more marked when we begin to study the underlying economic principle. The German fleet, like all the other widely advertised European passenger lines, exists only because of government subsidy. It does not pay its own way and therefore it is not, strictly speaking, commercial aviation. The American fleet, eight times as large, lacking similar organization and coördination, is for the most part self-supporting, and in some of its branches is making substantial profits. Including even the air-mail service it is strictly a private business depending on its earnings for survival.

Power in Production

The point of all this is that this country alone, with the exception of one operation in Colombia, has already demonstrated that aviation is possible on a commercially profitable basis. Yet in spite of this our producers have hitched their wagons to a governmental star, a method of procedure which is traditional in Europe but utterly obnoxious to American political and economic thought. War-preparedness flying cannot pay its own way. It must be subsidized, directly or indirectly. The American draws a sharp distinction between war and business. He will pay as liberal a subsidy as anyone else for protection when he is threatened, but not having lived for centuries in fear of war, he refuses to mix preparedness for defense with business.

The contrast between our conditions and those abroad may be still further emphasized by reference to France. It is commonly said that the French are masters of the air. What is meant is that France has more military planes now in service than any other country, her fleet being estimated at between 3000 and 4000 ships. With the present rapid development of military types, however, producing capacity is far more important than the number of planes now in the air. If France went to war tomorrow, for example, she might find it necessary or advisable to scrap a great percentage of her planes because of developments in the art. Her real protection, therefore, is in the number of her factories. Unless its people can furnish a market, a nation is compelled to buy planes in order to have workers and facilities ready for a sudden emergency. European countries therefore regard the subsidy of commercial lines not as an expense, but as a saving in the national war budget.

Nothing short of actual invasion could be expected ever to bring the average citizen of the United States around to that point of view. But with the vast consuming capacity of this country it is not even necessary to consider such an eventuality. If commercial aviation can be made to pay, on account of our great resources we can outproduce all the other countries of the world. Everybody identified with aviation knows it can be made to pay the moment the public adopts it. The only problem therefore is to determine why, in a country that stands alone for the rapidity of its action in creating new industries, aviation has not been more generally adopted.

The Daniel Guggenheim Fund for the Promotion of Aeronautics came to the conclusion that the public attitude toward safety in the air was responsible for the lack of a national demand for commercial aviation. This is not the opinion of any one man. The directors of the fund are men of national distinction in science, engineering, business and the law, and in addition, each member brings a particular experience of aviation and aviation problems gained at some time in his career. The directors are, Rear Admiral H. I. Cone, retired; Mr. F. Trubee Davison, Dr. William F. Durand, Gen. George W. Goethals, Prof. A. A. Michelson, Dr. R. A. Millikan, Mr. Dwight W. Morrow, Mr. Elihu Root, Jr., Mr. John D. Ryan, Mr. Orville Wright and the writer. The survey that led to their conclusion and adoption of the policy of promotion of safety involved conferences with virtually every noted airplane manufacturer and designer in the world.

After the safety policy had been agreed upon as the chief activity of the fund, the Byrd North Pole plane was sent on a tour of the United States, during which it made stops at forty-two cities, and its operators made addresses to more than 500,000 Americans in all walks of life who viewed the plane. The questions asked by these people of the crew furnished the first cross section of national opinion regarding the airplane up to that time available. They proved beyond any doubt that the rank and file of our people still erroneously regard the airplane as unsafe. Many well-informed men, for example, expressed the belief that when a motor stops while a ship is in the air a crash is inevitable. The fact that this is absurd is of little help so long as people in the mass are not aware that the disability of a motor in most cases merely means a glide to a safe landing.

I think my opening statement is a fair summary of the facts in regard to the safety of air travel, which can be as safe as motor-car travel under proper conditions. This, it will be noted, does not mean ideal conditions. It accepts the inevitable risks of atmospheric changes and material failure to which every man-made vehicle is subject. But it calls for airways and airports, ground organization, weather and communication services which are being rapidly developed by the United States Department of Commerce under the able direction of William P. MacCracken, Jr., but which cannot fully materialize except through public support of commercial aviation. One way to inspire public confidence in flying is by actual demonstration of its safety. Statistics alone will not do.

With that end in view the directors of the fund authorized the establishment of a competition, with prizes aggregating $150,000, by which it is hoped not only to demonstrate that airplane travel is basically as safe as railway and steamship travel, but to stimulate scientific investigation and practical invention into evolving new devices and principles whereby air travel will convert even the most confirmed skeptics and will take its place in our lives as the fleetest, cleanest and safest of the four recognized modes of travel today.

Room for Improvement

These prizes have not been offered primarily in the belief that they will inspire the inventor to evolve some unknown principles for flight, but so that manufacturers will take advantage of existing knowledge in the science which has outstripped the art, and design airplanes with characteristics that make primarily for safety.

The determination of what those characteristics should be was the subject of a most exhaustive survey in this country and Europe by the vice president of the fund, Admiral H. I. Cone, and the writer. The technical advisers in this survey were Prof. Alexander Klemin, Lieut. E. E. Aldrin and Maj. R. H. Mayo, representative of the fund in England. In addition, special consideration has been given from the pilot's viewpoint by Maj. R. W. Schroeder, Lieut. James Doolittle, and Mr. J. B. Hill, veteran air-mail pilot. Manufacturers, engineers, pilots and scientists throughout the world have been consulted and through their constructive criticism the rules for the competition have been made possible. In this country, for example, such scientists as Edward P. Warner, Assistant Secretary of the Navy for Aeronautics, and pilots like Com. Richard Evelyn Byrd have made invaluable contributions.

The following is an admirable summary made by Major Mayo, of the essential airplane characteristics which require improvement:

1. The landing speed is far too high, and the length of landing is too great.
2. The gliding angle is too flat, making the approach to a given spot for landing too difficult.
3. The length of run required before taking off is too great.
4. The angle of ascent after taking off is not great enough.
5. If the airplane is stalled it becomes unstable, and at the same time control is lost.

The death of the gallant pioneers Noel Davis and Stanton H. Wooster was due to a combination of some of these conditions, created by abnormal

In the Autogyro a Species of Giant Windmill Takes the Place of the Conventional Fixed Wings of the Airplane

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circumstances which had no relation to commercial flying. That is to say, the plane in which they were planning to attempt the cross-Atlantic flight was overloaded. From reports made, the final cause of the accident was due to a stall involving loss of control, with a subsequent forced landing on dangerous ground.

The civil airplane of the future will be so constructed as to make an accident of this kind impossible. Enough fundamental work has been done in aerodynamics by scientists and such organizations as the Government's National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics, and enough progress in design has been made to permit this prediction. A design that will make possible a landing speed as low as that of the Wright brothers' plane that made the first man-carrying flight at Kitty Hawk should overcome the difficulty of high landing speed. The Wright brothers' plane landed at about thirty miles an hour, which is a speed within the experience of everybody. But the commercial plane of the future will not only have a low landing speed but other safety characteristics, and in addition, a high flying speed, which the Wright plane did not have. Since the war great advances have been made in power-plant reliability, structural safety, removal of fire hazards and development of instruments.

For example, the motor in the plane in which Acosta and Chamberlin recently established an endurance record flew for more than fifty hours without being touched, and this was by no means a record run for a motor. Formerly accidents caused by wings collapsing in the air and airplanes bursting into flame were common occurrences; today they are very rare and, given proper equipment, should be unknown. In addition, the development of multi-motored aircraft able to fly on the disability of one or more motors, and the amphibian airplane, with its wider scope for landings on both sea and land, have marked real progress.

Eliminating the Human Factor

But with some notable exceptions in the safe-flying characteristics and in landing and take-off, the cause of the greatest percentage of accidents, little progress has been achieved, or even attempted. In these respects airplanes have changed little from those that we flew in France during the war. The reason is obvious: These characteristics are for the most part of secondary importance and in some cases detrimental to military purposes, and governments today supply the real market for airplanes.

Today safety in flight is dependent to a large extent on the skill of the operator. We must assume that the average trained pilot will be subject to the human quality of fallibility, and passengers can hardly avoid altogether the risk of reckless driving in the air, any more than they can on the highways. Assuming average training and care on the part of the pilot, the life of the passenger is jeopardized today when the operator is disabled, just as it is in a motor car. Even in this contingency, however, in the plane of the future, disaster will not necessarily follow; the plane will assume a normal flying attitude while a reserve pilot or some passenger takes the controls

With an Eye to Safety

We now have enough scientific knowledge to build a plane that will right itself automatically, even when some disturbance has thrown it out of balance; a plane that will remain under control at the lowest speeds—an impossibility a few years ago. It is possible to design such a craft so that most of the danger from forced landings, even where the landing facilities are not ideal, will be eliminated. By taking advantage of the latest design data and high power for a given load, the distance required for take-off can be shortened considerably, which is a safety factor of great importance in sections where level areas are limited. Reducing the area of a field required for landing, which is being accomplished today by use of wheel brakes just perfected, similar to those on motor cars, and which will be further reduced by lower landing speeds, is another safety factor at hand. Both developments will be of almost incalculable economic significance in their effect on the location and area required for flying fields.

The fact that designers and manufacturers are now devoting so much attention to this problem is an indication that they are seeing the light. There is a world-wide tendency toward the improvement of safety features. Interesting developments are taking place in Europe as well as in this country. Mr. Handley Page's slot and aileron control is a progressive step toward control at low speeds. Capt. G. T. Hill's tailless airplane is a highly important step in the direction of inherent stability. Señor de la Cierva's autogyro is an extraordinary development pointing a way toward aerodynamically safe flight in which new and interesting principles are employed. In the autogyro a species of giant windmill takes the place of the conventional fixed wings of the airplane. The great advantage of the autogyro

(Continued on Page 189)

The Original Wright Plane. A Fact Well Known to Most Aviators is That the First Successful Wright Plane Had Some Flying Characteristics Making for Greater Safety Than Those Found in Many Types Now Being Flown

When music came to the west

SEVENTY years ago, an easterner with a taste for adventure made his way to a western frontier town, near what was then the outer rim of civilization.

It was a land where men knew little luxury or culture—but when have men ever failed to respond to the appeal of music?

So he brought them music—primitive reed organs at first, and then, pianos. Pianos bearing the Kimball name found their way across the prairies, and throughout America.

Seventy years later, the richest city in the world sent out a call for the largest and finest pipe organ that could be built, to install in the greatest theatre on the globe. A few weeks ago it was completed—the giant triple-console Kimball organ of the Roxy Theatre, New York, designed and made in the frontier town of former days.

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During those seventy years, the Kimball piano has become the chosen instrument of the American home. From Alaska to Cuba—from Cuba to Cape Horn—there are more Kimballs than pianos of any other name. At international expositions, wherever shown, the Kimball piano has won the highest awards. The sublime voices of Kimball organs echo through vast cathedrals, metropolitan theatres, and city auditoriums, from end to end of the hemisphere.

The seventieth anniversary finds Kimball traditions unchanged. The founder of the house brought music where no music was known. Later he offered the means of enjoying better music. And from phase to phase in the advance of American culture, the Kimball house offers always the best and finest attainable by the craft and artistry of man.

More Kimball pianos are in use in American homes than pianos of any other name in the world

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Here is the Answer

We asked the question, "How did your first quarter for 1927 compare with the same period for 1926 in the Southern territory?" Space permits publication of only a few of the answers, which are typical. Many others were given in confidence and cannot be published.

American Multigraph Co	4% *Increase*
Certain-teed Products Corp	29.7% *Increase*
Bradley Knitting Co. .	4% *Increase*
Kelly-Springfield Tire Co. .	158% *Increase*
Truscon Steel Co. . .	18% *Increase*
L. C. Smith Typewriter Co . . .	10% *Increase*
Monroe Calculating Machine Co. .	35% *Increase*
The Maytag Co.	200% *Increase*
Frigidaire Corporation .	50% *Increase*
Elliott Addressing Systems	10% *Increase*
Columbia Phonograph Co. . . .	71% *Increase*
Stromberg Electric Co . . .	112½% *Increase*
Whitehead & Hoag Co .	39.1% *Increase*
Milwaukee Tool Co.	86.6% *Increase*
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Answered by those who know!

1926 was a big business year in the South. Practically every concern serving the South from Atlanta showed tremendous gains, quotas greatly exceeded in this territory.

What are conditions today? Was 1926 an unusual year? Is business continuing good in the South?

We asked the leading national concerns, the great names in American industry, who make Atlanta their Southern headquarters, how the first quarter of 1927 compared with the same period of 1926. Gains reported ranged from 4% to 200% increase over 1926.

Business is Good in the South

Yes, business is good in the South. The great and permanent prosperity founded on a purchasing power which has more than trebled in the past ten years, is today reaching greater heights than ever before.

And it is significant that those manufacturers who have geared themselves to modern merchandising conditions—who have realized that this country can no longer be served from any one point, who have selected Atlanta as the logical point from which to serve this great market—are the ones who are getting the business, increasing their volume, making big profits.

The Ideal Location

Atlanta combines in one location the three great essentials to successful manufacturers: *Low production cost*, brought about by efficient, intelligent, Anglo-Saxon labor, together with big savings in raw materials, power, taxes and other basic factors. *A rich and growing market*, absorbing an ever increasing volume of the national production of manufactured products. *Excellent transportation facilities* over 15 railroad lines radiating from Atlanta.

American Industry almost with one accord has made Atlanta Industrial Headquarters of the South. The finest merchandising brains in the country have made the most careful surveys and comparisons, have checked and rechecked every factor entering into the problem of branch location and have found that Atlanta answers every requirement. As a result, over 800 of America's best-known national concerns have placed their Southern Branches in Atlanta.

Get the Facts

The Atlanta Industrial Bureau is thoroughly equipped to present the facts as they apply to your business. There is no charge, no obligation. The information which your request will bring may be worth many thousands of dollars to you—may prove the measure of your profits for the coming years. Your inquiry will be held in the strictest confidence.

INDUSTRIAL BUREAU
1737 Chamber of Commerce

ATLANTA

Industrial Headquarters of the South

(Continued from Page 166)

is its ability to glide very slowly into a small field. When the ordinary airplane loses its speed it loses its lift and is apt to get out of control, but slow speed in the autogyro does not mean loss of control. However, several leading designers and manufacturers have expressed to me their confidence that the same advantages gained by the autogyro and other aircraft showing radical aerodynamic departures can be gained by development of the conventional airplane.

Several of our great technical universities now have aeronautical schools, and much progress is being made by their researches. Their students are our guaranty for aviation progress in the future.

The fund has been extremely careful to keep the requirements of the safe-aircraft competition within the range of known possibilities. I am therefore not alone when I express the opinion, after most careful study of aviation in both this country and abroad, that we shall have airplanes that will fulfill the seemingly difficult conditions of the competition within the next few years. When that has been accomplished it is my belief that the aircraft industry will face production demands similar to those enjoyed by the automotive industry.

Many business problems, of course, will require solution before commercial aviation will flourish in this country. But I do not believe that the present-day price of airplanes is one of these problems. Organization and quantity production will take care of that. Prices would only be an obstacle after we had succeeded in building an aircraft, virtually regardless of cost, that would be capable, by actual demonstration, of winning the confidence of the public. Once that confidence is established a demand will be set up under the influence of which American inventive and organization genius will sweep away the obstacle of expense. Cost in this country in any branch of industry is no longer regarded as an obstacle; it is a challenge and an opportunity. In the airplane industry mass production and low costs will be easy of attainment.

The statement often heard that the cost of flying will preclude its general use is reminiscent of the generally accepted belief a quarter of a century ago that the automobile was a rich man's toy. An airplane will, giving a conservative estimate, quadruple the average traveling speed of an automobile. It will double the average speed of our fastest trains and multiply by five the average speed of our fastest steamers. To say that the richest country in the world cannot afford to patronize this instrument is to say that time is without value.

The important requirement at this stage of our progress is to convince both professional and lay minds that commercial aviation can be safe. A remarkable service is being performed in this direction by governmental agencies in developing aviation in America. The air mail is the best actual demonstration we have of the safety of air travel, but our country is so large and our people so scattered that it is only a beginning. Before the demonstration can become fully effective it must be supplemented by educational work designed to show the fundamental difference between commercial and prestige flying, and, more important even, that airplanes can be made basically as safe as motor cars.

Flying is this age's contribution toward better transportation, the progress of which has marked epochs in the development of nations. With better communications come closer human contacts and better understanding. Flying is on the verge of a new era—an era of popular acceptance—in which aviation's boon to mankind will be manifested.

Snapping the Family at the Beach

First-get your feet up to Par!

FIND out what is the matter by sending for the "Foot Aches Chart." It will show you the cause of the pain and weariness. It will make you realize why your feet are holding you back.

Knowing the cause, you will realize why the Arch Preserver Shoe assures healthy, vigorous, comfortable feet not only on the links but during every minute of business, social and all outdoor activity. And without sacrificing a particle of style.

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Ask your haberdasher to show you the popular styles for Spring and Summer. And while you're there look at Monito Golfsox. In style, wear, and price—they're mighty attractive.

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Makers of Men's Socks Exclusively

M K Co
1927

DON'T ASK

(Continued from Page 19)

"I only got a minute," Eddie said to Miss Upper 15.

"So have I."

"And I ain't gonta waste it eating. I'm just gonta sit and tell you thanks over and over. Gee, it was the swellest thing a girl ever done."

"Oh, it wasn't nothing."

"You bet it was. That bag had me going for fair if you hadn't spoke up. I was so rattled I didn't know what I was doin'. And if you wouldn't think it's fresh, I'd like to ask your name and address and write to you, and maybe hope to see you again sometime."

"I'd like it," Miss Upper 15 declared. "My name is Miss Rae Mendell and I live with my folks in Saratoga. Twenty-five Woodlawn Avenue is the address."

"Saratoga is where I'm going," Eddie told her. "You gonta catch this train?"

"Sure," Miss Mendell laughed. "Ain't that a scream? And say, you got time to gulp that coffee if we run, and you just bring along that coffee ring."

"Ain't there a diner on the car?" Eddie asked.

"Sure, but what's the use of buying more? It's your coffee ring."

By the time they had reached Saratoga they knew all about each other. Miss Mendell's methods of eliciting information were not subtle, but they had their advantages.

"Say, you was letting on to that woman you was rich last night. That ain't true, is it?"

"No. I was kind of kidding."

"I know. Kidding yourself mostly."

"How did you get wise?"

"Well, them golf clubs being all wood and mostly split gave me the idea. And the ones that are rich don't let on so easy. You have to get it out of them with a can opener. I know. My folks run a jewelry store. They're Jewish people."

Eddie had gathered as much. "That's what makes you so smart, I guess," he said.

"Do you go to law school, honest?"

"Yeah. I'm workin' my way through."

"Say, that's fine. I got admiration for a fella that does things. But how does it happen you hang around the race track so much."

"I got a job with a bookmaker. I've had it for three summers."

"I shouldn't think that'd be very good for a serious fella that's trying to get on."

"Oh, it pays good and I don't bet. I ain't bet for two years."

Miss Mendell beamed. "I was wondering," she observed. "Say, where you gonta stop in Saratoga?"

"I guess I'll go to the hotel for tonight and look around for some place I can board."

"There's no need to do that. I got some friends with a spare room they're just crazy to let up till August, when they rent their house. You could stay there for the month cheap, and eat there, too, if you wanted to."

"That's swell."

"They're Irish people like I suppose you are. They're sweet. Their name is Brogan."

Eddie decided to adopt Miss Mendell's tactics. "You got any brothers or sisters?" he asked.

"No. I guess it makes me awful spoiled."

"Got a fella?"

"What do you think?" Miss Mendell countered.

"Lots of 'em, I bet."

"They ain't an awful lotta fellas in Saratoga," Miss Mendell said regretfully. "Oh, I got plenty of boy friends, but nothing serious. My folks would have a fit if there was."

As she said it something like a shadow crossed Miss Mendell's strong, pretty features.

"Why is that?"

"Oh, it's kind of a crazy reason. It's business, you know."

"You mean you being so pretty and all gets people to come around the store?"

"No, it isn't that. But the man that used to own the business before poppa bought it is kinda stuck on me, and while he's on poppa's notes poppa wouldn't like to have him get mad."

"What's he like?" Eddie demanded.

"Oh, he's an old fella. His name is Leo Moneskovotz. He ain't so bad. He was real nice about extending payment last time. Poppa couldn't pay because I'd been operated on for appendicitis and that had to be paid for. That's why I've been out in Buffalo visiting a cousin of mine—to rest up after my operation. I had a swell time. Say, you'd never think I'd been sick, to look at me, would you?"

"Does this old Monkeyface, or whatever his name is, live in Saratoga?" Eddie demanded.

"Oh, say that's awful funny! Monkeyface! I never thought of that—and say, you know, he does look kinda like an old monkey."

"Is he around all the time?"

"No, but he always comes to Saratoga for August. Why?"

"Oh, nothing. I suppose you wouldn't marry anyone but a Jewish fella anyway."

"I don't know," Miss Mendell remarked. "My folks are kinda halfway osthodox, but I always went to the Baptist Sunday school myself. I don't believe I'd feel any way about that."

The month that followed was a lovely one for Eddie and Rae. Business at the store was slack in July, and Rae, who helped there, could get off almost any time she wanted to, and for the first week or two at least her parents accepted Eddie as they did the other boys she knew. Eddie and she walked and went to the movies and to the lake for swimming, and to a funny little circus that jogged into town, and they were something very close to supremely happy.

With the approach of August came the problem of Eddie's finding a new boarding place, as the Brogans were camping out for the month in a practically unfurnished apartment.

"Your folks wouldn't want to let your spare room, I suppose," Eddie suggested.

Rae looked at him. "Don't be crazy," she said.

It was the first indication he had of a shift in the parental attitude. Rae, however, had also a constructive suggestion.

"Why can't you just buy a cot," she asked, "and have it in the Brogans' sitting room? You don't mind not having furniture and things, and they'd be glad to have it to sit on when you weren't sleeping in it."

"You got a wonderful head, Rae," Eddie told her.

"I just got common sense," she asserted. "But, oh, Eddie I wish August wasn't coming. I just hate August."

Mr. and Mrs. Mendell now resented the meals Rae fed Eddie.

"It ain't the money I grudge," Mrs. Mendell said, "but I don't see what you get out of it. I don't see no return."

"I get lots of fun out of it," Rae replied; "besides, he takes me out all the time."

"He'd take you out anyways," Mrs. Mendell observed shrewdly.

"A girl don't go in a fella's debt like that nowadays," Rae told her mother. "You ain't got used to the times, momma. A girl don't just sit and get attentions paid to her. She's got to offer something."

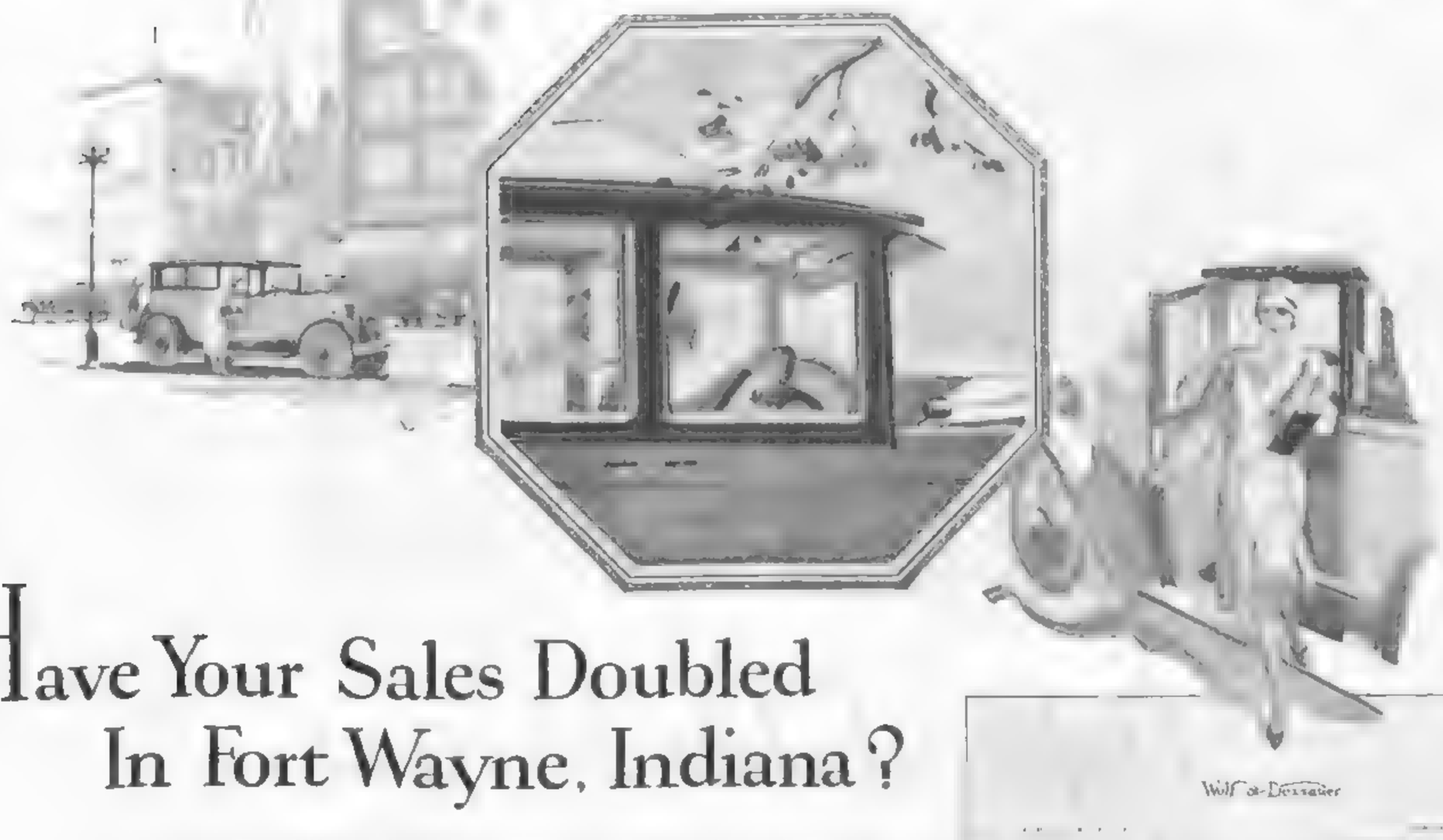
"I never see you offer much to Leo Moneskovotz," Mr. Mendell put in.

"Oh, hum!" Rae groaned.

"What did this Eddie Kiernan ever do for you to equal what Leo Moneskovotz has done for us, giving time on our notes when he coulda grabbed the business?"

(Continued on Page 173)

And it's only 3 steps from the store to the farm



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TO THE Fort Wayne business man the outstanding change in recent years is the fact that he finds himself serving the needs of over twice as many families as he did a few years ago. Where does this new business come from? Read the answer on every highway leading into town. It comes from the farms. From farms two and three miles beyond the city limits—from farms twenty, even thirty miles away. For today, while the farm family lives in the country it shops in town. And when it shops it demands quality—standard advertised goods.

Does this great new market know your product? If not, you can well profit by following the example of those progressive American manufacturers who today are making their markets *truly* national by reaching the leading farm families of the country through the pages of The Country Gentleman.

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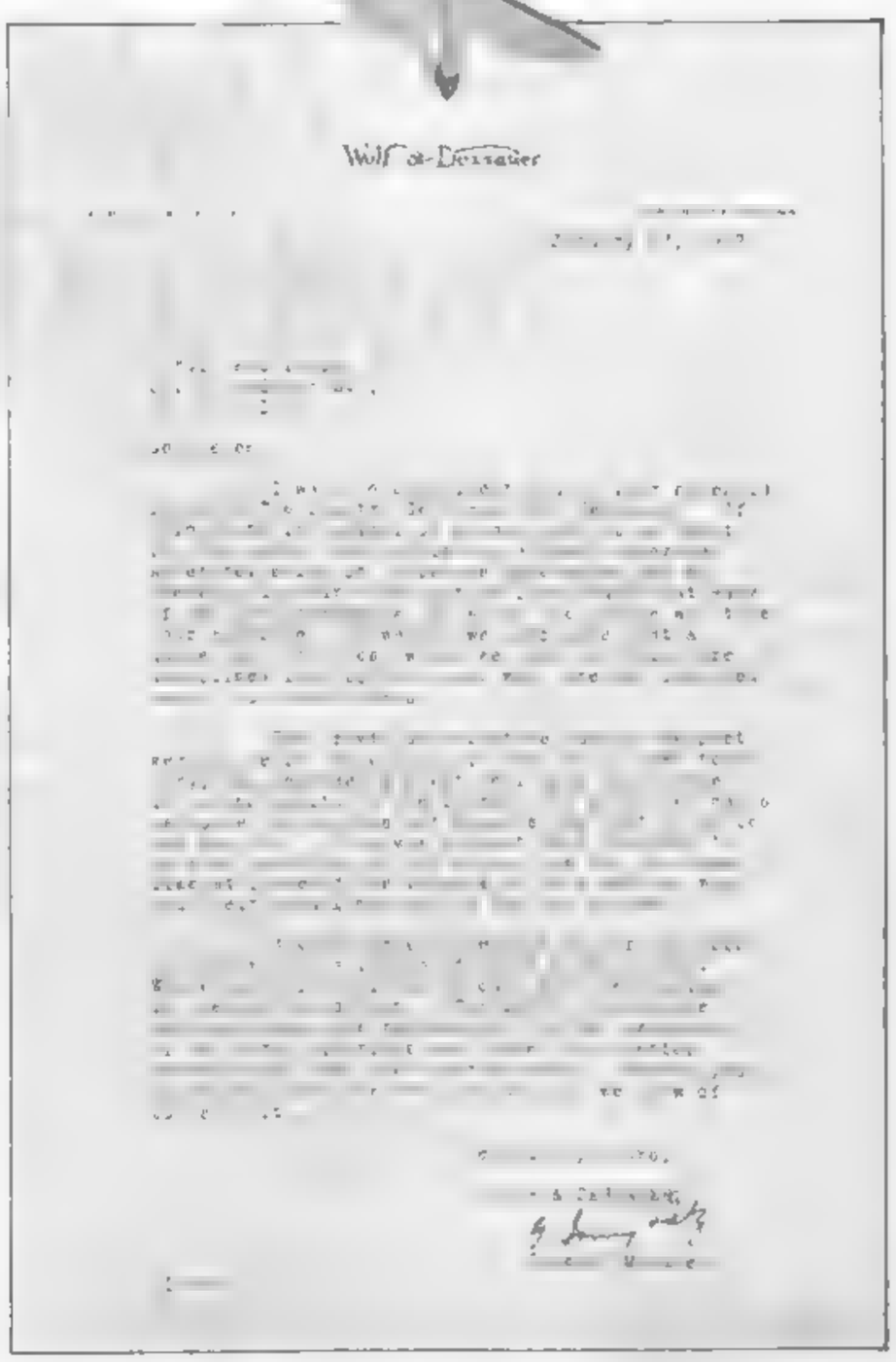

The Country Gentleman

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

They Live in the Country but they Shop in Town!

Ingersoll

YANKEE $1.50 WRIST WATCH $3.50

Dependable Time and a Carefree Mind *for Active People*

MR. WARD WARE is a prosperous business man in the Middle West. He is proud of a very fine gold watch which he wears for dress and business.

Not quite that either—*always* for dress and *only most of the time* for business. For when the hot days come and he retires his vest from active service, he also retires his expensive watch and carries an Ingersoll Yankee—sometimes in the outside pocket of his coat and at other times in his trousers' pocket.

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The arithmetic of the thing is simple. If he loses his gold watch or has it stolen, it means a big investment for a new one. If he breaks it, it means a sizable repair bill.

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MR. BAILY SMITH drives his car about 15,000 miles a year. He drives a golf ball during the playing season for a grand total about equal to a trip from Chicago to Detroit.

He wears an Ingersoll Wrist Watch—in preference to any other wrist watch. For several reasons: (1) Vibration and the jolts and jars of driving (car or golf ball!) don't affect the timing of an Ingersoll the way they do the more delicate wrist watches. (2) In case of accident, the Ingersoll Service Department is at his service. (3) In case of loss or theft—Ingersoll dealers everywhere.

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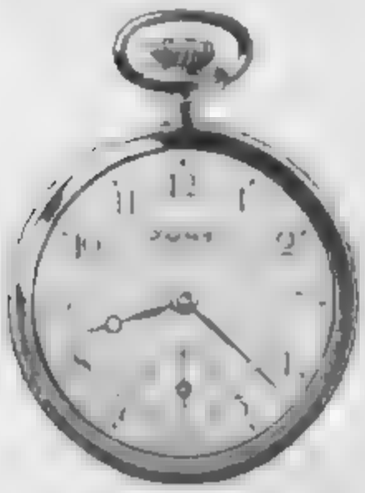

YANKEE $1.50
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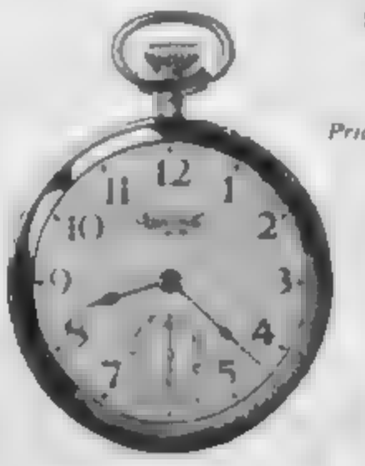

JUNIOR $3.25
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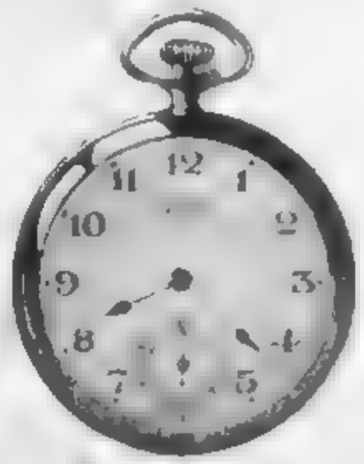
Prices slightly higher in Canada

WRIST WATCH $3.50
WRIST RADIOLITE $4.00

MIDGET $3.25
MIDGET RADIOLITE $3.75



WATERBURY $4.50
WATERBURY RADIOLITE $5.50

(Continued from Page 170)

"That's sayin' it with flowers," Rae muttered, though she was by no means insensible to the benefits extended by Mr. Moncskovotz.

"Has this Eddie Kiernan any money?" Mr. Mendell went on.

"How do I know?" Rae inquired, but neither her father nor her mother was fooled.

"Why would you ask that, poppa?" Mrs. Mendell said. "He's boarding with the Brogans."

"He went there to accommodate me, because they're friends of mine," Rae asseverated, "and he's a saving fella. He's very careful with his money."

Rae couldn't get away with that even. "With them clothes he wears?" Mrs. Mendell questioned.

"I ain't going to stay at this table if all you're gonta do is jaw at me about Eddie," Rae almost sobbed.

Mr. Mendell had never seen his level-headed daughter so upset.

"You ain't gonta do something foolish, Rae?" he pleaded with her. "Something that will set Leo Moncskovotz wild?"

"Of course I ain't, poppa. But Mr. Moncskovotz ain't even in town yet. I should think you could let me have till the first of August anyway."

Until the first of August Mr. and Mrs. Mendell laid off the subject as much as it was humanly possible for them to do. Fortunately with the beginning of August Eddie's work commenced and occupied a good deal of his time. It didn't take him long to realize the change in his status with Rae, however.

"Say, what's the idea?" he demanded of her the first day she telephoned him twice to change the place where she'd meet him to go to the pictures. "You didn't used to act like this."

"It's him being here," Rae said. "I gotta keep him smoothed down."

"I don't see why."

"Oh, he's helped momma and poppa out, and all that."

"Well, he's their friend, ain't he?"

"But he's still on their notes."

"And he's holding that over you? That's a sweet piece a work. I'd show him."

"Well, not exactly. He ain't a bad old man, but I want to be careful, Eddie."

"Does that mean you don't love me?"

"You know it don't. I love you more than anything on earth—anything. But I got my duty to think of. You ain't gonta act up and make it awful hard for me, like a fella in a show, Eddie? You understand, don't you?"

Eddie did understand. He submitted to clandestine meetings and to being smuggled out the back door evenings when Mr. Moncskovotz came to the front one unexpectedly.

"Ain't he got any regular hours in the store when we can be sure he won't come around?" he once asked a little querulously.

"Just when we eat," Rae answered; "and you can't even be sure of that. He's got a friend, Mr. Abrahams, that he'll turn the store over to sometimes. We just gotta keep out of sight."

The trouble was that merely keeping out of sight didn't suffice apparently. Either Mr. Moncskovotz had heard rumors or he felt something in the air. Without the Mendells' knowledge that he had any suspicions about Eddie Kiernan, Mr. Moncskovotz began to show evidences of a change in policy.

"Well, Rae, you going to marry me or not?" he asked her suddenly on one of the evenings when Eddie had had to slip out the back door.

"Oh, Mr. Moncskovotz," Rae replied, "I ain't thought about marrying anybody at all."

"Say, you ain't so young yet to talk that way," Mr. Moncskovotz told her. "Ain't you twenty now?"

Rae was twenty-one and a half.

"It ain't just a question of how old a girl is," she said. "It's whether she's ready to settle down, and all that."

As Mr. Moncskovotz dropped the subject, she thought she had staved off any immediate unpleasantness, but when he was leaving Mr. Moncskovotz called to Mr. Mendell so that Rae could hear:

"How about them notes, Aaron? You been paying anything on them notes?"

Mr. and Mrs. Mendell, worried out of their wits, became savage at the mere thought of Eddie Kiernan, upon whom they settled as the author of their troubles. Only when Rae was in the store did they have any comfort.

Friday nights had always been Rae's free evenings in August. On the third Friday in the month Mrs. Mendell suggested to her husband that he plead the press of business and ask Rae to give up her privilege.

"You going to help poppa this evening?" she inquired of her daughter when Rae and her father came home for dinner.

"Nope," Rae said.

"Aw, when poppa is so hard worked!"

"I wish he was so hard worked Mr. Moncskovotz would have to stay at the store like he is supposed to Fridays, but I bet he won't. I got a date."

"You don't need to say who with," Mrs. Mendell said.

"Well, you don't need to groan about it," Rae told her.

"The thing is that Irish boy ain't got nothing," Mrs. Mendell complained. "He ain't got money, and he ain't got brains to speak of."

"Who said he ain't got brains?"

"Why, it was your head got him out of trouble when you first met him."

"What fella wouldn't 'a' been rattled?"

"Leo Moncskovotz wouldn't 'a' been," Mr. Mendell chimed in triumphantly.

"He might 'a' been fifty years ago," Rae averred.

"Now you know he ain't so old!" Mrs. Mendell cried. "And he's a handsome man lotsa ways, and he could provide for you proper."

"Better than an Irish fella that makes nothing better than cot rent out to the race track."

"I told you he makes better than that. He saves money."

"At the race track? There should be just one man makes money at the race track and saves it."

"Why, Leo Moncskovotz," Mr. Mendell boasted, "come here every summer for ten years and never went out to the track no more than I have."

"Because there ain't no nickel bus out," Rae said.

"Anyway, Leo Moncskovotz," Mrs. Mendell asseverated, "ain't a fellow to be ashamed of, to sneak out the back door and meet on the back streets."

"So you throw that back in my face!" Rae cried. "All right!"

"All right what?"

There was alarm in Mr. Mendell's voice. Rae didn't answer him; she pushed past them and rushed up the stairs to her room. Mr. and Mrs. Mendell looked at each other despondently, then Mrs. Mendell went back in the kitchen to finish dinner and Mr. Mendell into the parlor to read his paper.

It happened that Eddie got away from the track early that day and, walking past the Mendell store, saw that Mr. Moncskovotz was in charge and alone; so, knowing the coast to be clear, he rang the front doorbell of the Mendells' house, an unusual procedure with him of late.

Mrs. Mendell, answering the summons, encountered him with an eye even more wrathful than she would have presented at the kitchen door.

"Rae ain't in this evening," she said, thinking that Rae wouldn't believe he was such a fool as to go to the front and ring. "She's gone out with a fella."

Mrs. Mendell then started to shut the door, but Rae came storming down the stairs.

"Is that you, Eddie? I ain't out at all. Come on in. I want you should stay for dinner."

"They ain't dinner enough," Mrs. Mendell stated promptly.

To Men . . . . who think their faces are clean

This cream goes into a clean-shaven face pink—and comes out a dingy grey

PORE-DIRT is in *every* face. It greys the cleanest complexion. It defies the daily wash that lets you think your face is clean when it really isn't!

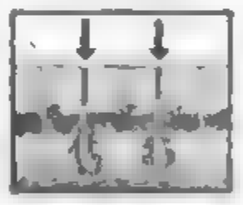
Where does it come from? Dusty roads, soot-belching chimneys, gasoline puffs from every passing motor — the air is teeming with millions of minute particles of grime.

These particles are so small you can't see them. They are smaller than the skin pores and get packed deep down under the skin. There they hide, laughing at the wash-cloth that cleans only the skin surface.

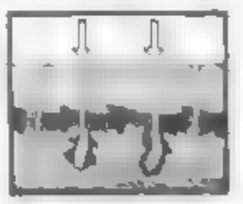
If they are allowed to remain too long, blackheads result. But generally pore-dirt merely greys your skin, gives it a tired, sallow look as though you had been up late the night before.

"Unwashable dirt," cosmeticians call it. But a minute's massage with Pompeian Massage Cream rolls every bit of it free.

Rolls pore-dirt from a twice-washed face! Try it!



Highly magnified cross section of the skin showing how pore-dirt becomes imbedded in the pore. Surface washing cannot remove it



The pore after Pompeian Massage Cream has cleansed it. The cream first loosens pore-dirt and then rolls the dirt out on the face.

You can easily prove to yourself that Pompeian Massage Cream begins to clean where ordinary cleansing methods stop. First wash your face and hands as clean as you can.

Then scoop a little cream from the jar and massage it into your face. Keep on rubbing until the dried cream rolls out of your skin in tiny pellets.

Note this amazing thing —the cream that went into the skin a clean pink now rolls out a dingy grey.

The grimed-in dirt is now removed. Your pores can once more fully breathe. Your skin quickly responds to the invigorating massage.

Your face looks, feels, and *is* really clean!

FREE test convinces thousands. Test the benefits of Pompeian Massage Cream on your face—FREE. Fill in the coupon and mail it to us—right now while you are reading this publication.

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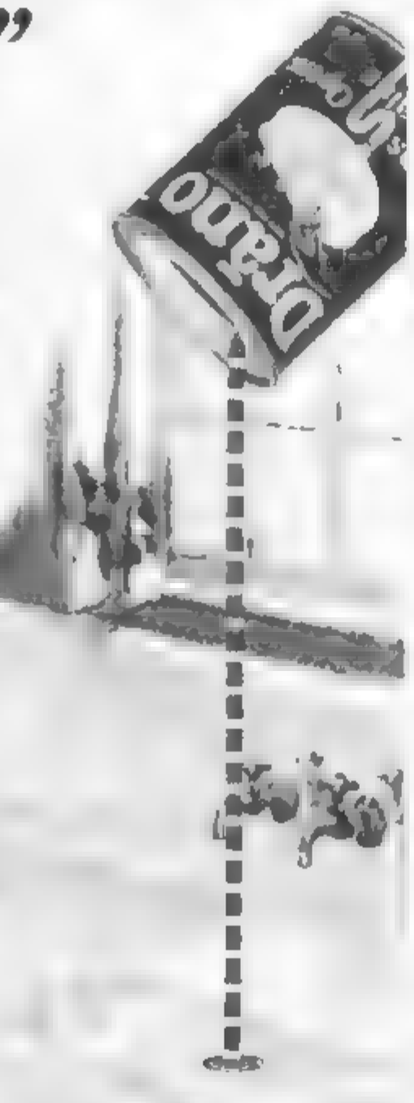
"It happened to be Sunday *and no plumber could be found*"



"THE drain-pipe in the kitchen sink was so badly clogged that it was beginning to back up. . . I happened to have a can of Drāno on hand and used it. My sink ran so freely I didn't need a plumber. *I always 'happen' to have* Drāno *on hand now!*"

—So writes a Los Angeles woman

DRĀNO, you know, quickly dissolves grease, lint, soap-fat, hair, vegetable matter and other things that clog waste-pipes. It actually scours the insides of drains and, in addition, it *heat-sterilizes* them!

Most women avoid the nuisance of sluggish waste water by using Drāno regularly every week in every drain in the house—it can't harm enamel, porcelain or plumbing.

Always "happen" to have Drāno on hand in your house!

It does other things, too

Drāno purifies and deodorizes garbage cans. It cleans garage floors. It removes hardened grime from iron pans and oven glass. It scours icebox outlets and opens choked downspouts.

It "happens" to be on hand in millions of homes. Buy a can today at your grocery, drug or hardware store. Or send 25c for a full-sized container.

Cleans grease-encrusted pots and pans

Dissolve one tablespoonful of Drāno in enough water to cover utensil in a dish-pan. Stir with a spoon. Immerse a little until clean. Rinse thoroughly.

THE DRACKETT CHEMICAL COMPANY
Cincinnati, Ohio

Drāno

Cleans and Opens Drains 25¢

35¢ *in Canada*

"I had something to eat on my way up," Eddie said.

"Then come on in the parlor," Rae invited him, "and when the time comes I'll get a bite, and then we can go out."

"Your poppa's in the parlor now getting his rest," Mrs. Mendell protested.

"Well, if we can't have the parlor I guess we better go up to my room."

It was an exceptionally hollow threat, but it was the occasion for a brawl which sounded like the street scene in Romeo and Juliet played with gusto

"Is that a thing a nice girl says? Poppa!"

"I don't care. I gotta have some place."

"Poppa! Hear what Rae has said."

Mr. Mendell emerged, and all three Mendells yelled at each other for a time, but finally Rae and Eddie had the parlor.

"I'm about crazy," Rae said, "the way they been at me."

"We got to stop it, Rae, somehow. What are we gonta do?"

"Wait till I've had some food. I'll show them."

Eddie couldn't resist taking a little advantage of the state of her nerves. "Do you love me, Rae?"

"You know I do."

She gave him a sad, passionate kiss. It was interrupted by Mrs. Mendell's bang on the dinner gong. Rae disappeared into the dining room, but couldn't have eaten much, she was back so soon.

"Now we're going to the movies," she said; "and we ain't going the back way."

"Right past the store?" Eddie asked.

"Maybe," Rae replied. "I feel like it."

Proudly, proudly they descended the steps and took the sidewalk; proudly they turned into the town's main thoroughfare.

It was Eddie who sighted Mr. Moncskovotz in the distance. "There's Monkeyface. Do you want him to see us?"

Rae hesitated, so he pulled her into an alleyway. He didn't want her regretting something she'd done when she was mad. Rae was grateful to him for having been wise. They speculated as to whether they'd been seen.

They had been. Rae knew it the minute she got home. The tension there had been replaced by an atmosphere of profound tragedy. Mr. and Mrs. Mendell were sitting in the parlor, sweating over great palm-leaf fans which they held like symbols of futility. Mr. Mendell was in his shirt sleeves, Mrs. Mendell in a wrapper.

"He's going to take the business from us, Rae," Mrs. Mendell announced when she heard the screen door close behind her daughter.

"On account of me?"

"He didn't say nothing about you. He just said he was going to take over the business if we didn't pay our notes by Monday."

"Oh, momma! He seen me and Eddie! Why did you have to go and make me mad?"

"You haven't got no business to get mad with your momma and poppa."

"Maybe if you was to go to him, Rae ——" Mr. Mendell suggested brokenly.

"I can't go to him," Rae cried. "There ain't but one argument I could put to him now why he shouldn't make us pay."

"Couldn't you give him your promise, Rae? After all, it's because of your operation we're where we are now."

The real argument had begun. It lasted until four A.M.

At the store in the morning Rae told her father she had to have her bob trimmed, went into the barber shop of John Colter, who was a friend of the Mendells and whose door was visible from their store, passed through his shop and out a back door, and then flew to the flat the Brogans had rented.

Eddie, who came to answer the bell, almost fell down the steps at the sight of her.

"What's the matter, Rae?"

"I guess I gotta do it, Eddie."

"What?"

"Marry that old Monkeyface. They talked to me almost all night. If it hadn't been for me being sick they could have paid up what they'd agreed to pay by now, and now they're going to lose the business."

"What if they do?" Eddie asked. "What do you care?"

"It would kill them. You don't know Jewish people. And maybe it ain't so bad, Eddie. Momma was saying he's awful old ——"

"I thought she claimed he was still leading the two-year-old class."

"No, but this time she admitted he was awful old, and if I married him maybe he'd die as soon as you and me could get married anyway, and then we'd have all that money too."

It was too much for Eddie's Irish histrionicism.

"Do you think I'd live if you was to marry old Monkeyface?" he demanded. "I wouldn't. I wouldn't wanta."

"But what are we gonta do?"

"How much are those notes for?"

"Twenty thousand dollars."

"Twenty thousand dollars!" Eddie exclaimed. "Why, a man won twenty thousand dollars from my boss the other day and he never batted an eye. Why, that ain't nothing. The time'll come when I'll get twenty thousand dollars for one case. Why, I hold paper for a hundred thousand dollars every day in my own hands."

"But it ain't yours, Eddie, and what're we gonta do? I got to get back to the store, but I had to see you. What had we ought to do?"

"I been thinking about something that might do it, lately," Eddie told her. "Now don't you worry. I'll get you out of it somehow."

"You're just talking to make me feel good."

"No, I ain't." Eddie assured her. "Honest I ain't. Listen. Old Monkeyface keeps the store at lunchtimes, don't he?"

"Yes, from one o'clock till we get back. You ain't gonta shoot him, Eddie? Or something else wild?"

"No, I ain't gonta shoot him. If I was, would I be calm like I am?"

"Is your idea something to do with out at the race track?" Rae asked.

"Maybe it is and maybe it ain't. I better not tell you, Rae."

"Because I think at times you're justified in risking some money if you stand to win a lot. Is it some horse you know about? Maybe I could get hold of some money and make a bet too."

"Don't you be fool enough to think you can ever step in at the track and win when you need money, and you not knowing a hock from a gelding."

"But you could tell me."

"All I'm gonta tell you is not to worry. Now will you mind me."

"You're so sweet," Rae told him; then she looked at her wrist watch. "I gotta go back. Poppa'll think I've got my head cut off."

"Feel better?"

"Yes, I do, but I don't know why. Good-by."

"Good-by."

They kissed each other brazenly on the unsheltered porch.

"I do love you awful, Eddie," Rae said. Then she hurried away through the hot August day.

It was twenty minutes after one and Leo Moncskovotz was keeping store. He was a little slow about trusting the evidence of his eyes, but finally he had to admit that the jaunty individual who entered the shop was the young man he had seen with Rae Mendell the night before, the young Irish fellow of whom his friend Mr. Abrahams had told him so much.

When Mr. Moncskovotz had satisfied himself that that was so he picked up his paper and pretended to read, hoping devoutly that the young man had not come in intending to punch his head.

"You waiting on customers here?" the young man inquired, after a lengthy inspection of the show cases.

(Continued on Page 177)

When you BILL

"What's she doing—billing?"
"More'n that—doing seven important things."

That is one reason why billing is a key operation in business—in any business. It includes instructions—by exact carbon duplicate—to all parties concerned.

The method of doing it—the designing of that set of forms—the number in the set, call for cooperation between those who know your business needs and those who have studied the billing practices of all businesses.

Billing is a KEY operation. Protect it! Efficiently!

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Key operation control of business by carbon copy records. Your key operations—buying, receiving, stockkeeping, production, selling, shipping, billing, furnish the lifeblood and muscle of your business. The nervous system that controls them consists of the carbon copy forms and records that speed the message from one operation to another.

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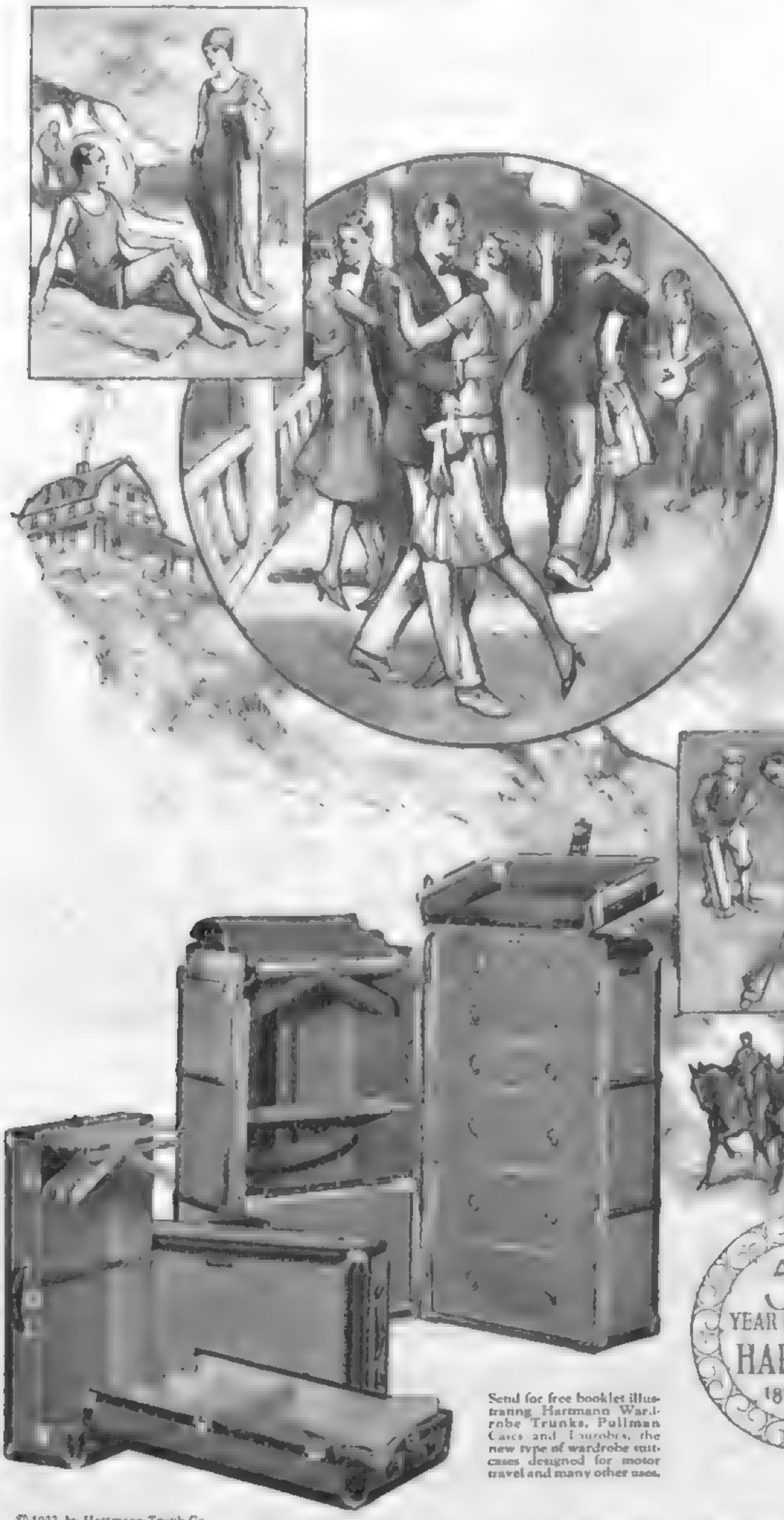

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NOTE—The authorized Hartmann dealer in your locality has a special display of Hartmann Trunks, Tourobes and Pullman cases as illustrated for vacation purposes, priced from $14.00 to $300.00

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BE SURE THE RED ✕ HARTMANN IS ON THE TRUNK YOU BUY

(Continued from Page 174)

"Uh-huh," Mr. Moncskovotz replied, continuing his pretense of reading.

"How about some service then?"

"Oh, was you a customer?"

"What did you think I was—a stick-up man?" The question gave Mr. Moncskovotz an unpleasant sensation.

"I thought maybe you was looking for the daughter of the man that's been working for me."

Mr. Moncskovotz felt justified in taking some liberties with the relationship involved, in order to keep the young man in his place.

"No," Eddie explained airily, "I come in now just because I knew she'd be out. Say, what's the swellest ring you got in the store?"

So! Mr. Moncskovotz thought. So! This was the way this young fellow took to let him know Rae Mendell was lost to Leo Moncskovotz. The young fellow thought this was funny, perhaps. Well, maybe he, Leo, could fix it so it would not turn out so funny. "We got lotsa rings," he said. "What kinda ring you want? Solitaire?"

"I guess so," Eddie said.

"You want real or imitation?"

"I told you I wanted the swellest ring you got in the place."

"Lots of cheap sports will give an imitation," Mr. Moncskovotz permitted himself to remark. "It's all a girl will expect from a certain type of fella."

"I ain't that type," Eddie said briefly. "Now let's see what you got."

Mr. Moncskovotz extracted a glittering tray from a show case.

"These is good value," he said. "Very handsome too."

"How much is the one worth that's worth the most?"

Mr. Moncskovotz picked out the ring with the largest stone. It was not very large, because the stock contained no large stones, but it was abnormally thin, and so covered a good deal of space. Also it was a little yellowish.

"This is a good value," Mr. Moncskovotz said solemnly, though it was the first step in his own little joke.

"How much?"

"Two hundred-fifty."

It had been marked two hundred and ten for two seasons now. If he could only sell it to the young fool before the others got back, it would go far toward reconciling him to the pangs of misprized love.

The young man looked taken aback, however.

"You said you wanted the best I got," Mr. Moncskovotz responded to his expression. "This is the best. I got lots of cheap rings, if a cheap ring is what you want. This is a ring, though, that appeals to everyone. It's got a value. It's a ring I'd be proud to see offered to the daughter of a partner of mine."

"Two hundred and fifty berries, though," Eddie Kiernan said.

He got out a check book and began figuring. Finally he said, "No. I guess not."

"What's the matter?" Mr. Moncskovotz asked. "I thought you wanted a good ring?"

"I ain't got the money on me."

"Couldn't you cash a check, perhaps?"

"Ye-es. I ain't got the time, though."

"It don't take long to cash a check."

"I'm going to the track and I got to get a haircut first. I tell you what: You hold the ring till I get back this afternoon. Maybe I better talk to the young lady about it."

Any such performance would be certain to spoil Mr. Moncskovotz's joke. "You want I should take your check?" he asked casually.

"Would you be willing to do that?"

"Sure, I guess so. What was the name, now?"

"Kiernan—Edward Kiernan. Miss Mendell would tell you that I'm all right; only I wouldn't want you to ask her. I want it for a surprise, you know."

It was the one, all right. The conviction had been growing on Mr. Moncskovotz that the young fellow had not come in to be fresh with him. He was now certain that Rae had spoken as little to Mr. Kiernan of him as she had to him of Mr. Kiernan. It made his joke less funny perhaps, but still satisfactory.

"Yes, I take your check," he agreed.

Eddie wrote one for two hundred and fifty dollars on the College Bank of Syrchester.

"Much obliged," Mr. Moncskovotz said "Good day, Mr. Kiernan. I'd like to see Miss Rae when she gets that ring."

He watched Eddie walk across the street into John Colter's barber shop. His joke had succeeded. Mr. Moncskovotz felt better about Rae Mendell's marriage than he had dreamed it possible for him to feel on the subject.

He called his friend Mr. Abrahams from next door to mind the store while he walked up to his bank and deposited the check to the store account. He'd just got back when Mr. Mendell returned from luncheon.

"So Rae is engaged, heh?" Mr. Moncskovotz greeted him. "It's funny you wouldn't tell me yourself."

"Engaged! Are you crazy?"

"There is no use to lie to me, Aaron. Her young fella was in here just now buying a ring. I hope you are glad with such a husband for her and your business gone. I hope you know where to turn now."

"But, Leo, if it's true, I didn't know it. You wouldn't hold that up against me."

Rae had stopped on the way down to do an errand for her mother. She entered the shop just then and they both turned on her.

"What is this Leo tells me?" her father demanded. "You are engaged and say nothing to momma and me."

"Congratulations to you, Rae," was all Mr. Moncskovotz cared to remark. "I hope you find you ain't making a mistake."

"Engaged?" Rae echoed her father. "Are you cracked?"

"Don't you let her fool you, Aaron," Mr. Moncskovotz advised. "Sure she is engaged. Why else would that Irish boy of hers come buying a ring in here?"

"Oh, it's you that's cracked, is it?" Rae said with relief. "Eddie Kiernan buy a ring in here? Tell me another."

"Don't speak like that to Leo Moncskovotz," her father admonished her.

"Edward Kiernan," Mr. Moncskovotz said. "That's the name. I just deposited a check he gave me for two hundred and fifty dollars on the College Bank of Syrchester."

"He give you a two-hundred-and-fifty-dollar check on his bank in Syrchester?"

"Well, what do you look like that for? It's good, ain't it?"

"It's good if he gave it to you," Rae replied, "but what ring did you have worth two hundred and fifty dollars?"

"I was rearranging prices just before he come in," Mr. Moncskovotz said dryly, "and he was awful taken with that big stone in the white-gold setting."

"That one we've had two years that's got jaundice?" Rae shrieked.

"Yes. That's a nice stone, ain't it? It's thin, but it's nice, and that's what he picked out."

"And you sold him that? You dared to sell him that, you old monkeyface. Poppa, what can we do?"

"Your poppa ain't gonta do a lotta deciding in this store now, I guess," Mr. Moncskovotz remarked.

"Maybe he ain't, but if he don't, you got to settle with me, you hateful old toad. You do a trick like that and I'll snatch your eyes out."

"So?" Mr. Moncskovotz demanded of her gutturally. "So?"

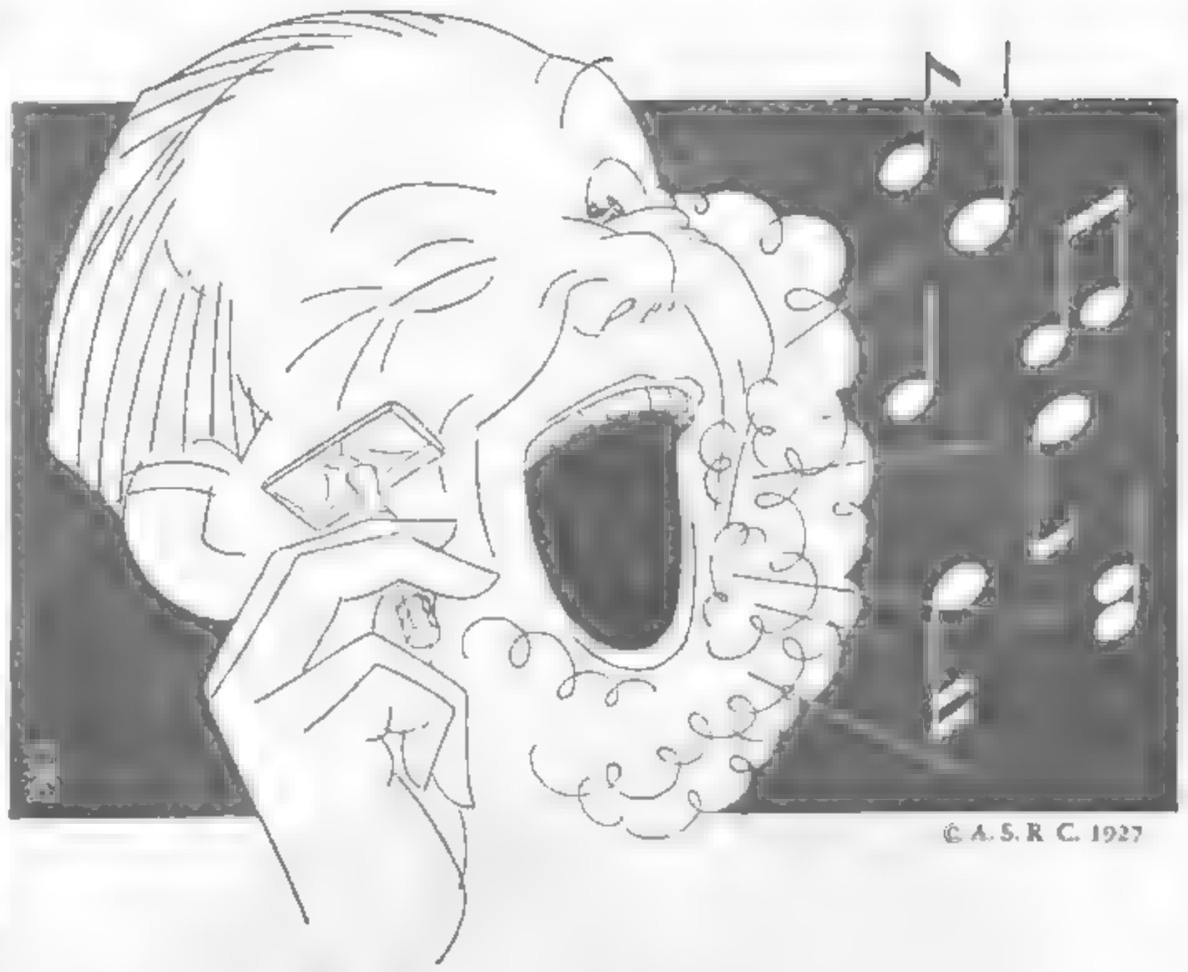
They glared at each other, hatred on each face.

"Rae!" Mr. Mendell cried. "Leo! Leo! Rae!"

His agony was at least postponed. Someone entered the shop.

"There's a customer," Rae said. "I guess we can wait."

It was not a very important customer. Only John Colter, the barber.



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- the swan-song of whiskers!

HERE, you bathroom baritones, is a blade to put new joy in your heart, new notes in your song, and new harmony in your shave!—A blade so keen that every whisker on your face, from high C at the hairline to low A on your Adam's apple, fades soothingly away.

The Ever-Ready Blade will make you sing through every morning shave, because it actually sings through your whiskers even though it's too swift and keen to *feel*. It's there a hundred ways, and here are just a few of them:—

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Mail us twenty cents today and we will send you a miniature "grip-full of shaving aids"—containing the standard Ever-Ready Razor with Ever-Ready Radio Blades, and two other shaving requisites. This trial will convince you.

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Palm Beach Cloth is showo in suits, separate trousers, knickers, tennis trousers and caps. For men and boys. If your clothier cannot supply you, we'll direct you.

"What you want?" Mr. Moncskovotz and Mr. Mendell demanded of him in unison.

"Say, I'm safe, lending a guy sixty dollars on this ring, ain't I?" he asked.

In his palm lay a thin, off-color diamond mounted in white gold.

Properly to describe the scene in Mendell's jewelry shop would require one of Jove's thunderbolts for a pen.

"Borrow money on that! Borrow money! Quick! Thief! It's a thief! Somebody get a policeman! Thief!" Mr. Moncskovotz cried all in one breath.

Mr. Mendell said, "A thief stealing! So that was it, huh?"

"Oh, it couldn't 'a' been that," came from Rae.

"Yes, it was!" the two shouted her down. "Thief! Thief! We got to stop him! We got to get a policeman!"

"If it's true"—Rae tried to stop them—"what you got to make a row for? You ain't lost nothing. Here's the ring, and that check can't 'a' gone through."

"He's a thief."

"Think we'd let a thief get away?"

They ran from the store together, reunited by a common cause.

Rae seized John Colter's arm. "Is he still in your place?"

"Yeah, I guess so. What's all the hollerin' about?"

"They think ——" Rae began, but she didn't take time to finish. She dashed across the street.

Eddie was still in the barber's chair. He was having his shoes shined.

"Eddie!" Rae cried. "Run! Run quick!"

Eddie jumped. "What's the matter, Rae?"

"Mr. Colter took the ring over to them! Don't wait to hear! Run! I'll pay the boy. Run! There's a back door."

"But what's happened?"

"They're getting a cop. Run!"

Eddie was out of the chair by then. "G'by," he said.

He was almost at the rear door when Mr. Moncskovotz entered the front one with a policeman.

"That's him! That's him!" Mr. Moncskovotz shrilled, quite soprano with excitement.

"Hey, you! Stop there!" the policeman bellowed. "Stick 'em up, quick!"

Eddie stuck them up.

"What the hell is the matter?" he asked, brazening it out.

"I ain't got it quite straight myself," the officer admitted. "What is it now, you?"

"He—give me—bad check!" Mr. Moncskovotz panted.

Mr. Mendell now appeared in the door of the barber shop, also with a policeman. "Bad check!" he was in time to gasp.

"Bad check!" Mr. Moncskovotz panted again.

"Who says it's bad?" Eddie asked.

"Us. We say it's bad."

"Us."

"I guess you got to come with me," the first officer said. "You gonta make any trouble?"

"Nope," Eddie answered with downcast eyes.

Rae spoke, tearing the words from her throat. "Eddie, it wasn't bad. Say it wasn't bad."

"I was counting on its being good by Monday anyway."

"Yes, if some horse wasta win!" Mr. Mendell cried. "You took that chance with our money. That's stealing! That's stealing!"

"I guess we better put the bracelets on him to make sure," the first officer consulted the second one.

"No," Rae cried, "don't do that! You don't haveta do that."

The steel clicked.

"Good-by, Rae," Eddie said gently. "Good-by, sweetheart."

Rae put her arms around him and kissed him. "I'll make it all right," she promised. "I'll get you out."

"Don't do nothing foolish, Rae," he begged her.

"Take him along," Mr. Mendell urged the officers of the law.

"Why do you let him hang around like that?" Mr. Moncskovotz demanded.

They led him out into the sunlit street, his hands trussed.

"A fine fella he turned out to be," Mr. Moncskovotz gloated.

Rae didn't hear. "He ain't even got his hat!" she cried. She tried to get Eddie Kiernan's hat and run after him with it, but her father restrained her.

"No, you don't, Rae. People ain't gonta talk no more than they gotta talk now. Now maybe you will listen to reason. Now maybe you will know what momma and me meant."

"Don't, poppa, if you don't want me to hate you as long as I live!" Rae blazed at him. "Don't say no more. I don't care what he done. I love him. I love him."

Eddie would only repeat that when he gave the check he thought he'd have the money in the bank before it went through. He was committed to a cell and a wire was sent to the College Bank of Syrchester, but it was Saturday afternoon and the College Bank of Syrchester was closed.

Rae's mother and father didn't lock her in her room all Sunday, but they did watch her like hawks. Nevertheless, Rae managed to escape them once through the bathroom window and ran wildly down to the town hall, which was also the jail.

"I want to see Mr. Kiernan," she told a startled roomful of policemen.

"You got an order?" one of them asked.

"No, but I've got to see him."

"You'll have to git an order off of a judge."

Rae knew there wouldn't be time for that. She ran out and around to the back of the town hall where, high in the walls, there were barred windows. Eddie's face wasn't at any of them. Fortunately it was a deserted part of town.

"Eddie!" she called, loud in the Sunday quiet. "Eddie Kiernan!"

Eddie's face appeared at one of the windows.

"Are you all right? They ain't doing the third degree on you?"

"Sure, they ain't. I'm just shooting a game of craps."

"I've promised anything if they'll let you off."

"Aw, Rae," Eddie called down, "will you keep your shirt on, honey, please?"

It was discouraging for a person who had, for the first time in her life, what she recognized as a Norma Talmadge rôle. Really, Mr. Mendell was more satisfactory when, at that moment, he pounced on her.

"You say one more word, Rae, and I'll have you committed for crazy."

Rae was dragged back to the parental castle, where the atmosphere of gloom penetrated the very food on the table. The gloom had a logical cause. Mr. Moncskovotz wasn't acting as, by every law of fiction, he should have acted. He was evincing a profound indifference to the offers of Rae to save her lover by the sacrifice of her heart and hand. Mr. Moncskovotz hadn't liked the things Rae had said to him in the shop, and it seemed improbable that he would ever care a great deal for her again.

When Mr. Mendell had said "You ain't gonta call those notes on us now, are you, Leo?" he had replied, "And why wouldn't I call them now? Because I saved you from a jailbird son-in-law?"

Monday morning about ten o'clock Rae and her father were in the shop when Mr. Moncskovotz came in, a fresh disgruntlement evident on his countenance.

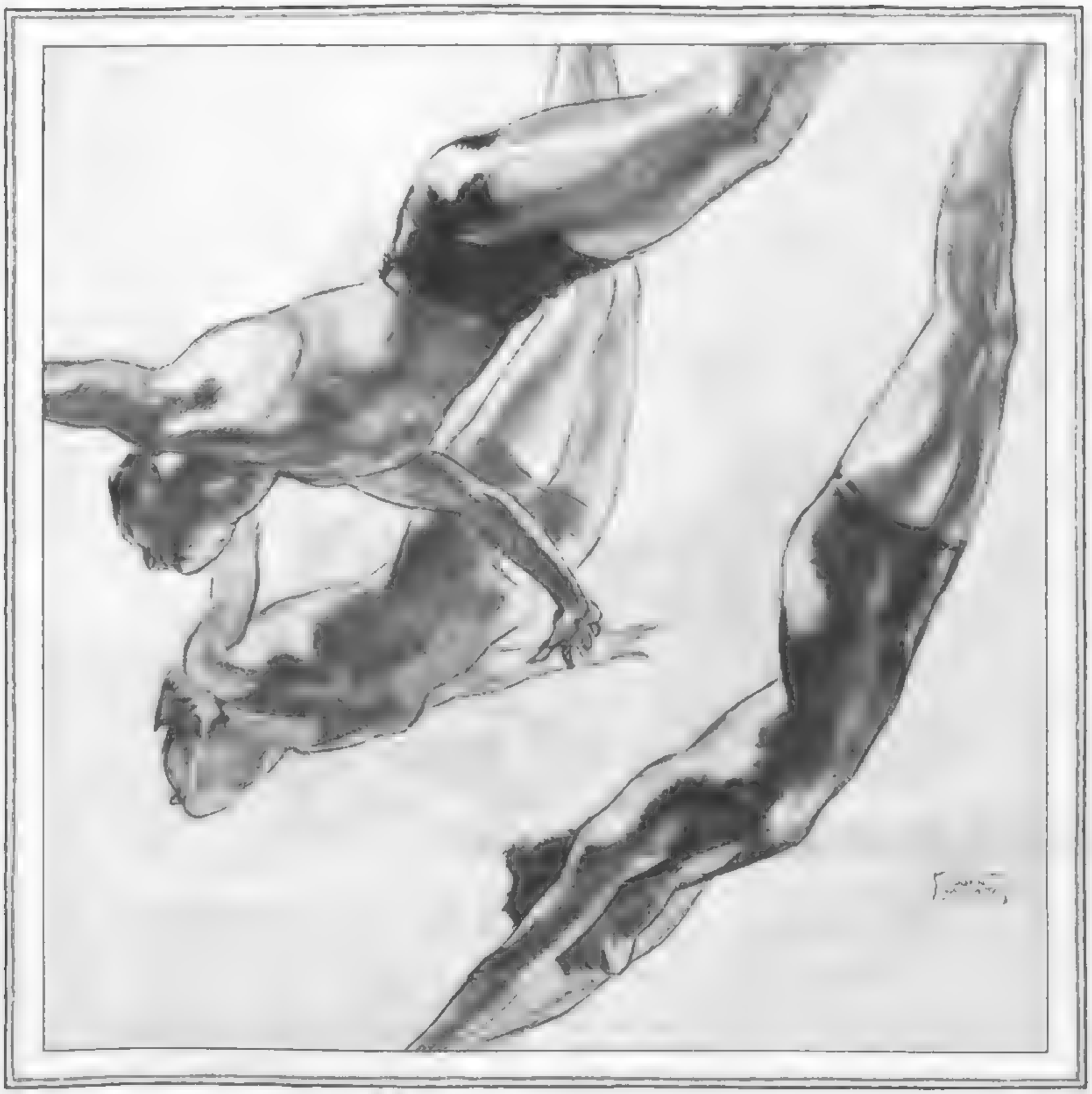
"Is anything new gone wrong, Leo?" Mr. Mendell asked as ingratiatingly as he knew how.

"No," Mr. Moncskovotz snapped.

"I just thought you was lookin' kinda—you know."

"I'm gonta call them notes today," Mr. Moncskovotz said.

(Continued on Page 181)



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This range offers to wholesalers of fabrics and manufacturers of garments, and through them to all users, materials in authentic color and design, suitable to all types of under and outer wear for men and women, as well as for purposes of home decoration.

Pacific fabrics offer all the subtle variations that a woman hopes to find when she goes to the counters of her favorite store. Pacific Mills, 24 Thomas Street, New York City.

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WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURER OF TEXTILES

IN YARDAGE AND VARIETY—FINISHED FABRICS OF COTTON, WORSTED AND SILK AND RAYON MIXTURES

(Continued from Page 178)

Mr. Mendell gave a great groan. Rae wasn't even interested

"You heard anything new about Eddie?" she asked.

"I'm through with that monkey business."

"They got word from the bank?"

"Yes. The check was good. A wire of money had got there from here the last thing Saturday morning."

Pure joy flooded Rae's soul. "Then he's out!" she cried. "He's all right! Where is he?"

"I guess he ain't gonta stay long in this town after being marked like that for a jailbird."

"Don't you think it," Rae replied. "He's just waiting to doll up, and then he'll come in that door. I know. I ain't afraid he'll be scared off so easy."

Sure enough, Eddie did appear in the shop door very shortly, but he paid comparatively little attention to Rae's shriek of greeting.

He seemed more interested in replying to Mr. Moncskovotz.

"What you got the nerve to come back to my store for?" Mr. Moncskovotz roared at him. "Get outta my store. Do you hear? Get out!"

"Where else can I find you so easy?" Eddie asked.

"What would you want to find me for?"

"I got a summons to serve on you and on Mr. Mendell here."

"A summons?"

"Summons?"

"Did you think I was gonta let you get away with false imprisonment and persecutions like that just for love? You bet I ain't. I got a claim against the pair of you that's good for thirty thousand dollars."

"You got a what?"

"I had nearly two dayss false imprisonment. If you don't know what that is gonta mean to you I'd advise you just to call up your lawyer right now, because you'll have to do some pinching before you get it paid."

"You wouldn't do that," Mr. Mendell sobbed, "to the father of the girl you love, that you ate so many meals off of?"

"And how does he treat her?" Eddie asked. "Trying to make her marry old Monkeyface there and railroading me into jail just so he can get away with it."

"But me?" Mr. Moncskovotz cried. "I ain't done nothing to your girl. Why would you sue me on a blackmail suit like that?"

"Because it's you has got the money, for one thing," Eddie answered. "And maybe you think I don't know who was pushing Rae's folks. I don't hold no grudge against them and I wouldn't hurt them if I did, but I can't hurt them by suing for money because they ain't got none. It's you I'm gonta get, Monkeyface."

"I see my lawyer," Mr. Moncskovotz said, in a voice dry with terror. "I let my lawyer talk with you."

"Glad to see him any time," Eddie answered genially.

"If we was to say it was all right about you and Rae," Mr. Mendell asked—"me and momma—could you let us out somehow?"

"Oh, if you was to say that," Eddie answered, "and Mr. Moncskovotz was to say he'd show a little consideration to you about them notes of yours—then I ain't saying. You and Monkeydoodle talk it over. Me and Rae is going for a walk. How about it, Rae?"

When they had left there was a long silence in the jewelry store.

"Well, what do you think, Leo?" Mr. Mendell asked at last. "Can we fix it up?"

"Fix it up!" Mr. Moncskovotz exclaimed. "They ain't nothing to fix up. If Aaron Mendell ain't ready to pay his note now I give him more time when he asks for it. I always give old Aaron Mendell more time. He knows that."

"Maybe we could get something signed," Mr. Mendell suggested mildly.

"All right. We go pay a lawyer if you want," Mr. Moncskovotz agreed.

"I don't have to pay no lawyer no more," Mr. Mendell boasted. "I got a lawyer in the family now. We wait till Eddie gets back. And now I got to call up momma. Momma will be tickled. What momma was afraid of most was that Eddie wasn't so awful smart."

Speaker: "The Question of Disarmament, Therefore, is Referred to the Committee on Toothpaste for Bulgarian School Children, Said Committee to Report its Findings Not Sooner Than January 1st, 1957

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CREDIT

(Continued from Page 16)

banks there—which inflationists in Congress and out were bitterly denouncing—to give him $7,000,000 of gold in exchange for legal-tender notes. With that help he was able to turn the Treasury over to his Democratic successor on March 4, 1893, with $100,982,410 of gold on hand. Though no particular sum was fixed by law, common opinion, in the Treasury and out, had settled upon $100,000,000 of gold as the safe minimum.

There were good reasons, besides doubt as to the value of an American dollar, why panic overwhelmed the Stock Exchange soon after. There had been reckless speculation and wildcat financing. There had been lying and swindling in high quarters. At this time, when foreign investors were dubious about the bales of American securities which they still held, and when their confidence would have been priceless, it came out that one big railroad—then in receivership—had falsified its income account, and that another—also insolvent—had lost a lot of money through the management's stock-market speculations. Of course the individual culprits should have been put in jail; but instead of that, discredit attached to everything American. Some Americans had acted in bad faith; all suffered for it.

Panic in New York spread to the West and South, where there had been plenty of reckless speculation in land and other things. There panic took the crude form of runs on banks. Five hundred and sixty-two of them, mostly in the West and South, failed. To meet runs, banks in the West and South drew on New York, and the New York banks practically confessed insolvency by ceasing to pay their debts and resorting to a nonlegal currency called Clearing House certificates. Real currency rose to a premium of 4 per cent. Naturally hoarding of it became common.

Of course panic much increased the difficulties of the Treasury. For one item, it decidedly reduced government revenue. Cleveland's Secretary of the Treasury followed his Republican predecessor in appealing to the banks of New York to give up gold in exchange for legal-tender notes; and the banks did, with wry faces, yield $25,000,000 of the metal. All the same, by January, 1894, the gold reserve was down to $68,000,000, and aside from that fund there was barely $12,000,000 cash on hand.

For such a concern as the United States Treasury, that is nearly the same thing as busted. In that exigent situation Secretary Carlisle, under authority conferred by the Resumption Act, invited bids for $50,000,000 of ten-year government bonds, to be paid for in gold coin.

In Contrast With War Bonds

Naturally this move infuriated the powerful inflationist parties in Congress. Secretary Carlisle proposed to maintain the credit of the United States, which was the very last thing the inflationists wanted. They were determined to force the nation off a 100-cent basis and onto a sixty-cent basis. The mere name "gold" gave them fits. They showered both houses of Congress with bills and resolutions to forbid the issue of the bonds, to prohibit payment of interest on them if they should be issued, and so on.

Bidders for the bonds were required to pay in 100-cent gold dollars. There was no telling whether they would not be paid back in sixty-cent silver dollars—dollars that were constantly falling in value—and there was a strong party in both houses threatening to repudiate the bonds altogether.

No wonder bidding was slow. When the time was nearly up it became evident that the bond issue was going to fail. Mr. Carlisle, swallowing his statesmanly scruples, went personally to New York and once more appealed to the banks. They responded by forming a syndicate and subscribing to more than 80 per cent of the bond issue. All the bids received, outside of this syndicate, amounted to less than $10,000,000. Contrast that with World War bond subscriptions and you get an idea of the state of the country and the condition of national credit.

Subscribers paid the stipulated gold into the Treasury, but at the same time almost half that amount of gold was withdrawn from the Treasury by presentation of legal-tender notes; so immediately after the bond transaction was completed the gold reserve stood at only $107,000,000, and the disastrous old question of what an American dollar was going to be worth remained as open as ever. The Treasury, it will be noted, was constantly redeeming legal-tender notes in gold, but the amount of such notes outstanding did not diminish; for Congress, moved by inflationist views on the currency, had enacted that such notes, once redeemed in gold, should not be destroyed, but "reissued, and paid out again and kept in circulation." This was the endless chain for scooping gold out of the Treasury of which President Cleveland complained.

Exhausting the Treasury Vein

Foreign investors were not much impressed by the circumstances of the bond issue. Sales of American securities continued. In the spring, gold was going across the Atlantic in quantity, and by the end of the summer the Treasury reserve was down to $52,000,000. Again the New York banks were besought to give up some of their meager gold reserve in exchange for legal-tender notes. Again they yielded several millions. Then Secretary Carlisle offered another $50,000,000 issue of bonds to be paid for in gold coin. Again the bonds were taken mainly by a banking syndicate, which duly paid for them in gold. And again the endless chain dipped the gold out of the Treasury as fast as it came in. The first loan bolstered up the gold reserve for a few months; the second one for only a few weeks. Silver was under fifty cents to the dollar.

It was a race, and it seemed that the Treasury was bound to lose. Of course the more probable that seemed, the harder the run on gold. By February, 1895, the gold reserve was down to $41,000,000, and falling so fast that the Assistant Treasurer at New York wired Washington he could hardly expect to continue payments more than another twenty-four hours. In this crisis Grover Cleveland did his country as great a service as any martial genius has ever done it by winning a battle on land or sea.

The credit of the United States was shaken. Foreign investors were steadily running on the country by sales of their American securities, just as frightened depositors run on a bank. That, and lack of confidence at home, involved a run on the Treasury gold. Unless confidence could be restored, the old business of borrowing gold on a bond issue only to have it drained out of the Treasury again in a few weeks would get nowhere. President Cleveland called in J. P. Morgan, and Morgan, with the Rothschilds, organized a powerful banking syndicate both here and abroad. The syndicate agreed to take $62,000,000 bonds on a 3.75 per cent interest basis, paying for them in gold, at least one-half of which was to be imported from Europe. More important, the syndicate members agreed, "as far as lies in their power, to protect the Treasury of the United States against withdrawal of gold" for the life of the contract, or practically six months.

The syndicate made an alternate proposal to buy at par the same amount of bonds bearing only 3 per cent interest, provided

(Continued on Page 184)

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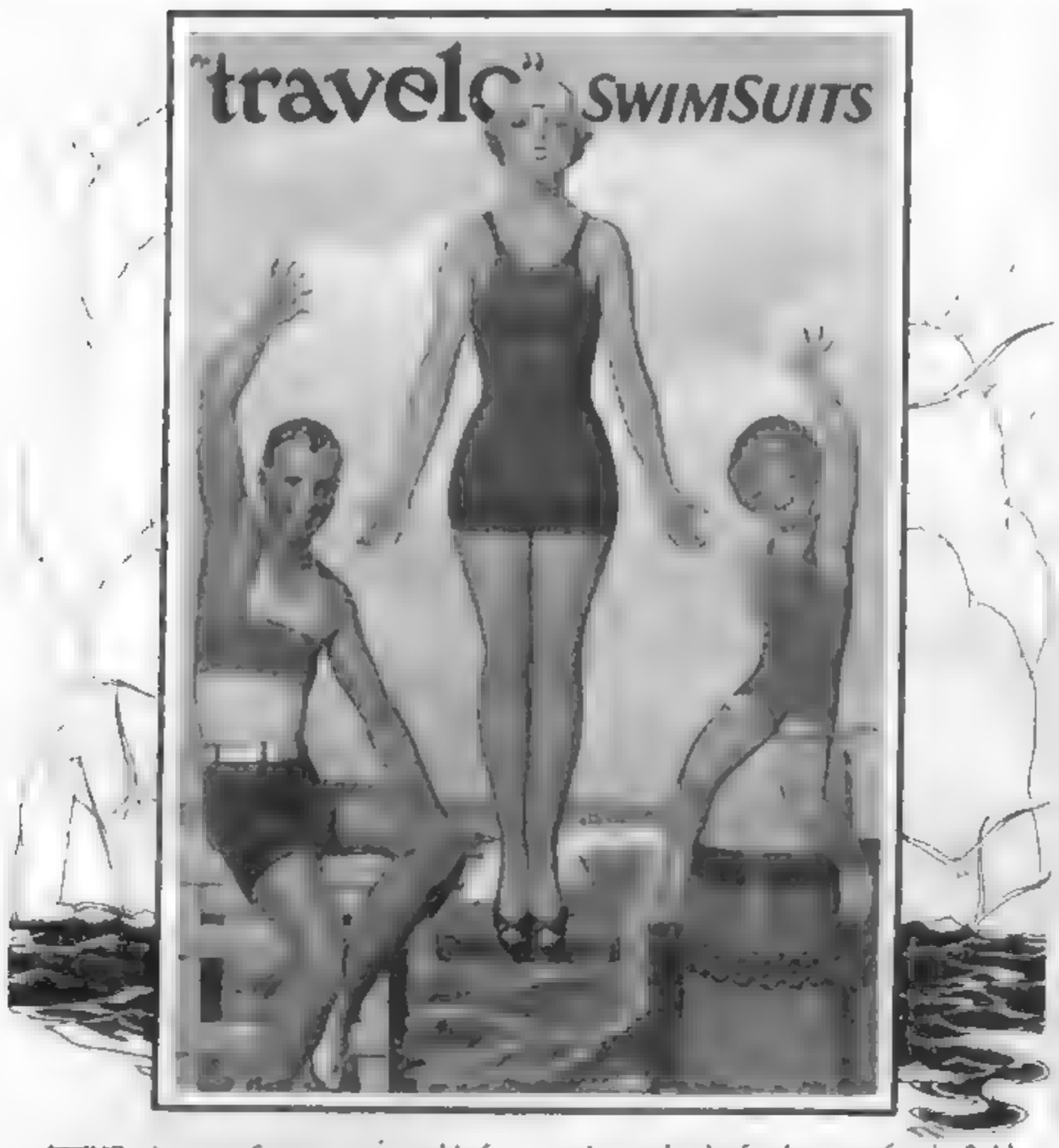

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(Continued from Page 182)

Congress would make those bonds payable in gold instead of in "coin." Nothing in his whole career better illustrates the essential innocence of Grover Cleveland's character than that, in all good faith, he laid this alternate proposal before Congress and appealed for an act to make the bonds payable in gold, thereby saving the Treasury many millions in interest. Needless to say, Congress met this request with cries of berserk rage.

The President was determined to pay the nation's creditors in the 100-cent dollars which good faith required. The inflationists, now a majority in Congress, were equally determined to pay them in forty-nine-cent silver dollars. By this new move, the President might win; hence much wrath in Congress. Also the President asked Congress to authorize a bond specifically payable in gold—merely because such a bond could be sold at 3 per cent against 3.75 per cent for a bond payable in "coin"—and they loathed the name "gold"; hence more wrath. But worst of all, the President, in his determination to save the country's credit, had turned to the only man, probably, in the United States who had sufficient financial prestige both at home and abroad to do the job for him And that man was Morgan! To pious inflationists, making a contract of any sort with Morgan was just what making a contract with the devil is to pious churchmen. Students of American politics who have a sense of humor will be rewarded by turning back to the files of those days.

Europe was selling Americans and we were running in debt to her on current daily balance. It cost something to ship gold from New York to London to settle the balance—ocean freight, insurance, loss of interest on the money in transit, abrasion of the coin or bars. If a man could buy, in New York, a draft on London for less than it cost him to ship the gold, he would take the draft. In brief, the Morgan-Rothschild syndicate, using its strong foreign credit, proposed to supply drafts on Europe so that it would not be necessary to ship gold. That would stop the great drain on the Treasury's gold reserve.

But the syndicate's resources of credit, after all, were limited. They bound themselves only "as far as lies in their power." If the run continued unabated they would have to give up. Without doubt they reckoned on their prestige. Essentially it was the case of a run on the local bank when a number of citizens in whom the community has confidence say to frightened depositors, "This bank is sound. You will not lose your money. We are advancing it $62,000,000." That turned the trick. By midspring, Europeans, on the whole, had not only stopped selling Americans but were buying heavily.

America's Chief Product

Not that we were yet out of the woods. Sad to relate, this rapid reversal of European sentiment in our favor, and the syndicate's success in protecting Treasury gold so infected our buoyant American spirit that we presently boosted both stocks and wheat to a point where Europeans would not buy them. Indeed, we had a long dismal road yet to go before the Congress elected with Mr. McKinley in November, 1896, finally settled all doubt as to what an American dollar was by declaring that it was a gold dollar, at the same time setting aside a gold fund of $150,000,000 specifically to redeem legal-tender notes and impound them in the Treasury, under certain conditions, to stop the endless chain.

But the destruction of credit which began in the latter part of 1892 brought on an industrial paralysis that lasted four dreary years, with idle mills, bread lines in cities, Coxey's army of the unemployed marching on Washington, riotous strikes and other damages that made life harder for millions of American families.

Secure and confident in the credit of the United States, enjoying a prosperity that is founded upon it, we may do well to glance back at a very different situation only a generation ago. For the chief product of the United States today is not mentioned in the Census of Manufactures. It is credit. The extent to which we trust one another and live confidently on one another's promises is a more significant thing than our output of automobiles or our building operations. It is a strictly modern thing, and, on this scale, a distinctively American thing.

Probably there is ten times as much credit outstanding in the United States as there was in 1900; three or four times as much as ten years ago. If you look up the figures that used to be called indices of business activity—the output of iron and steel, tons of freight moved by rail, production of coal, exports and imports—you will find that none of them has increased nearly as much as the output of credit has.

In any business forecast, credit gets first consideration, for a fault there is pretty sure to affect everything else. How to keep credit good is a question of the first importance. We quite literally live on promises. If the promise turns out bad our living will certainly be scamped. That is no figure of speech. As it happens, I have been residing in a community where, owing to riotous speculation in real estate, a great many bad promises were put forth. The most surprising thing about it is that almost everybody I know in the community, even those who had nothing directly to do with the speculation, is caught in the web and actually living less easily because of it. The bad promises, like insect powder mixed in good flour, spread through the whole cake.

Paying With Promises

Bad promises usually do, for credit is a cake—not a multitude of little strictly separate items, but a compound. It follows that nothing else is more important than not to make promises that cannot be kept good. To make a bad promise is to utter a forgery on the commonwealth bank. Politics is in low repute because people know how ready it is to make promises whether they can be kept or not.

Of course it is impossible to say exactly how much credit is outstanding at any time. But the biggest and most important item is bank deposits. Nowadays, in the United States, whatever your rating in Dun and Bradstreet, or whether you have any such rating, your first reliance for meeting expenses and obligations is what you call cash in bank. There are more bank accounts than families. Nearly everybody has one. The latest report of the Controller of the Currency shows that on June 30, 1926, everybody's cash in bank amounted to $48,882,296,000.

That does not include the deposits of one bank in another bank—or deposits in the Federal Reserve Banks—but only what the banks, taken together, owed their individual and corporate depositors. Nowhere else do people so universally trust their money to a bank—and expect everybody with whom they deal to take their check without question, which, generally speaking, everybody does.

Of course a bank check is not real money. The only real, hard, ultimate money is gold. With gold you don't have to rely on anybody's promise, because the metal in a ten-dollar gold piece is worth practically ten dollars. You can melt the gold piece, sell the metal to a jeweler and get your value whether promises are kept or not. So in international transactions when credit—a promise—will not answer, the account is settled by a shipment of gold. That is the only money that is good in itself.

On June thirtieth last, when the banks owed depositors nearly $50,000,000,000, they held $40,711,000 of gold—of real money, intrinsically worth the amount stated whether promises were kept or not. That came to less than one-tenth of 1 per cent of their deposits. The other 99.9 per cent upon which they relied to pay depositors consisted finally of promises of one sort or another. Some were promises of the

United States Treasury to redeem certain pieces of paper, called gold certificates, in gold coin if required to do so. Some were promises of the Federal Reserve Banks. Some were promises of states and cities in municipal bonds. But much the biggest item, amounting to $36,233,490,000, consisted of promises of individuals and corporations in the form of notes of hand.

The banks owe everybody $50,000,000,000. Everybody, individually or collectively, owes the banks $50,000,000,000. Sustained by good faith and confidence, that huge equilibrium carries the whole load of the exchange of goods and services by which we live. It not only moves Kansas flour to Massachusetts and Massachusetts shoes to Kansas but brings the gas to your kitchen stove, and a man to trim the hedge—whom you pay either with a check or out of the proceeds of a check that you have just cashed. One puff of thoroughgoing Bolshevist repudiation would blow the whole thing away, leaving as residuum only a handful of gold and silver coin. All the rest is a product of good faith and of trusting one another.

We had to do it if we were to prosper. The man who eats his own wheat and makes his own shoes isn't obliged to trust anybody or to ask anyone to trust him. But if wheat and shoes move 1000 miles to be consumed six months after they are produced, credit is as necessary as railroads and warehouses. Instead of gold, the producer must take a piece of paper—a promise.

We have, in comparison with all other countries, an enormous stock of gold; but if the transactions that were settled by bank checks in New York on January 2, 1926, had been settled by the payment of gold, nearly half the total stock of gold in the country would have been required to do that one day's business in one city. Sensibly, we keep almost all the gold locked up in Treasury vaults and use paper promises.

Bank checks for double the wealth of the United States are issued in this country every year—pieces of paper that would pay all the national debts of all the countries in the world many times over. Once in a while a rogue issues some checks that are not good, and that is so extraordinary that the newspapers make a news item of it, just as they do when of all the millions of people who cross streets every day one is run over by an automobile. Nowadays you not only settle your local grocery and gas bills and local taxes by writing checks but pay your debts at a distance that way, and meet your income tax by mailing Uncle Sam your personal uncertified check on the local bank.

The Nation-Wide Pool

When the banks in New York, for example, sort out all their checks through the Clearing House, Bank A will owe Bank B a certain balance. Formerly these Clearing House balances were settled among the banks by payments in real money—gold. But since the Federal Reserve system came in, that crudity has been done away with. Now, after all the pieces of paper have gone through the Clearing House, each one being credited to the bank that turned it in and charged to the bank upon which it is drawn, the net balances are settled by other pieces of paper representing credits on the books of the Federal Reserve Banks. Thus, on the average, wealth amounting to $1,000,000,000 every banking day changes ownership in New York alone by simply handing around slips of paper promises, and without the use of a dollar in real money.

Your First National Bank, on the corner of Main and Lincoln Streets, looks as local as the town waterworks. Naturally, you think of it as a local affair. Its officers and directors and stockholders live in the town. Its depositors are your neighbors. But in fact it is a sluice into a nation-wide pool of credit. You step in and deposit $100. Immediately about half the money runs into the pool—far and away from the town. Some of it goes immediately to the Federal Reserve Bank of that district, in Cleveland or Atlanta, Minneapolis or Kansas City. Some more goes to other central-city banks with which your First National keeps accounts for exchange and reserve purposes. Some goes into United States bonds, but about twice as much goes into other bonds that the First National holds for investment. Taking in the lump what the controller calls country banks, 20 per cent of their loans and discounts are secured by stocks and bonds as collateral. Some of those stock-and-bond loans may be made at home. Probably most of them are made away from home. If all stock-and-bond loans are nonlocal, quite half the country bank's money goes out of town—goes, in fact, pretty nearly everywhere.

But while half the money that goes into the bank runs out of town, outside money is running into town. The bond issue to pay for the local waterworks is sold in New York. An Eastern life-insurance company makes a loan on the new office building. Farmers in the neighborhood are borrowing distant money through the Federal Land Bank. The sluice into the credit pool works both ways. If the First National needs money in a hurry, beyond the amount of cash on hand, it ships a bale of its local promissory notes to the Federal Reserve Bank of its district for rediscount and gets currency by return mail.

Scrambled Ownership

If the First National were a strictly local concern, standing absolutely by itself like the town waterworks, it would probably feel obliged to keep 20 per cent of its deposits in its vault in cash, for a lot of its depositors might some day take a notion to demand their money. That money in vault, for all ordinary purposes, would be dead and buried, inert cash lying uselessly in a steel box, waiting for a crisis that might never happen. But with a sluice into the credit pool, country national banks, taken together, keep only 2.5 per cent of their deposits on hand in cash in vault. The difference between that and 20 per cent, for country national banks alone, amounts to $1,500,000,000 that is now usefully at work in some fashion or other instead of lying dead in vaults. All the banks in the United States carry only 2 per cent of their deposits on hand in cash The difference between that and 20 per cent amounts to $8,750,000,000.

We have come to rely so greatly on credit in various forms that hardly anybody has property that is strictly his own any more. Such information as the Census Bureau gives indicates that considerably more than half the farms of the country are free from mortgage. In most cases individuals own them outright; a strictly defined piece of property belongs exclusively to one man. On the basis of the census figures we might very tentatively put the value of such individually owned farms at $30,000,000,000. No doubt another $30,000,000,000 or more of urban real estate—homes, store buildings in smaller towns, and so forth—is under exclusive individual ownership; one man owns outright one definite piece of property. But that is far from being the rule

Most of the wealth of the United States, estimated by the Census Bureau at $320,804,000,000 in 1922, is much scrambled as to ownership. A man owns mortgages, bonds, shares of stock, equities. That is, along with others, he has a certain indivisible interest in a property; but he cannot cut his part out of the piece and say, "Forty yards belong absolutely to me." He is only a partner, a cooperator. When a rich man's estate is appraised it usually appears that he owned very little outright; nearly all his money was in various pools along with the money of thousands of others. And when anybody gets surplus money his first care is to put it into a pool where its value will depend entirely on the good faith of many other persons.

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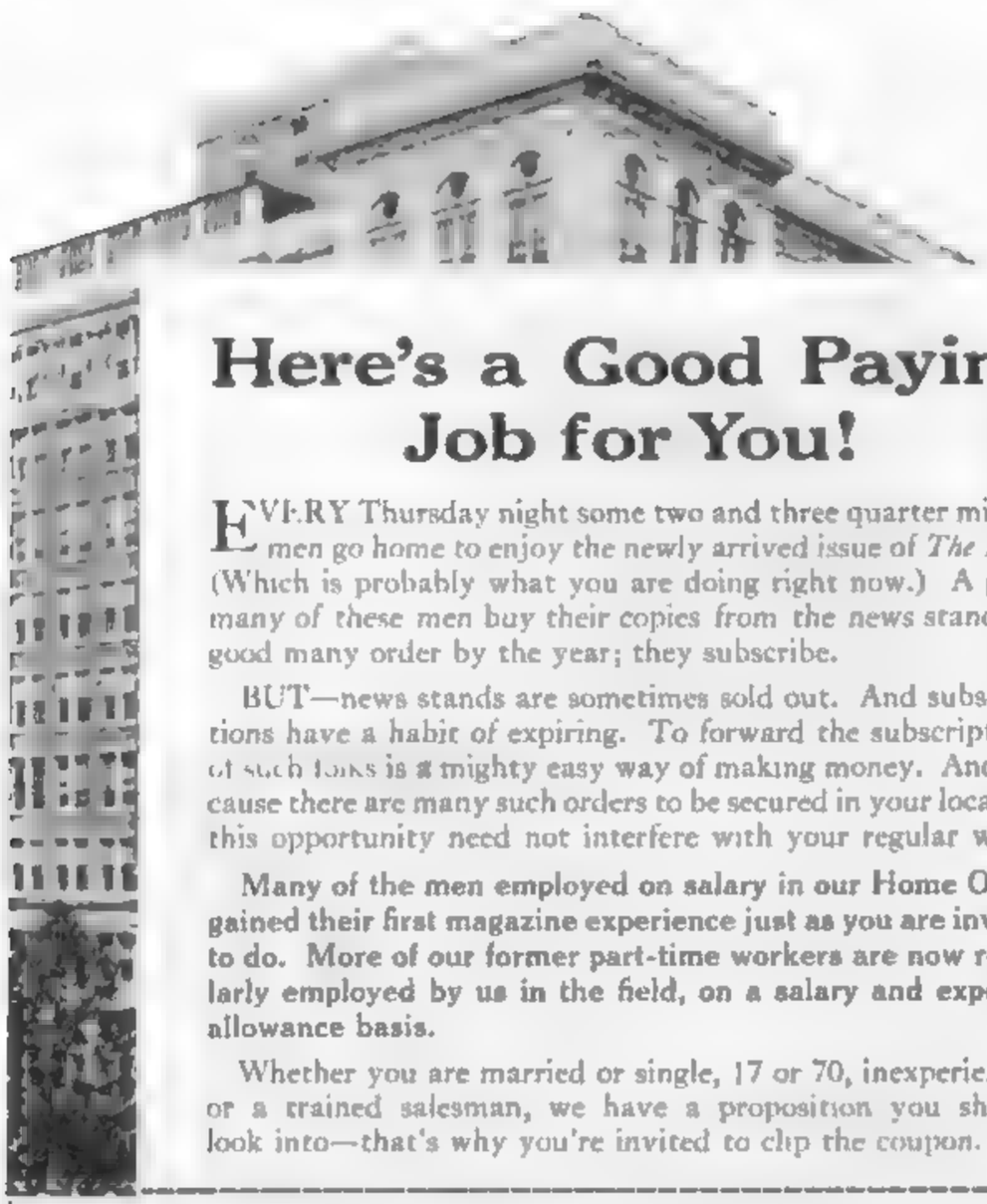

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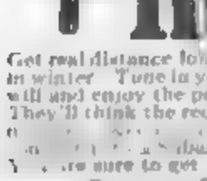

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of his surplus—what to do with the money he has saved out of his income. The first thing he wants to do with it is to get it out of his own hands, out of his bank balance. He wants to put it away from him, turn it over to somebody else. Oftener than not he wants to put it not only out of his hands but far out of his sight—investing it in bonds or stock of a company hundreds of miles away, whose physical property he never saw and never expects to see; about which, in strict fact, he knows nothing whatever except what he has read or what the investment banker tells him.

He relies completely on good faith. He couldn't swear there is any such company or any such plant; but having turned his money over to it, he feels perfectly contented. Every day millions of dollars are invested in concerns that the investors never saw and know nothing about except by hearsay. A banker in Indiana tells you that this piece of paper is a good bond issued by some steel mills in Pennsylvania—mills that he himself never saw and knows nothing about except by hearsay. You take that piece of paper and in exchange therefor write him another piece of paper which you say will be redeemed on demand by a bank in Chicago. Both parties are perfectly satisfied with this swap of paper promises.

We are so used to this universal reliance upon credit that we take it as a matter of course, as though it were as natural as water running downhill. But in fact it is a modern invention. Turning back a few pages you come to a quite different situation, when men buried their money, and to borrow away from home even a king must go to the pawnshop just as the creditless elements of the population do now.

For example, Edward III, by Grace of God King of England, and so forth, victor at the Battle of Crécy, conqueror of good part of France, founder of the Order of the Garter, cuts an imposing figure on the historical page. By Froissart's account, his court was the most splendid in Europe. But to secure payment of a sum which an American corporation would consider small change, Edward not only pawned the royal jewels and the royal crown but tried to pawn the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Kings, Bishops and Pawns

In those merrie and knightly days the crown of England knew the way to the pawnshop as a cow knows the way home. Having borrowed what he could elsewhere, Edward got a loan from the merchants of Louvain, which city Germany recalled to the attention of Americans by shooting up early in the World War. Stratford, Archbishop of Canterbury, indorsed the note, as we would say. There seems to have been some difficulty about a renewal and the Louvain merchants demanded that the archbishop be sent over there and put bodily in hock. Faulty chronicles of the time neglect to say whether they proposed to issue a green ticket for him.

Edward, who did not much care for his archbishop by that time, honorably undertook to deliver the pledge; but His Grace took sanctuary in his cathedral and refused to budge

Probably the fact that Edward's friend, the Earl of Derby, was then languishing in Flanders, in hock for the king's debts, increased the archbishop's reluctance to leave home. And Edward himself complained with kingly indignation that his creditors in Brussels had practically pinched him the last time he was in town.

This vulgar suspicion of the chivalrous monarch was quite justified too. Edward III was one of many glittering kings who did not pay their debts. Some Florentines who trusted him too far were rewarded with bankruptcy. London merchants complained that Lombard bankers, being unable to collect what was due them, left the country without paying their own debts. Any mere piece of paper was a most uncertain asset. Nobody felt very secure of anything. The little world of England—or the larger world of Europe, for that matter—bristled with suspicions and hostilities.

Somewhat before that an Englishman traveling on foot outside his own parish was required to keep on the main highway as a sign that his intentions were honorable. But although the law required that brush be cut down for ten feet on each side of the road in order to give honest travelers something like an even break with lurking robbers, no highway could have afforded much comfort to a nervous man. "Foreigner" meant anybody who lived outside the neighborhood and was applied to an Englishman living twenty miles away as much as to a Turk. All "foreigners" were especially suspect.

But the tight self-sustaining little agricultural communities, whose worlds hardly extended beyond the horizons they could see from the church roof, needed salt from the south coast, as people lived on salted meat five months of the year, and iron from Spain. The sheep became afflicted with scab, for which tar, imported from Norway, was the sovereign remedy. A little later millstones from France, superior to most native sorts, began to dribble in. The gentlefolk in the manor house had a taste for French wines, spices from the East Indies, silk from China. The farm villages produced small surpluses of wool and leather that could be sold abroad. Down in Cornwall there was raw tin for export. Slowly, then, trade grew, and in exactly the same proportion people began to have rather more confidence in one another. First and last, trade was what did it.

Interest in Earnest

It was slow and under discouraging handicaps, for trade was not esteemed. Great churchmen had long debated whether trade was justifiable in a Christian state—quoting Tertullian, who had said, "If covetousness is removed, there is no reason for gain; and if there is no reason for gain, there is no reason for trade." And covetousness, of course, was forbidden by the Tenth Commandment. Saint Jerome had argued that if a trader received more for his goods than he paid for them, his gain must be another's loss, so it was a dubious occupation for a Christian. The trader's profit was often compared to usury, which then meant the taking of any interest whatever for a loan and was forbidden by the church.

That was not so unreasonable as it sounds now, for men borrowed—not as nowadays, because they can use the money profitably—but only to relieve pressing necessity; and with little capital and doubtful security, interest rates were shocking. Carlyle unearthed an instance of a loan of twenty-seven pounds to repair an abbey. In a few years, by the simple operation of compounding interest, the debt amounted to £400. Jewish lenders were restricted by law to an interest rate of only 43 per cent a year.

The Jews became nearly everywhere the licensed money lenders. Fortunately the kings and great nobles were often desperately hard up for cash, which inclined them to look more indulgently on traders, who were almost the only people besides the Jews who had any loose cash. Edward III, along with his borrowings, gradually removed restrictions upon foreign merchants sojourning in England, as by allowing them to remain in the country more than forty days, and finally even to sell goods at retail.

When his father had attempted a similar liberality, jealous London merchants got up a series of riots in which the houses of foreign merchants were sacked. If kings had not so often been stony broke, there is no telling what would have become of trade—or liberty.

It was the slow growth of trade that got people little by little into the way of trusting one another somewhat, and has got us into the way of trusting one another to an extent that would have astonished our

(Continued on Page 190)

Worthy of the new Generation

THE boy of today is growing up in an age of mechanical achievement beyond the wildest dreams of the generations that preceded him. Vehicles of unbelievable speeds, machines that do the work of Titans, even metals of new and marvelous properties, are part of his heritage.

Keeping pace with this mechanical progress, he will find Empire bolts and nuts an essential part of practically all machinery.

The Empire New Process Bolt, for instance, has extended the limits of its tensile strength from about 60,000 lbs., the strength of the average bolt, to a minimum tensile strength of 80,000 lbs. This is the result of adding the Smith process of heat treating to a bolt that was already in a class by itself, due to its extreme accuracy. Empire New Process Bolt threads, though made on high speed automatic machines, have the unvarying accuracy found only in gauge threads, threads which have been ground patiently by expert tool makers. Yet Empire New Process Bolts are sold at the price of the average bolt.

The new generation may also find inspiration in the fact that these extraordinary bolts are made by a firm eighty-two years old, an organization of people held together by the bonds of honesty, fair dealing and craftsmanship. Over eighty-two of these people have been with Russell, Burdsall & Ward for over thirty years.

Empire bolts and nuts are sold by most hardware dealers. Samples of the new bolts will be gladly furnished to manufacturers.

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EMPIRE New Process BOLTS

Threads of Gauge-Like Accuracy

Over 80,000 lbs. Tensile Strength

Only a few cents a week pays for health-giving running water
only 70
From . . . shal ow well, cistern lake or stream to this inlet
To . . . sink bathroom, barn, fire faucet, trough, etc., from this outlet

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Big-capacity home water system at this new low price

FAIRBANKS MORSE announces an outstanding triumph in home comfort equipment! A *new* big-capacity home electric water system that is the last word in modern design—yet offered at the *new low price* shown above.

Now it is possible for *every* home to have running water under pressure. The new Fairbanks-Morse Home Electric Water System brings the faucet handle within everyone's reach—makes it possible to have water under pressure wherever it is wanted.

Easy to buy

$20 down—$5 per month

Under the Fairbanks-Morse Finance Plan you can buy this plant for a first payment of *only* twenty dollars—the balance paid at the rate of *only* five dollars a month. Your dealer will gladly give you details. Or write us.

Big capacity—210 gallons per hour

This new water system gives faucet service throughout the house, in garage or barn, and wherever else water under pressure is desired. It is entirely automatic. It operates so dependably and with so little need of attention, that once installed you can forget it—just draw water at will from any faucet.

Note the trim, modern design—the completely enclosed and fully protected working parts—the beautiful finish in *delft blue* automobile lacquer. In this plant you find tune tried Fairbanks Morse water system features brought to an even higher plane of perfection. You will wonder that this quality can be put into a water system offered at a price so low. Yet this is possible because of F M quantity production and the many years' experience gained in building water systems, ranging all the way to large city water plants. This *extra* value is the dividend Fairbanks-Morse manufacturing methods pay *you*—a dividend of higher quality and better design *at less cost.*

Write for special circular and FREE book

Ask for full information on this new water system. Fill in the coupon below and receive a free copy of the interesting book telling how you can have running water under pressure in your home. Act now. Send the coupon today.

No other electric water system offers all these features:

1 [illegible]
2 [illegible]
3 [illegible]
4 Entirely automatic—[illegible]
5 [illegible]
6 [illegible]
7 Quickly accessible—simply lift hood.
8 Quiet and exceptionally smooth running.
9 Self-oiling.
10 Supplies steady, full stream without pulsation.
11 [illegible]

FAIRBANKS, MORSE & CO.
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Home Water Systems

Fairbanks-Morse Products "Every Line a Leader"

free booklet

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Please send information describing the new Electric Home Water System. My source of water supply is: ☐ Lake ☐ Spring ☐ Stream ☐ Deep Well ☐ Shallow Well ☐ Cistern

Name

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THE flood waters of twenty states spent their fury on more than ten million acres of the Southland—a disaster that appalled the nation.

The South has surveyed the ruin and with a spirit that wins the admiration of the world turns to rehabilitation—rebuilding far better than before.

The South will rebuild with Southern Pine, its own wonderful wood, which has served it and the nation for a century and a half. And the millions of young trees now growing in the balmy Southern forests insure a future supply through the centuries to come.

Bridges, trestles, docks, dykes, homes, factories—structures of every kind in town and country throughout the flooded sections will call for billions of feet of long leaf and short leaf Southern Pine—the supreme structural wood of the world—supreme as proved by 130,000 Government tests—supreme as proved by 150 years of structural tests throughout the world.

Consider this test of Southern Pine:

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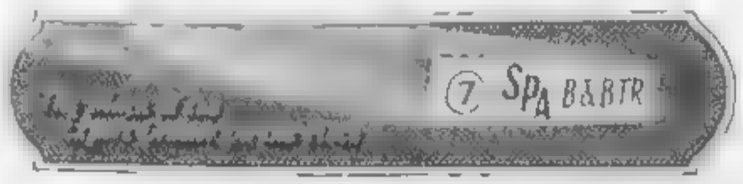
Of risk there is none, because science in its exacting laboratory has determined the dependability of both long leaf and short leaf Southern Pine. Whatever your structure, whatever your need of wood in it—the dependability of Southern Pine is a matter of importance to you. Wherever you are, east of the Rocky Mountains, your lumber dealer has Southern Pine.

Wherever you buy, you may buy with assurance, for there is now available from Southern Pine mills long leaf and short leaf Southern Pine that is Trade-marked and Grade-marked.

✦ ✦ ✦ ✦ ✦

Southern Pine
What It Is—What It Is Used For

A valuable book, discusses the stresses to which the wood in your structure may be subjected, and recommends the correct use of Southern Pine. Recently published. Free. Send for it. Build of Southern Pine —*The Supreme Structural Wood.*



Southern Pine Association

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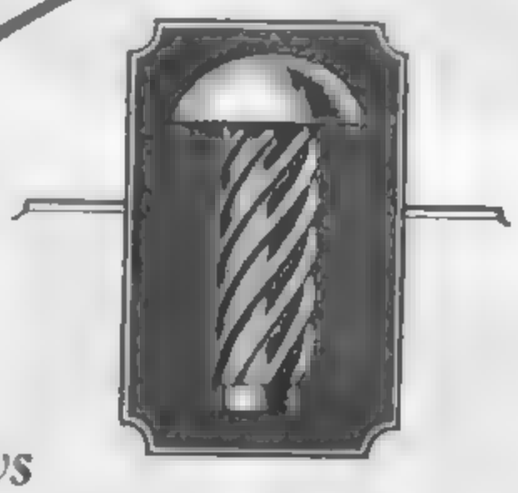
NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA

SOUTHERN PINE — *THE SUPREME STRUCTURAL WOOD* OF THE WORLD

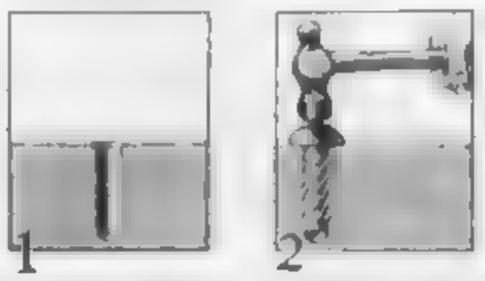
Cut costs 50% to 75% Speed up production

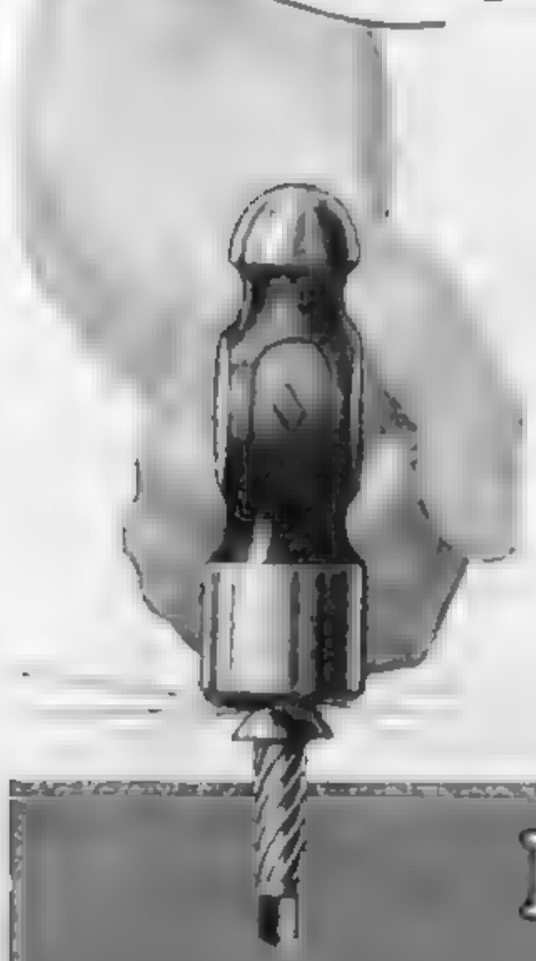


These Screws make permanent fastenings to steel, cast iron, aluminum, brass, bakelite, etc.

PARKER-KALON Hardened Metallic DRIVE SCREWS cut their own thread in the material as they are hammered in. They eliminate taps and tapping operations, thus greatly reducing costs and speeding up production. Furthermore, these unique Screws make better — stronger — fastenings than machine screws or escutcheon pins. They won't work loose even under constant vibration.

Easy to use — no skill required:





There are hundreds of applications for these time-and-labor-saving Screws ranging all the way from attaching a name plate to making assemblies where the strength of the fastening is an important consideration. The fact that they are used by more than 15,000 manufacturers of automobiles, automobile accessories, machinery, tools, and electrical and mechanical devices of every description, is the best proof that these Screws reduce costs, speed up production and make better assemblies.

Can be furnished in sizes to suit all requirements.

PARKER-KALON CORPORATION
350 West 13th Street New York

Send for FREE Samples

Try these remarkable Screws. Their economy will amaze you. Tell us what you want to fasten and we will send you samples for experiment together with full information.

Parker-Kalon
Hardened Metallic
Drive Screws
(Est. January 19 1914)
Driven like a nail—
Cuts like a tap—
Holds better than a screw

(Continued from Page 186)

great-grandfathers. For trusting strangers is not natural.

Even if the strangers are of the same race, speak the same tongue and are in much the same situation, to trust them goes against the natural grain. When American colonists found themselves engaged in a formidable war with the French and Indians, it was evident to them and to the British Government that they ought to have some means of acting in concert. French forts threatened New England and New York on the north and Pennsylvania on the west. The great Iroquois federation, allied with France in the war, was not to be sneezed at as a military power; a year later it destroyed Braddock's army. Prompted by England, delegates representing the New England colonies, New York, Pennsylvania and Maryland met at Albany in 1754 and Benjamin Franklin proposed a plan for colonial union, mainly with reference to the Indian crisis.

"It would be very strange," he said, "if six nations of ignorant savages could unite and white men could not." All the same, every colony—including Massachusetts, which had been foremost in urging unity—rejected the proposal. Their whole history up to that point showed that they trusted one another hardly more than they trusted the French and the Indians. Disgusted by their jealousies, Franklin remarked that they all cried out for union, but as soon as a definite plan was put before them, "their weak Noddles are perfectly distracted." Distractedly carrying on the war, New Hampshire refused to do more than send a few militiamen for the protection of her own borders. Connecticut cannily instructed her representatives that, whatever else they did, they must make that colony's contribution as small as possible. Massachusetts hung back to see what Connecticut would do. Farther south, the bickering was even worse.

They were largely self-sustaining communities, with only a scanty intercolonial trade. How badly they cooperated in the Revolutionary War is well known. It was only a fortunate combination of unfortunate circumstances and a miracle of statesmanship that finally got them together in a real nation. That they are so firmly united now is mostly due to trade—and credit, for the two go together. Nowadays scarcely anything is less popular in the United States than sectionalism. People know instinctively that setting one region in suspicion and hostility against another is bad business. Churches of all denominations constantly work together as good neighbors. Even rival political parties treat each other with a degree of respect which our grandfathers would have considered effeminate. The desperate modern effort to divide populations into mutually suspicious hostile classes has made far less headway here than in any other big nation. We are getting to understand and practice double-entry bookkeeping, by which almost everybody is both debtor and creditor to almost everybody else.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Six Hundred Thousand Weekly)

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A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least thirty days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. With your new address be sure also to send us the old one, inclosing if possible your address label from a recent copy.

BELOW

LEFT—*All over embroidered worsted jersey suit with plain trunks.*

CENTRE—*Black satin suit, draped shirt; low cut back—complete with worsted jersey combination tights.*

RIGHT—*Boyish type, plain white or colored, step-in or open tops; with contrasting flannel trunks, white belt.*

LEFT—*Man's two piece suit, white worsted shirt, striped chest, closed crotch; flannel trunks, stripes on sides.*

CENTRE—*Young girl's worsted jersey suit of solid color, contrasting jersey collar, buttoned front, complete with canvas belt.*

RIGHT—*Plaid flannel shorts, worsted jersey shirt, jersey coat trimmed with plaid flannel to match.*

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Ocean Suits sketched from life.

Do *you* take off your personality, too?

NOTHING can rob you of your individuality so easily as the same old dull drab swim suit. No thoughtful man or woman would wear the same sport clothes for every occasion—why should the same bathing suit be made to do duty for the morning plunge and the mid-day swimming party?

So among the many Ocean styles are simple athletic suits for the morning dip, the private pool and water sports, and there are smart, colorful suits for fashionable hours on sunny sands. Do not think that when you swim you must discard your personality and appear commonplace. Give your individuality free rein when selecting your beach-wear, but be sure your suits are Ocean suits for the name OCEAN in a suit is your assurance of smart style based upon absolute ease and freedom in action.

A store in your neighborhood can show you these new Ocean suits. Express your personality by having at least two in your summer wardrobe. Write for "What to Wear"—it will show you correct styles for beach, pool and camp.

. . . FREE . . .

"What to Wear at Beach, Pool and Camp" will show you correct styles for each place. Ocean will also be pleased to send you "The Crawl" a book of instruction on this stroke, written by L. De B. Handley, famous Coach of the Women's Swimming Ass'n, N. Y. Check below and mail to

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116 West 23rd Street, New York, N. Y.
What to Wear ☐ *The Crawl* ☐ D

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ADDRESS_____

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OCEAN BATHING SUITS *for all the Family*

THE OCEAN BATHING SUIT COMPANY . . . NEW YORK N. Y.

Established 1883

FOR TOWN AND COUNTRY

in smartest gathering places of smartest America

The Mt. Washington Hotel at Bretton Woods, N. H., a rendezvous of sport lovers of the smart set. At tea or tennis, on the links or bridle path, one meets those distinguished members of the Blue Book, after whom the rest of America patterns itself

YET—*obtainable in your own neighbourhood, at a shop never more than a few squares' distance*

For Town & Country, an assortment specially selected for summer at one dollar the pound. Other famous packages include the Chocolate Bazar at two dollars the pound and the Choice Box, Cavalier, Triad, Twenty-Odd at one dollar and a half the pound—all reflecting the same high quality and social acceptance of Johnston's

WHERE the "right thing" is a fetish—at Newport and Bar Harbor—at Asheville and Southampton—in the great fashion centers of cosmopolitan life, and wherever gentlefolk practice the social graces, Johnston's is the accepted *mode.*

Thus, one gives this fine candy, secure in the knowledge of admitted correctness—or brings it into his own home to take its place among the good things of life.

The Town & Country Box is an excellent selection for all purposes—as a gracious offering to one whose social debtor you are. Or for the thoughtful week-end gift to an hospitable hostess.

You will find a wide variety of Johnston's Chocolates at one of the better class stores in your neighbourhood

Johnston's

CHOCOLATES

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NEW YORK CHICAGO MILWAUKEE MINNEAPOLIS OAKLAND

Yesterday~
"outdoor life" meant perhaps croquet

Today—the Summer Home has Hard-playing, vigorous Guests with hearty appetites

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6 Tea Spoons $1.75 6 Butter Spreaders $4.40 6 Dessert Spoons $3.25 Cold Meat Fork $1.25 each 6 Dinner Forks $3.50 Two-piece Carvers $6.60
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THE audience is clamoring for an encore. A boy in uniform displays a placard reading "By Request." The March King raises both his arms. A moment of silence . . . and the trumpets and trombones break into the martial swing of *The Stars and Stripes Forever!*

A crescendo of applause sweeps the auditorium, rivaling in volume the band itself. For Sousa is never closer to the hearts of the American people than when playing one of his own compositions.

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Tonight . . . tomorrow . . . whenever and as often as you wish, you may hear this great band in your own living-room, through the new Orthophonic Victrola. Not "something like Sousa," but *Sousa* . . . exactly as you would hear him in concert. Sousa himself exclaimed, "Gentlemen, that is *a band!*" when he heard the Orthophonic Victrola play one of his marches for the first time.

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